

JAN.
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT *by* ACHMED ABDULLAH

Also Courtney Ryley Cooper, Zack Cartwright
Jeanette Eaton, Frederick F. Van de Water

YOU would not take this Chance!



Is it fair TO MAKE YOUR WIFE TAKE IT?

SUCCESSFUL business men do not take chances when the risk cannot justify the possible gain. Skillful care and keen judgment enable them to steer their enterprizes through the storms and depressions of business.

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JANUARY, 1927

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HE knew every phase of its wicked night life, every glint and facet of its tinselled, tarnished wings.

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Every manner of person is in Balzac; the *boulevardier*, the pawn-broker, the *courtesan*, the soldier, the simple country girl, the murderer, the great lover. All sorts and conditions of men, living, loving, hating, killing. Hot blooded Latins, vindictive *apaches*, gauzy-winged moth-women singed by the flame of life. Balzac tells their stories without mercy or soft words;—tells them frankly and audaciously as only Balzac could.

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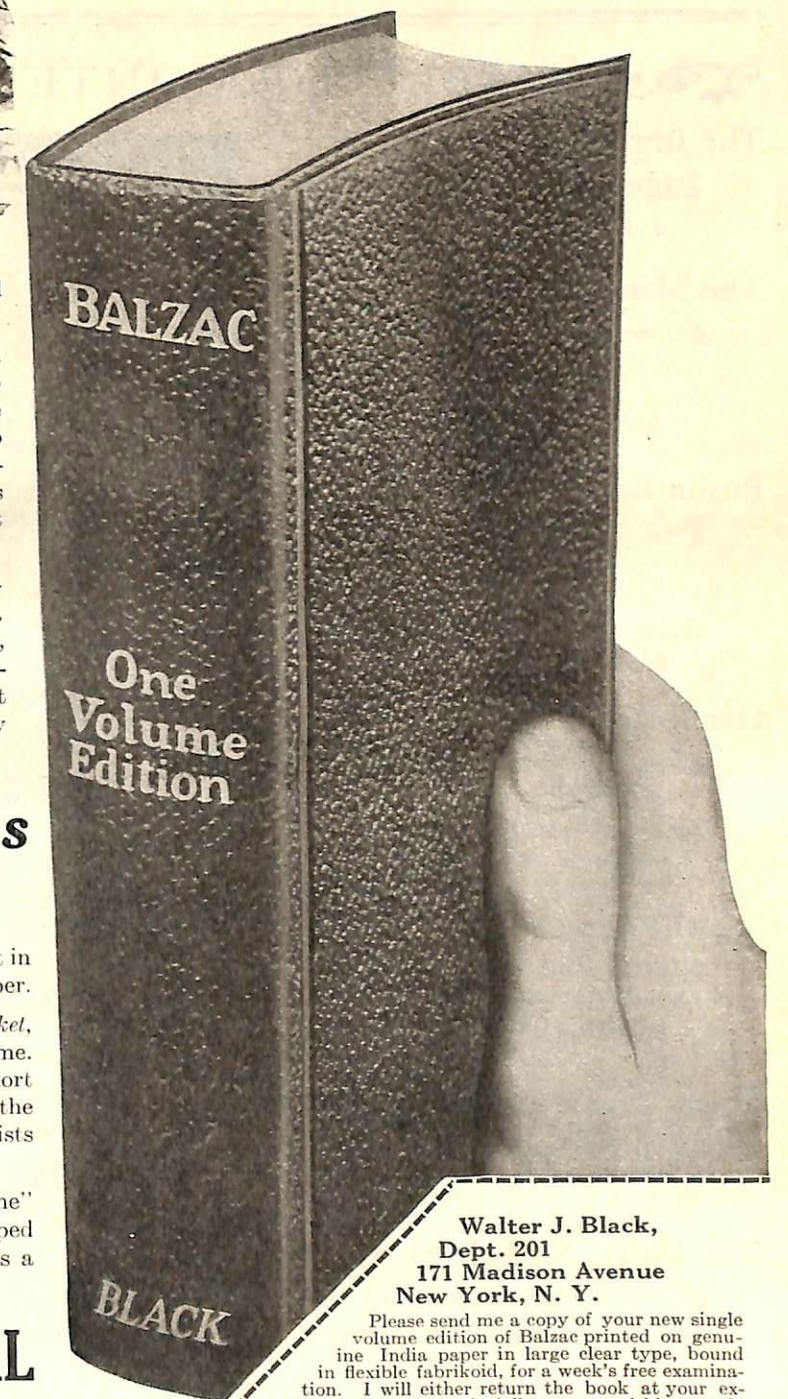
Here are *The Girl with Golden Eyes*, *The House of the Cat and Racket*, and twenty-three more of Balzac's masterpieces, all in *one* volume. Twenty-four complete tales and that greatest of all French short stories, *A Passion in the Desert*. Here is the very best of Balzac; the finest work of the only French writer included by scholars in their lists of the Twelve Immortals.

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If You Don't Like DOGS—Don't Read This



OUT of all the animal kingdom the Dog alone has taken his place voluntarily at man's side defending him against any fellow animal. This bond between Dog and Man is age-old, and that great lover of dogs, *Albert Payson Terhune*, will tell how that bond may be cemented in "*A Dog in the House*", in the February issue.

TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

The Imperial Potentate's
Page 5

Woodcut by L. L. Balcom

The Man in the Half-Light
Our new serial takes the reader
into the heart of the Jungle—
By Achmed Abdullah 6
Illustrations by James E. Allen

Prison Breaking as a Pastime
An Englishman's endless
attempts to escape from German
prisons—By Captain Duncan
Grinnell-Milne 12
Illustrations by Harry Townsend

Her Boy
The almost human devotion of
a mother ape—By Courtney
Ryley Cooper 16
Illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan

'Tis the Company Must Be Saved
Follow Jean Baptiste along unbroken trails to the
fur traders—By Zack Cartwright 20
Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

Daisy Mayme
The play that is being talked about on Broadway—
By George Kelly 25

Gentlemen, Stop, Look and Glisten!
Today Business demands a high standard of personal
appearance—By Jeanette Eaton 28
Illustrations by George Clisbee



Albert Payson Terhune with some of his collie
puppies about which he writes in
"A DOG IN THE HOUSE"
In the February Issue

The Boob and the Cheese
Hound

Did you ever TRY to lose
something in New York?—
By Frederic F. Van de Water 32
Illustrations by David Robinson

He Succeeds by Being Human
Human qualities his great-
est asset—By Fred C. Kelly 38

Hard-Fisted But Gentlemanly
A Character study of the new
champion—Gene Tunney—
By Lawrence Perry 39

WITHIN THE SHRINE
Around the Caravan
Campfire—
By Roe Fulkerson 41

The Shrine Editorials 42
Who's Who in Shrinedom 44
Decoration by Rea Irvin

The Imperial Potentate's Pilgrimage
The head of the Shriners starts on another series
of official visitations 46

Murat Temple's Mosque 47

Activities of the Temples and Other News
Matter—By J. Harry Lewis, *Fraternal News* Editor 48

For Investors
A Financial article—By Jonathan C. Royle 62

Cover design by W. T. Benda

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JANUARY, 1927

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made \$100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?
Are you stuck in the rut of hard work
and poor pay?
Are you dissatisfied with your job, your
income or your prospects?

Are you having a struggle to make both
ends meet?

Are you putting up with the crumbs
of life while others are getting all the
cake?

Then you are the man I want to talk to.
Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started
in the real estate business, in my spare
time, I was receiving a salary of \$100 a
month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for
and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house,
wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out
of debt, and getting mighty few of the
good things of life.

In less than two years after I started
to specialize in real estate, I was making
nearly one thousand dollars a month. And
in less than five years, I cleaned up a net
profit of over one hundred thousand dol-
lars.

To get the whole story of my success
in real estate, and how you, too, can suc-
ceed, write at once for my free book "How
To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It
contains my history and your opportunity.

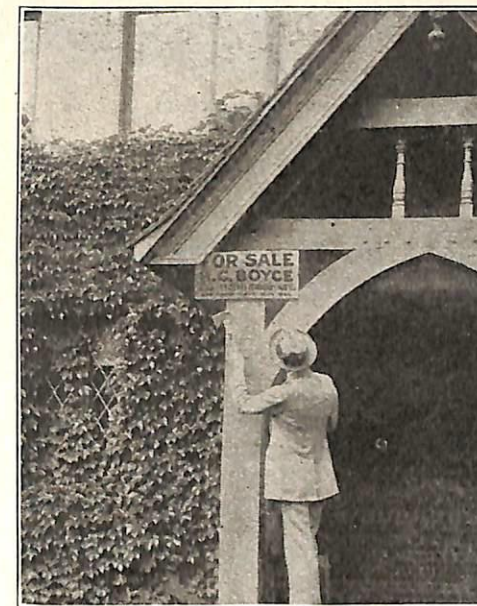
Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my
success—if you want to use my money-
making methods—if you want to follow in
my footsteps—this is your chance. And
now is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in
this country very carefully, and my in-
vestigations convince me that the next ten
years are going to be banner years for
real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me
that there is no better business to get into.
It is more healthful than most indoor jobs
—you can start in spare time—you can
begin with little or no capital—it does not
require years of study like medicine, phar-
macy, dentistry, law, engineering, elec-
tricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is
paid the same rate of commission as old-
timers—the business is practically un-
limited—it is estimated that there are
thirty million properties in the country and
that ten million of them are always on the
market—it is a permanent business, not
affected by fads or fashions—it is con-
stantly growing as population increases—
it puts you in touch with the best people
—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy
occupation with great possibilities for big
profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real
Estate Specialist—if you want to use my
amazingly efficient system—let me hear
from you at once. I will send you—with-
out cost or obligation—my free book,
which fully explains how you can get
started—in your spare time—just as I did
—in a new kind of real estate business that



Put your name before the world

is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered
methods of the average real estate agent
as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart
of our forefathers.

What Others are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my
modern methods, read the following brief
extracts from some of the letters that
come to me from those who are using my
scientific system—following in my foot-
steps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have
made between \$8,000 and \$10,000 over a three-
month period, which may be directly attributed
to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W.
Fosgreen, New York.

"I have been helped a great deal by your system.
I have now a new car, two new typewriters, a stenog-
rapher and a dandy office, and money in the bank,
all through my own efforts and without any capital
to start with."—Alice Moore, Conn.

"I was a Ford salesman earning \$300 a month.
Your Real Estate System increased my earning
power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-
date office equipment and have increased my bank
account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your System is wonderful. Without giving up
my job as stationary engineer I made \$900 in three
months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes,
Penna.

"Without your Real Estate System I would still

be making \$35 a week instead of around \$200 as a
starter."—E. K. McLendon, Ore.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real
Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond
\$300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your compre-
hensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such
letters, but send for my free book, "How
to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It
is filled with stories of success. And it makes
plain how you—too—can use my money-
making methods to build a profitable
independent business of your own—just
as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business oppor-
tunity at once. Learn how easy it is to
follow my methods and get big money for
your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich
rewards for trained men. A recent ar-
ticle in the *Saturday Evening Post* says:
"Realty needs a Moses; it shrieks aloud
for a teacher; someone to make the masses
realize that it has been following a blind
leadership; that the dicta of the narrow
and the prejudice of the few should no
longer hold sway. . . . Realty is a com-
paratively new field of endeavor. . . . Ap-
ply the same acid test to it you would to
any other business. Reason out for your-
self the whys and wherefores and then act.
The age of inquisitorial realty criticism is
past; the renaissance is at hand; great
progress, with resultant profits for the
thinker, is in the making."

So, mail the coupon now—before you lay
this magazine aside—and receive, without
cost or obligation, a copy of my new book,
"How To Become a Real Estate Special-
ist." From it you will learn how you can
use my successful system to make money
my way—how you can get started right at
home—in your spare time—without capital
or experience—and establish yourself as a
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money-making business of your own.

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name and address on the coupon and mail it at
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the way to a profitable business career for yourself
as a Real Estate Specialist.

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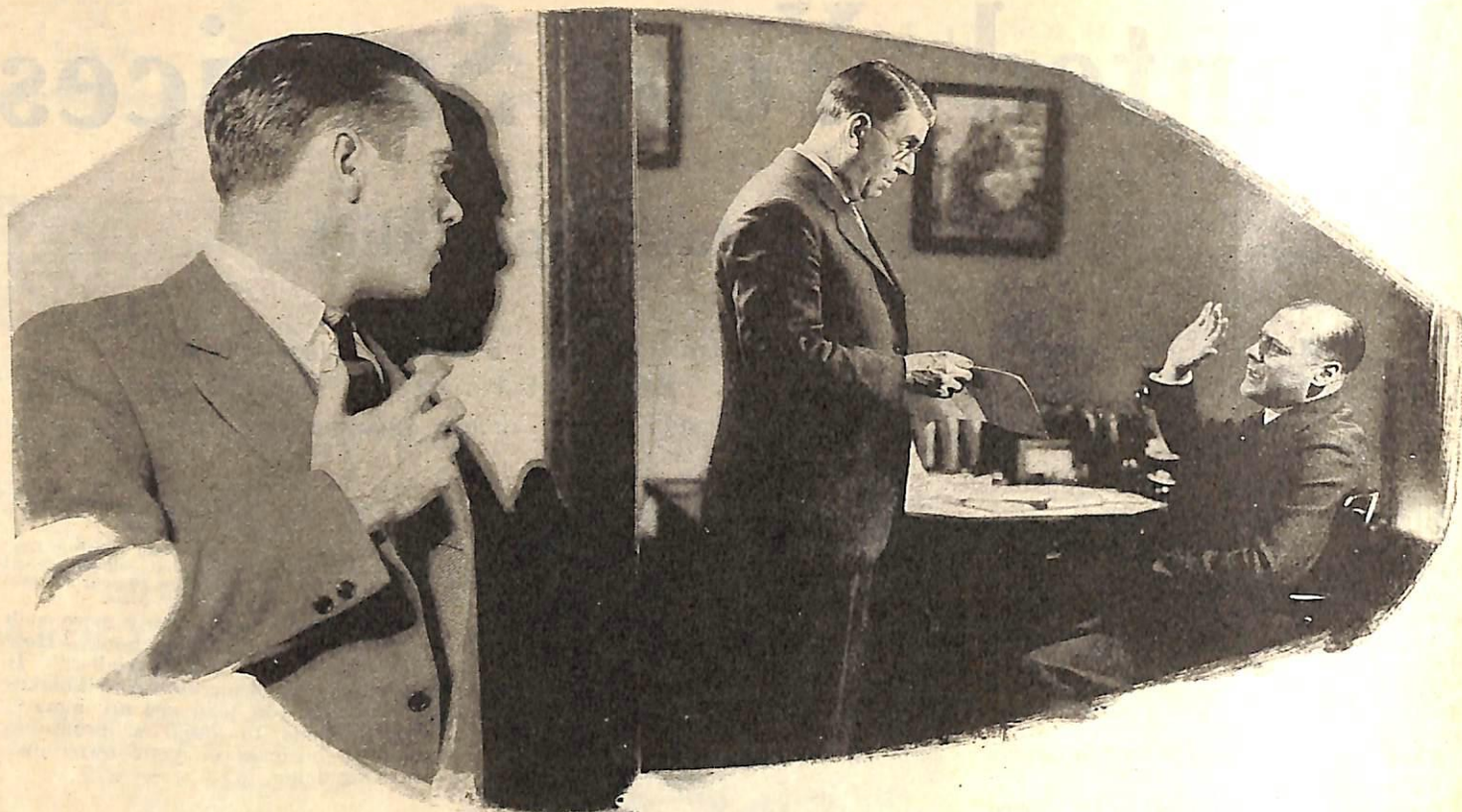
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Send me—without cost or obligation—your free
illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate
Specialist."

Name.....

Address.....



They Called Me a "Human Clam" But I Changed Almost Overnight

AS I passed the President's office I could not help hearing my name. Instinctively I paused to listen. "That human clam," he was saying, "can't represent us. He's a hard worker, but he seems to have no ability to express himself. I had hoped to make him a branch manager this fall, but he seems to withdraw farther and farther into his shell all the time. I've given up hopes of making anything out of him."

So that was it! That was the reason why I had been passed over time and again when promotions were being made! That was why I was just a plodder—a truck horse for our firm, capable of doing a lot of heavy work, but of no use where brilliant performance was required. I was a failure unless I could do what seemed impossible—learn to use words forcefully, effectively and convincingly.

In 15 Minutes a Day

And then, suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a powerful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at

my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 15 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address Board Meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

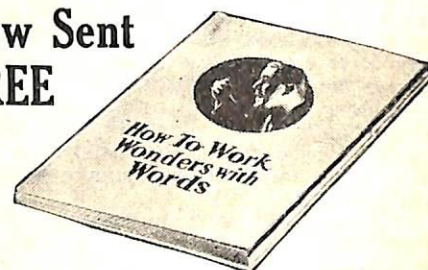
manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

Send For This Amazing Book

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things

that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

The Election of Officers

To the Temples and the Nobility:

Now that we have laid aside the old year and taken up the new, it is most proper that we sit in council around the family fire.

The past is dead. Let us live not in the dead past. Let us forget all of it but the lessons of wisdom it has to teach.

We have the new year. What shall we do with it? Shall we make no plans or resolutions for a better future? To do so is to drift like a ship before the wind without a hand on the wheel.

As this is a family council by our own hearthstone, the family welfare is the first consideration. The selection of our officers for the year is the first thing to be done.

Let me impress it upon you most forcibly that your officers are your executives, your leaders, your representatives. They should be chosen for their ability in these lines and not for popularity, or political favor. The offices of a Temple are *jobs* wherein *men* should work and not laurels to grace some fine fellow's brow.

Remember too that every officer, from the highest to the lowest, is an *officer* and part of the executive council of your Temple. Not only this, but in many Temples, when you elect the lowest officer, you are in effect electing a Potentate. Whether or not this is so in your Temple, let every Temple select each officer with as much care, forethought and discrimination as if each officer were the Potentate.

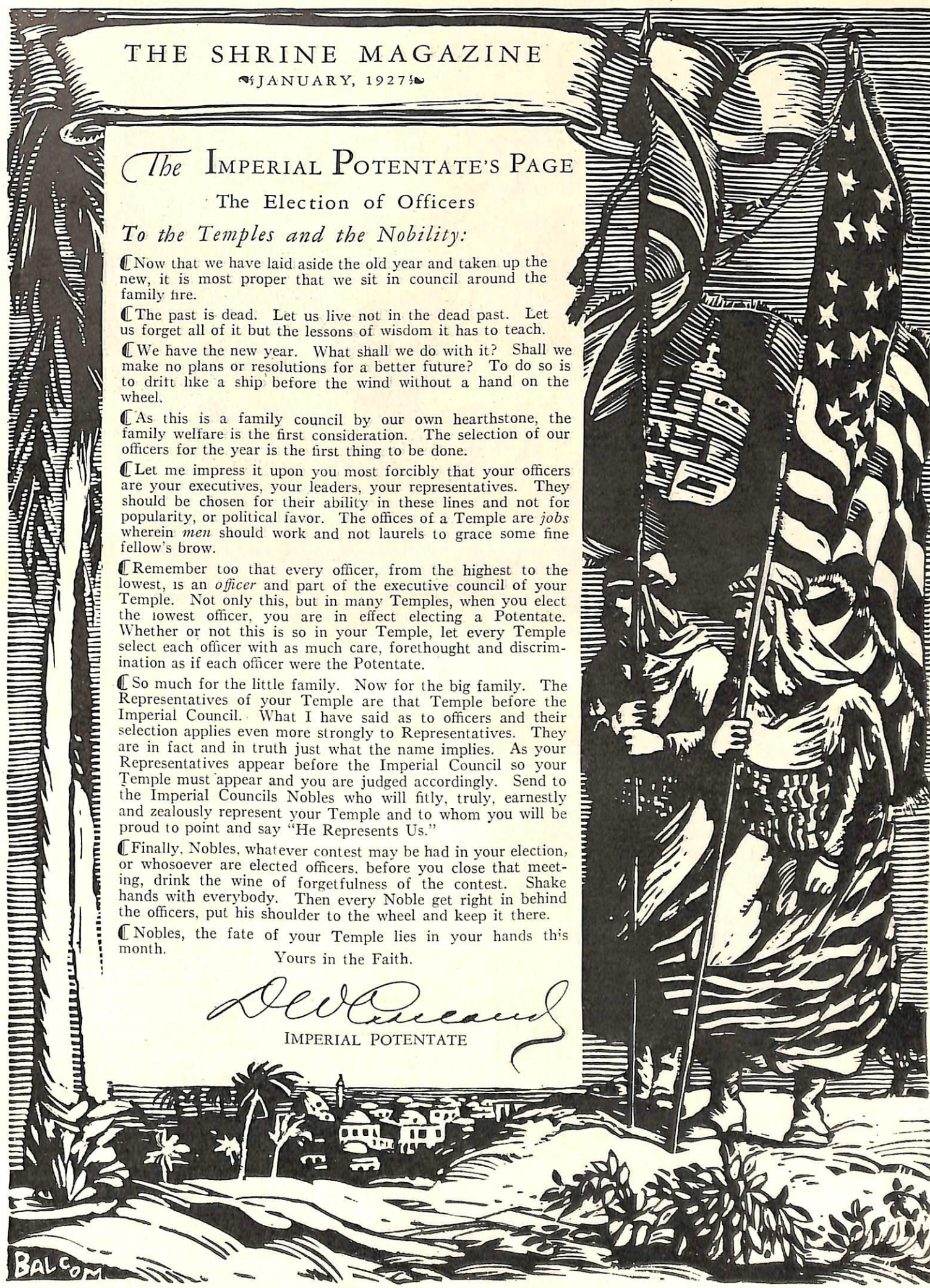
So much for the little family. Now for the big family. The Representatives of your Temple are that Temple before the Imperial Council. What I have said as to officers and their selection applies even more strongly to Representatives. They are in fact and in truth just what the name implies. As your Representatives appear before the Imperial Council so your Temple must appear and you are judged accordingly. Send to the Imperial Councils Nobles who will fitly, truly, earnestly and zealously represent your Temple and to whom you will be proud to point and say "He Represents Us."

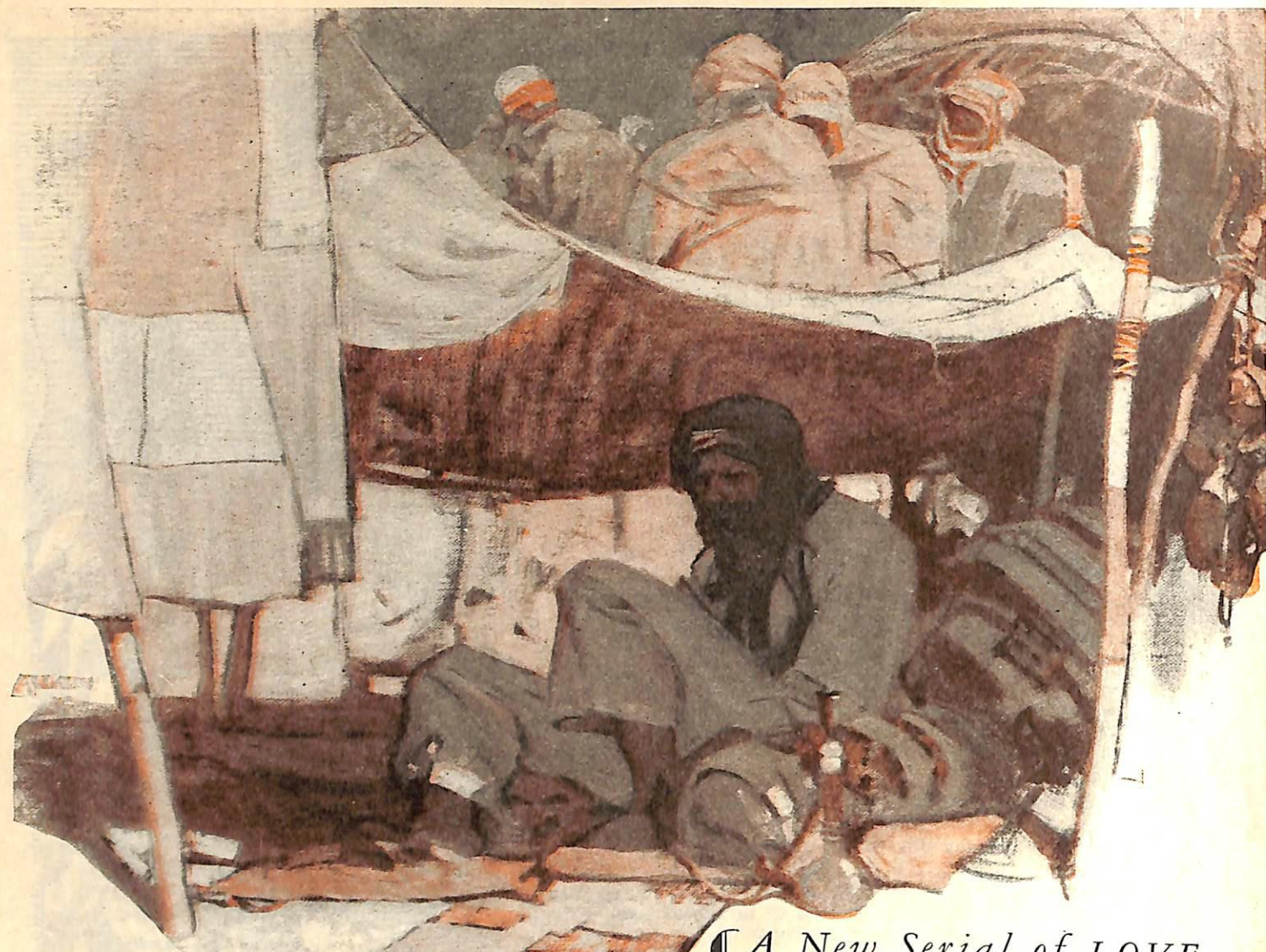
Finally, Nobles, whatever contest may be had in your election, or whosoever are elected officers, before you close that meeting, drink the wine of forgetfulness of the contest. Shake hands with everybody. Then every Noble get right in behind the officers, put his shoulder to the wheel and keep it there.

Nobles, the fate of your Temple lies in your hands this month.

Yours in the Faith.

Alfred P. ...
IMPERIAL POTENTATE





A New Serial of LOVE
and ADVENTURE

By
Achmed Abdullah



HE SAT there, alone, at night, on the veranda of his squat little wattle-and-daub house which was so pompously called the "governor's palace."

He listened to the far, faint pulse-beat of Arab tom-toms and wooden negro drums. Smoking a long, thin cigar, he looked out upon the capital of his kingdom stretching its mazed bazaars and sea of flat, white roof tops beneath the African moon, and he said to himself that the throne which today he had ascended had been his ambition these twenty years and more.

Despot in scarlet and gold!

To be kowtowed to, and envied, and obeyed!

For today he was Sir James Athelstane Forsythe, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., F.R.G.S., and what-not else of similar grand initials snobbishly abbreviating imperial titles and honors.

Today—by superbly sealed letters, patent of the Royal Commission which referred to him as "Our trusty and well-beloved subject"—he was governor, officially, and autocrat, unofficially, of Saharistan, that last and loneliest British crown colony which sweated and droned at the back of the tropical beyond.

Today he represented the King's Majesty here, in the very heart of Africa, where the black aborigines had been first enslaved, then converted to a semblance of Islam and even partly assimilated by invading hordes of Moslems, Arabs, as well as Turks and Malays



Illustrations by
JAMES E. ALLEN

RUB—RUMBEDDY—RUB sobbed the African drums—picking up rumor and gossip and lies from negro villages and festering jungles leading SIR JAMES on a tortuous trail to—

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

and Indians, until finally the White Man had come to cajole and bully the lot—to teach them the comparative blessings of honest labor and make them pay taxes—to forge swords into plow-shares and whittle slavers' yokes into harrows—to provide an outlet for Lancashire cotton and berths for penniless younger sons—and, too, to add a nostalgic spice of Western civilization as expressed by proper hygiene and justice which tried its pathetic best to be impartial.

Oh yes—despot, today, in scarlet and gold . . . while, over twenty years earlier, with Oxford's Greek milk not yet dry on his lips, he had come to this same colony as the youngest, greenest junior civilian clerk, gorgeously imagining a tropical land all orchids and elephants and gold.

It had turned out to be liberally sprinkled with superstitions and cruelties unspeakable and blackwater fever and fifty varieties of crawling and flying horrors. But, somehow, he had learned to love it with a love surpassing the love of woman.

Since then he had served his King all over Africa, from Egypt to the Stanley Falls, from Aden to the Bight of Benin, from Sierra Leone to Port Said.

Since then his soul had lost some of its high, youthful enthusiasm. His heart had creaked a little beneath the imperial burden of formalities, duties agreeable and distasteful, responsibilities great and petty. His steel-blue eyes had become weary and puckered; his brown hair had grown thin in spots; his wiry, muscular frame had begun to put on flesh.

But his love for Saharistan had persisted. His first love—

his last love; and here he was back after twenty-odd years: the mightiest in the land where once he had been the least.

Two hours earlier, with due circumstance that had cleverly blended British pomp, Moslem splendor and motley African savagery, they had done him great honor.

Ivory horns had brayed. Reed pipes had shrilled. Drums had thumped. Incongruously, almost sardonically, the band of the Welsh Fusileers had blared in with a brassy Tarara-boom-deay.

The Union Jack had fluttered everywhere. People had lined the streets, cheering themselves hoarse.

From a dozen ceremonial fires scented smoke had mounted to the lapis-blue evening sky in thick, wispy streamers and hung in a bloodshot cloud, lighting up this little town of Kasambara and telling all Central Africa that a new lord had come to rule in Saharistan.

Then a reception to the notables.

The English civil servants and army officers and merchants had mumbled congratulations with that embarrassed politeness peculiar to their race, and had inserted surreptitious fingers into high, stiff collars sticky with perspiration. The Asiatic dignitaries had bowed in the correct Moslem manner, chanting sonorously and hypocritically to Allah and imploring Him to bless the British Raj and His Excellency Forsythe saheb. The negro chiefs of many tribes, plum-colored, frizzy-haired, ochre-smearred giants, had salaamed deeply and had clicked guttural greetings:

"Yambo! Yambo! Ho inkos!"

Finally a dinner of state. Canned home delicacies. An unseasonable, unreasonable roast of British beef served as a matter of patriotic duty. Lukewarm, sweet champagne.

Clinking glasses. Toasts that had endeavored to be enthusiastic in spite of the wooly heat:

"Gentlemen—the King!"

"The army!"

"The navy!"

"His Excellency the governor!"

Three cheers and a tiger!

At last everybody had left. He had sent his servants to bed.

Now he was alone, on the veranda, looking out upon his kingdom; and he said to himself:

"You've made it, old chap! You've jolly well made it!"

And then, suddenly, it occurred to him that the taste of success was bitter to his tongue; and he wondered vaguely if the price he had paid for it was not too high.

For he had paid for it with his vanished, irrevocable years. He had paid for it with the very fact that here, today, at the end of his road of ambition, there was no ambition left to look forward to and achieve. He had paid for it by sinking the man in the official. He had paid for it with the loss of his recklessness, his careless impetuosity, the divine, audacious folly of his youth.

Still—he told himself almost challengingly—he was not old, after all. Forty-two—with his best years ahead of him. He had put on flesh. Yes. But he was strong. A capital hand at boxing, wrestling, shooting, polo. Nor had his brain grown flabby.

So—what was the matter with him?

Why wasn't he happy, contented?

He sighed.

He sat there, listening to the far throbbing of the drums.

Rub-rub-rub-rumbeddy-rumbeddy-rub—a breathless pause, followed by a hollow, nasal banng!—the chant of the wooden African drums droning up, spanning streams and forests, leaping across deserts, slushing through miasmatic jungles, picking up rumor and gossip and lies everywhere, echoing from kraal to kraal, from oasis to oasis, from bazaar to bazaar.

Rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub—swelling, dwindling, swelling; then breaking off unexpectedly, on a high note, like a dirge skirled on the bagpipes.

Once more rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub — banng! — the Morse code of all Africa, the evening song of all Africa, fraught with the news of all Africa.

And again Sir James sighed as he thought of his dead youth; as it came back to him with the droning of the drums, with the scent, sweet and acrid, strong as the beat of a temple gong, that drifted in from the native quarter, with the realization that—dear Lord God!—twenty-odd years earlier he had not been a great saheb, a despot in scarlet and gold, but had known the soul of these drums, the soul of Africa . . . had felt this soul as part and parcel of his own soul.

Rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub—awakening old memories and follies and desires with a startling, terrible vividness.

He remembered how years ago, in this same town of Kasambara, he had deliberately forgotten that he was white, English, Christian; how—partly for the sake of the Empire, more for his own sake—he had mixed with the natives, often for weeks at a time, speaking their language, wearing their clothes, eating their food, fearing their fears, hoping their hopes, dreaming their dreams, thinking their thoughts, sinning their sins.

Nobody—neither the whites nor the natives—had known that James Forsythe, junior civilian clerk, and Ali el-Andalosi, the young Moroccan who occasionally wandered into town, were one and the same.

Yes. He remembered. Remembered the color of it. Color of gold. Color of blood. Color of passion.

Remembered the scent of it, a mingling of musk and sweat, rose-oil and garlic.

Remembered the life of it, shameless, untrammelled, savagely, gloriously free.

And, as he remembered, he felt in his soul an unrest that set his nerves to tingling.

Scotch, syphon, and glass were at his elbow. He poured himself a stiff drink; gulped it down.

He stared into the purple, star-pricked night, toward the native quarter—the near distance dominated by the green poem of the Mosque of Swords, soaring up with the eager thrust of its minarets; the rim of the street barred by a screen of dark, lanky palms driven straight into the earth like iron candlesticks; and beyond, like a deep-gray smudge punctured here and there by a glimmer and glisten, the bazaars, a snailshell containing all the windings of traffic and barter—and intrigue.

He rose.

He stepped more closely to the veranda railing, and looked down.

Africa was at his feet, cruel, mysterious, scented, fascinating, inexplicable.

Two decades earlier it had got below his skin.

Right then, once more, it was getting below his skin.

"Heavens, old chap!" he said to himself. "Can't you feel it beckon and wink and smile—and leer? Can't you feel it tug at your soul? Wouldn't you like to fly from this veranda, to launch yourself across the purple haze of the town, to alight on the flat roofs and look again into the houses, the lives, the gaieties, the mysteries, the sorrows and passions and cruelties of this colorful land . . . ?"

His hands clutched the veranda railing; holding on; holding on hard. He shook his head.

All he was, racially, traditionally, made a last rally in his defense.

"Shut up!" said his prosy self to his romantic self.

"Don't be a darned fool! You're the governor. You're a baronet. You're the big, pompous saheb in scarlet and gold—and no longer a junior civilian clerk suffering from the itch of adventure. Behave—and have another drink! Good for what ails you!"

HE HAD already poured two fingers of Scotch when, drowning the chant of the drums, there came from a near Arab house a confused symphony of voices, high-pitched, unrestrained Oriental laughter, the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle of a woman's glass bracelets, a negro's clicky, jungly talk. The sounds leaped up like gay fragments of some mocking, half-forgotten melody; again like the tragic chorus of some world-old, world-tune . . .

"Ah!" he asked himself. "Can you resist the call of it?"

And, suddenly, he laughed. Laughed, perhaps, at Africa, perhaps at himself.

"Free!" he said to himself. "Free—once more—for the last time! To the devil with scarlet and gold—for the space of one night!"

And he left the veranda and went to his bedroom.

He smiled boyishly as, stopping momentarily on the threshold, he listened.

The house was quiet. The servants were asleep. He locked the bedroom door, lit a lamp, pulled down the window blinds, and undressed.

Feeling very much like a conspirator, he opened a trunk which held some of his more private, intimate belongings, looked at the contents, laughed, and went to work.

Studying his face in the mirror he found it burned a clear mahogany by the tropic sun of many seasons. Given the correct costume, he could pass anywhere for a desert Arab. Only his mustache was too long. So, in the proper Moslem manner, he clipped it away from the lips and shaved the corners.

Then, with agile fingers that had not forgotten the trick of it, he surmounted his head by a white cotton



His first love—how young she had been, and how young he! And how profound it had seemed, and mystical—leaping all barriers of racial inheritance.

skull-cap, and tied over it the kufiyah, a large, square silk kerchief of dull red with a bright orange border from which depended tassels of colored silk that reached his waist. He fitted the kufiyah close to the back of his head with the help of the aakal, or twisted hair rope, and pulled it out in a peak projecting over his forehead so that it shaded his eyes and gave to his countenance that truculent, haughty, contemptuous expression on which true Arabs pride themselves.

He dressed his body in a simple white cotton shirt, tight-sleeved, open in front, which covered him from head to foot and was girt at the waist by a handsome shawl. He stuck a gold-handled, crooked Jambyiah dagger into its folds. Over it all he threw a voluminous burnoose of camels' hair, and inserted his bare feet into yellow leather slippers.

He was about to leave the room when an afterthought came to him.

Again he groped in the trunk. He found a broad ring of hammered silver, engraved with Kufic symbols. He slipped it on the second finger of his left hand.

A rather self-conscious smile curled his lips.

For by token of this ring and its symbols—by token, too, of certain passwords that he had never forgotten—he was once more a dervish belonging to the Mother Lodge which admitted both sexes, of the Left-handed Sect who know the secrets of the Tarikat, the mystic path which leads to the flames of Jehennum; who bow in prayer toward the South and not toward the East; who, in their Friday night ceremonies, do not cross the burning sands, but the slushy jungles and the slippery, jagged rocks; whom none, except a Lodge member, may ask "Whence dost thou come?" or "Whither dost thou go?"

Two decades earlier, as Ali el-Andalosi, the Moroccan, he had joined the Bi Sharai, passing with aching limbs and fear-chilled heart through the ordeal of fire and water, of steel and rope, of scorpion and snake.

Since then he had heard casual news from British and French secret service agents that the Bi Sharai had been hounded out of Central Africa and their leaders exiled because they had begun to mix politics with their religious and mystic rites and, relying on the superstitious awe with which the negroes and half-breeds regarded them,



had taken a very active part in anti-European intrigues.

When he had dined in London, on the eve of his departure, with Lord Castlemeade, his predecessor in office, the latter, over brandy and demi-tasse, had given him a mass of confidential information in regard to Saharistan: whom to trust and whom not to trust, whom to flatter and whom to threaten, whom to bribe with honors and whom with gold. But he had not even mentioned the Bi Sharai.

Doubtless the Lodge had been dispersed for good in spite of a recent amnesty granted to Moslem political exiles.

Still—why shouldn't he wear the ring?

He used to wear it—formerly. It was part of his one-time incarnation. There was about it a certain tradition, a certain sentiment.

And, after all, the years had winged back.

No longer was he Sir James Forsythe, governor of Saharistan, but Ali el-Andalosi.

"Salaam aleykoom, yah sheik!" he whispered exultingly, in Arabic, to his reflection in the mirror.

He extinguished the lamp.

Cautiously, like a thief, he tiptoed out of the room, out of the house, into the street, losing himself in the trooping shadows cast by the Mosque of Swords.

Once more, for the last time, he would dip in the secret river of native life; would forget, for the space of a few short hours, the crushing, imperial burden which Fate had put upon his shoulders.

He was going to be himself—the man—unshackled—free!

Ten minutes later found him in the heart of the Arab quarter, passing through a spider's web of little houses, oppressively intimate with their windowless, white-washed walls that faced the streets, but blossoming toward the inner patios with rosebush and olive and tinkly fountain.



Sir James felt keenly alive, keenly happy. Here was what, all these years, subconsciously, he had missed and longed for.

He skirted a bazaar and came out into a rickety, packed welter of alleys. This, he thought, was life, real life, opening up before him like a pit crammed to the brim with strange and motley things: a sidewise, greenish flicker showing stacked-up coffins; the gleam of a waterpipe daubing a gloomy hole with ochre and delicate lemon; a black postern grim with coiling shadows, cut suddenly by the brutal flare of a torch; a tattooed negress suckling her child and crooning barbarously; squatting by her side, incongruously, a white-bearded Arab, detached, imponderable, dignified, rather tragic, like a figure out of Hebrew Scripture.

The evening song of Africa—the pulse beat of the Arab tom-toms, the droning of negro drums, awaking dangerous memories for Sir James.



On and on he walked, not caring where he went.

Deliberately he bumped against a burnoused desertman; just to hear the highly flavored abuse:

"Wah! What manners be these, O son of a noseless mother!"

To hear his own reply—no, no—he had not forgotten:

"Into your beard—and begone, O creature with two left feet!"

Again he felt the thrill of his vanished youth as, in front of a coffee-shop, an unveiled woman stopped him with the invitation of crimson lips and honeyed promises.

"No, O mv gazelle," he replied. "I am on [Continued on page 55]"

PRISON Breaking *as a Pastime*

*(As Related by the Most Persistent
"Escaper" in the German Prison
Camps During the War*

Captain Duncan Grinnell-Milne
Formerly of the British Royal Flying Corps

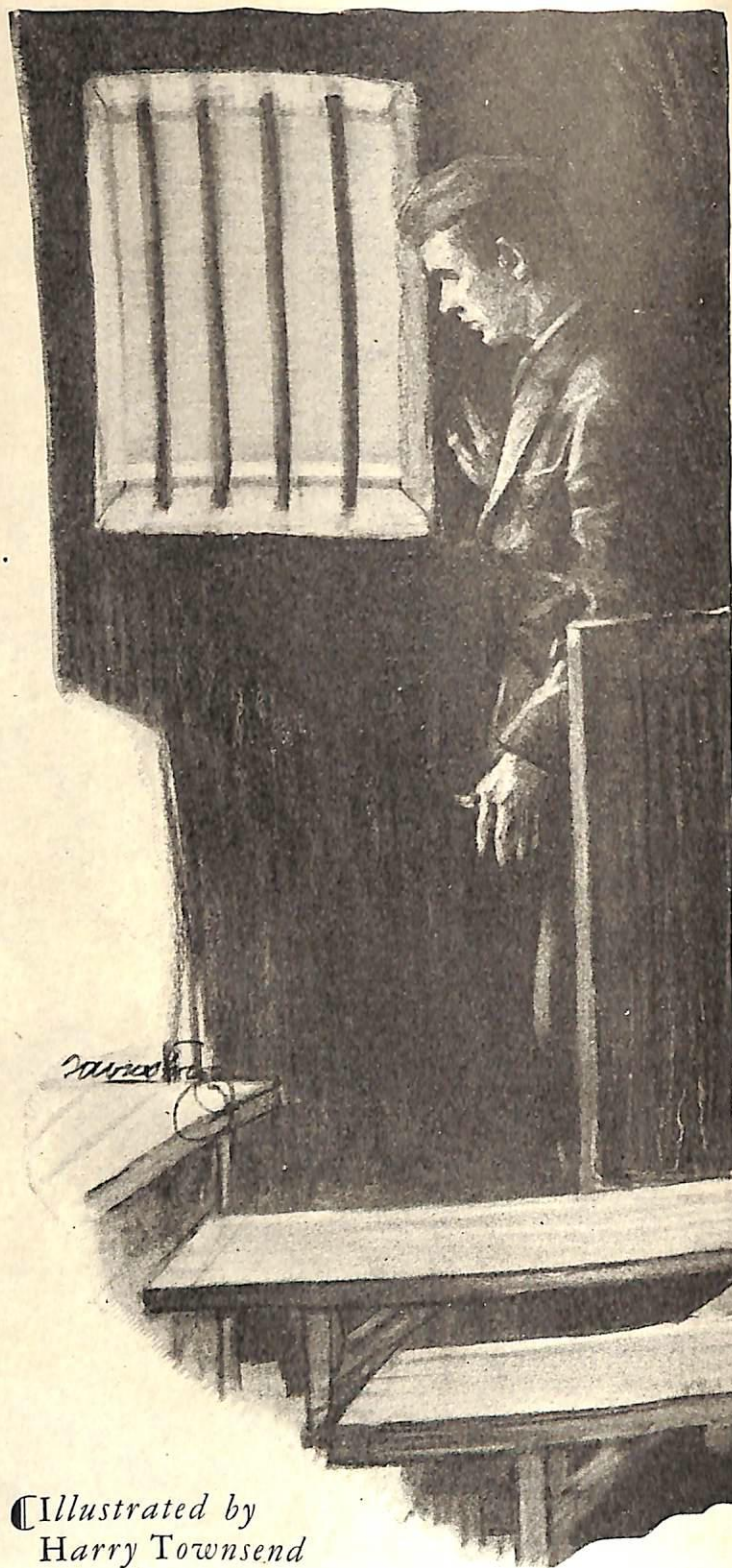
EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article was a member of the British Royal Flying Corps in the late war. On December 1st, 1915, engine trouble forced him down inside the German line, and he spent nearly two and a half years in various prison camps. During that time he and daring fellow-prisoners spent every possible moment in devising means of escape or putting their plans into effect. They were marked men and at last the Germans became so vigilant that it was almost impossible to obtain implements for digging tunnels, or "kits" with which to improvise disguises. But Captain Grinnell-Milne was the most persistent "escaper" in prison camp history. Neither lack of tools nor solitary confinement nor threats of death could stop him. A dozen times, and in many different prisons, he dug his way out, or climbed out, or "tricked" his way out in disguise—sometimes recaptured immediately, on other occasions caught after traveling many miles toward the Dutch frontier. In this article and another which will follow, he describes some of his most daring attempts.

ON FRIDAY, October 27, 1916, I was ordered to pack up my kit, and in the afternoon, in charge of a German officer and four men. I left the prison of Friedberg and was taken to Fort Zorndorf, notorious as the worst camp in Germany, the place to which French prisoners had been sent as a reprisal for supposed atrocities committed in prison camps in France.

Like most fortresses, its main buildings were underground, damp and dark even on the warmest day, so that prisoners rapidly became ill through lack of fresh air and exercise. The highest point of it was scarcely above the surrounding country. It was five-sided and surrounded by a dry ditch some fifteen yards wide and at least thirty deep.

The road at the entrance sloped steeply downward to the bottom of the ditch, where heavy iron gates, guarded by two sentries, barred the way.

Among the prisoners here was Hardy, of the Connaught Rangers. His reputation as a prison breaker was, I suppose, the most widely known throughout the camps of Germany.



Illustrated by
Harry Townsend

Here also was Bastin, a Belgian Cavalry officer, a great friend of Hardy's. They had fallen heir to the following scheme for escape, concocted by some former French prisoners.

At the back of our semi-subterranean building ran a long corridor with, on the one side, doors giving access into our rooms, and on the other a blank wall. In the center of the fort this blank wall was pierced by a small iron gateway, from which a corridor ran back fifty yards to a brick dug-out, or caponniere, divided into two rooms. One of these was used by some of the prisoners during the daytime as a kitchen, and the other was rigged up as a Roman Catholic Chapel. Although both the passage and the compartment were underground, each room had a small barred window looking out into the deep trench, which ran round the fort near its summit. In the chapel room there was also a wooden door leading into the trench. This door was made of stout planks, and was nailed shut and reinforced on the outside with heavy beams of timber. Sentries on the top of the fort could see down into the trench both by day and by night, and they



(We were much more confident on our second attempt at escape. Locked in the chapel all night, one of us kept watch for the sentry, while the other two adjusted the ladder and changed into white clothing to hide us in the snow.

had this door and the two windows under observation, apparently making any attempt at forcing them out of the question. In spite of this, after weary weeks of work, the French had managed to cut away a small section of the door right at its foot where the planks happened to be thinnest. This had been done so carefully that it was impossible to see the cut, even at close quarters.

How to get into the chapel at night was another of the questions to be solved. The iron grill at the bottom of the passage leading to the chapel was closed every night by the Germans, after they had made sure that no prisoners were left in the chapel or in the other room. The French priest who officiated was allowed, however, to keep his vestments and other religious equipment in two small cupboards standing in the chapel; and of these two cupboards he kept the key. By hiding in one of these while the Germans went their evening round, it would be possible, so the French said, for one to stay in the chapel in perfect safety all night.

The small panel having been cut from the bottom of the

door, it would be equally possible to get into the trench and crawl down the side of the fort into the ditch. Permission to make use of the cupboards was given by the priest and having got thus far with the scheme, a French officer, for whose courage I have the most intense admiration, carried out a reconnaissance. He hid in one of the cupboards, and in the middle of the night crawled out of the chapel door into the trench. Worming his way round through the various trenches and fortifications, he was able to see exactly where all the sentries were placed.

Every prisoner in Zorndorf knew that during the night a dozen sentries patrolled the ditch, which was lighted at intervals of about forty yards by petrol lamps. In addition there were on the top of the fort some six or seven sentries, but what no prisoner had known hitherto was that at reveille—about 6:30 A. M.—the sentries in the ditch and the sentries on the top of the fort all went to the guard-room.

The ditch sentries then came up to the top of the fort to complete their period of duty, and during the day there were

no sentries in the ditch. As all the sentries came off their beats and went to the guard-room together, there was an interval of about ten minutes during which no sentries whatever were watching the ditch or the outer wall. During these ten minutes it would be possible for prisoners in hiding near the ditch to climb out with the help of a ladder or some other contrivance.

The next step was the construction of a ladder. When Hardy and I were brought into the scheme, the ladder had been completed with the exception of a few small details which we helped to provide, and the credit for its design lies entirely with the French. The height of the wall surrounding the fort had been estimated at thirty feet, and, as a ladder of this length was obviously too bulky to be carried in safety around the fort in the middle of the night, it was divided into two portions. It was built up in the most ingenious manner with pieces of wood taken from the frames of ordinary deck chairs, and reinforced on the sides and at the joints with small strips of iron. These iron strips were taken from our beds.

It was thought at first that we should wait until the snow had been completely melted before making the attempt, but towards the middle of February snow fell again in great quantities and Bastin suggested that we might profit by it by making the attempt disguised in white clothing. This seemed to be an excellent idea which might well succeed in baffling the Germans, and, as events turned out, it probably saved Hardy's life.

At length everything was ready, the ladder completed and our kit prepared. We had only to wait for Bastin's word to go. We were quite secure against any searches by the Germans, since the ladder was hidden under the floor of Bastin's room and our civilian clothes and other kit were likewise stowed away in thoroughly reliable hiding-places.

We all three felt absolutely certain of success.

On February 15th, the snow being about four inches deep, we decided to make the attempt. Late in the afternoon we transferred our kit from the various hiding-places to the cupboards in the caponniere. Bastin meanwhile brought out the sections of the ladder and deposited them under the altar. The last Appell was at about half-past five or six o'clock, and immediately after this we all three went up to the chapel. We unlocked the cupboards at once and got inside. Bastin being the bulkiest of the three had a cupboard to himself, whereas Hardy and I with the greatest difficulty managed to squeeze into the other one. As soon as we were inside, Bastin locked our door and then proceeded to fasten himself into his own receptacle by means of a special iron clamp which he had made.

IN A state of semi-suffocation we waited in those coffin-like cupboards for about twenty minutes and then, almost on the point of bursting out to get air, we heard the steps of the German guard coming up the passage. He paused at the door of the room opposite and then walked into the chapel. After stamping around for a few seconds, he was evidently satisfied and went out, walking briskly down the passage. A moment or two later we heard the iron grill clang to and the rattle of a key in the lock.

As quickly as he could, Bastin climbed out of his cupboard and released us from our terribly cramped position. It was not yet seven o'clock and we did not intend to get out into the trench until three o'clock in the morning. We had a long and weary wait ahead of us, but Bastin had provided a kettle and a small spirit lamp to make coffee, Hardy had brought some sandwiches, and I some blankets. One of us was continually on guard by the window watching the nearest sentry pass and repass only a few yards away, on his beat at the top of the fort.

At half-past two we began to get ready. Bastin attended to the screwing up of the various parts of the ladder, while Hardy and I packed all the heavy kit into two large bags made out of white sheets. When these preparations were finished, we took off our uniforms and donned our civilian clothing with the exception of our hats and overcoats, already packed into the bags. Over our civilian clothes we put on the white camouflage dress. It consisted of a white shirt, white trousers, white socks pulled on over our boots, and a close-fitting cap of the type known as a "Balaclava helmet," which covered everything except our eyes. By three o'clock we were ready to sally forth.

But now an unforeseen obstacle suddenly presented itself. A new sentry had come on duty and, unlike the previous one who had gone at least a hundred yards along his beat in each direction, this man elected to stand almost immediately opposite the chapel window, continually looking in our direction and only moving a few yards every now and then to stamp his feet. It was obviously quite impossible to do anything whilst the man was in that position, and we were forced to wait. A couple of hours passed and we began to be seriously worried as to whether he had not seen something of our movements through the chapel window. Shortly after five o'clock we realized that, although the sentry would now be relieved, it was no use trying any more that night. It would soon begin to get light and there would then be no chance of concealment. Very reluctantly we took off our clothing, unfastened the ladder and hid the sections again under the altar. At eight o'clock we knew that the iron grill would be opened again, but we were not sure whether the German guard would take the trouble to come up the passage or not, and we hid ourselves once more in the cupboards. Shortly after eight o'clock, we heard the distant footsteps of the guard and sounds of the iron grill being thrown open. Nothing further happened and a few minutes later we collected our kit and went back to our rooms, announcing ourselves, somewhat crestfallen, for breakfast.

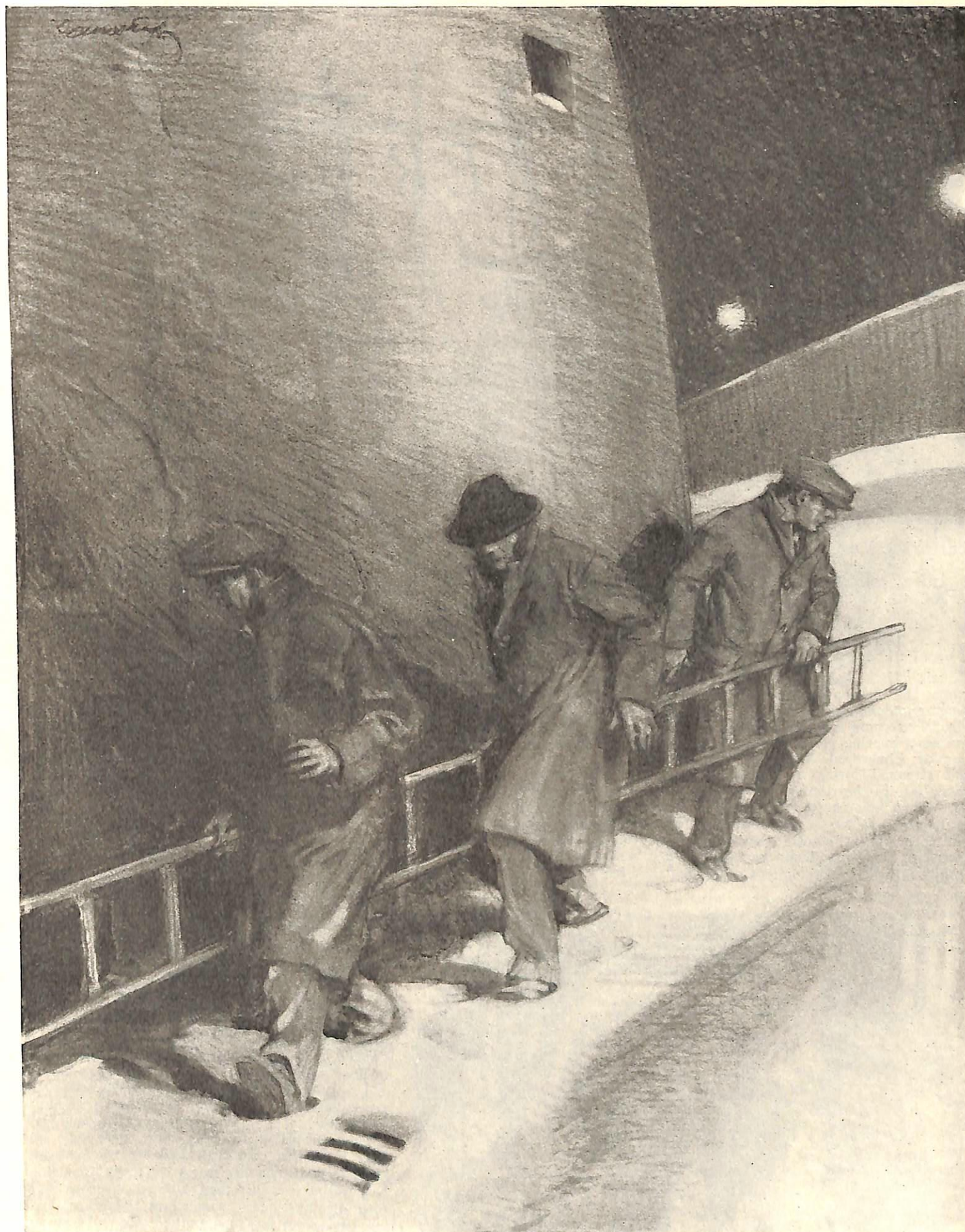
WE WAITED three days, improving slightly on our kit and watching the sentries for any signs of activity in the neighborhood of the chapel. The only thing that in any way disturbed us was the presence of two Alsatian police dogs. They were led around the camp at night, and fortunately appeared to be only half-trained.

A great deal of snow fell during these days and the camp was now covered everywhere with at least five inches, making us feel more than ever sure that the snow clothing would be invaluable. During the evening of February 18th, we again transferred our kit to the chapel and by seven o'clock we had locked ourselves in our respective cupboards. We felt much more confident than we had been on the previous occasion and after some sandwiches and a cup of tea we settled down to sleep—in pairs, the third man being on watch—from about ten o'clock until nearly two in the morning. Bastin reassembled his ladder, while Hardy and I packed away the kit and distributed white clothing. At half-past two we started a more intensive watch on the sentry patrolling the ramparts. Unlike the troublesome sentry of a few days before, the man on duty did his job properly, marching along his beat from end to end and only repassing the window about once in every five minutes.

At last the time came for us to go and Bastin cautiously opened the small panel at the bottom of the door. We had previously settled on the exact load to be carried by each man, the route to be followed and in what order we were to proceed. Under this arrangement Hardy was the first out. With great difficulty he was squeezed through the minute opening, helped by Bastin, whilst I stood just alongside at the window, ready to give the alarm if the sentry reappeared. As soon as Hardy was in the trench, the first and longest section of the ladder, which he was to carry, was slowly and quietly pushed out to him. Watching from the window, I could see him barely three feet away from me.

WHILE getting through the hole in the door, Hardy lay flat on his chest and, as we pushed the ladder out to him, he naturally kept this position, which was the least conspicuous. Now, having got the ladder, he was just rising to his feet—one hand still on the ground, grasping the ladder with the other—when, like the villain in a melodrama, the black figure of the sentry suddenly became outlined against the gray sky. His appearance at that moment was terribly awkward and I positively gasped from the shock, but I managed to whistle softly to Bastin, who hissed out a warning to Hardy through the trap-door.

On the top of the parapet, not twelve feet away, the sentry stopped and peered down into the ditch. Then taking a step forward he began to unsling his rifle. The suspense of the next few seconds was almost unbearable, and a catastrophe of some sort seemed absolutely imminent. I felt sure, seeing Hardy as clearly as I could, that the [Continued on page 77]



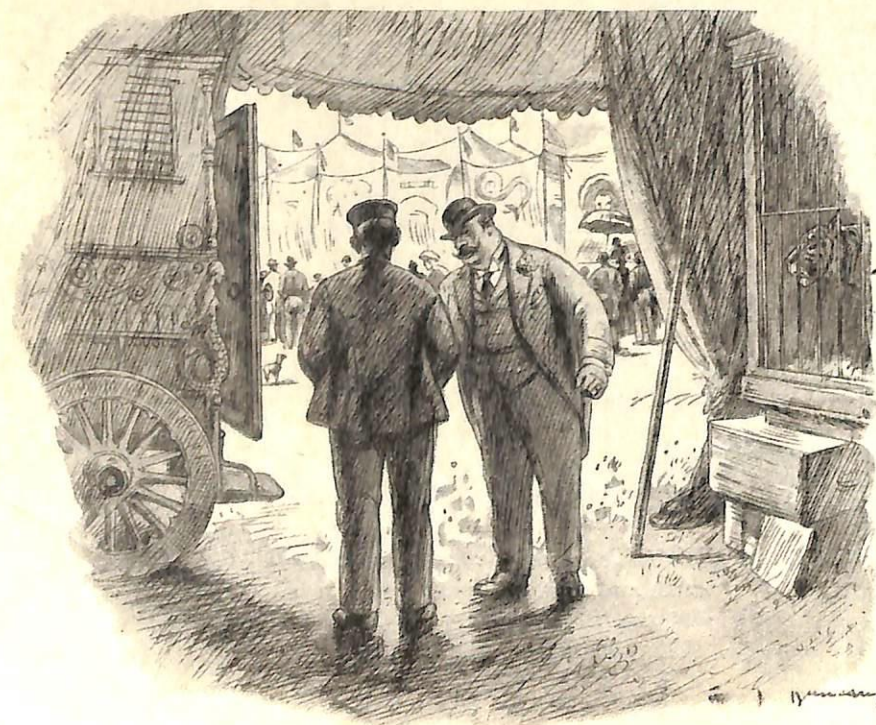
(We made a strange procession crouching along the prison wall, and numb with cold, when suddenly another unpleasant surprise greeted us—the sentries were already on duty!)



(The big show was beginning, but there was one for whom the band did not play. "Us for the bone yard," mumbled Danny, his head in his hands.

UNTIL a month before, there had been three of them, Bechu, Nyanza and Congo, a family such as a circus never had seen before and never might see again. Gorillas are rare enough in the captivity of even a single specimen, to say nothing of a father, a mother and a baby son, living within their caged world in the serene understanding that this bawling, raucous existence was their home, and the people about them, not hated captors, but friends who formed a god-like attribute to a trio which looked to them for their every need. Such becomes the relationship between animal and man, once there has come understanding.

That had come early and easily in the lives of Bechu and Nyanza—a hunting party, halting in its trek along the Gaboon River of Equatorial Africa, to hold consultation over the blood streaked forms of two barely conscious, full grown gorillas, left in the ruin-strewn path of a stampeding elephant herd. Then the capture and slow process of resuscitation, bringing to these beasts the knowledge that the strange beings about them meant comfort, ease, surcease from pain, companionship, kindness; Bechu and Nyanza had been moulded as naturally into new surroundings as though they had been born



Illustrations by
Walter Jack Duncan

HER BOY

By
Courtney Ryley Cooper

(How near to HUMAN is the Mind and Heart of a GORILLA?)

to them. That faith had held even through their long journey to America, and their introduction into the rushing feverish life of a circus. They had been happy, and had become happier. For at last there had come Congo, to snuggle in the arms of a grinning, gigantic mother, while an equally gigantic father looked on with the philosophic air of happiness which, it seems, can be truly exemplified only by the higher type of ape. Thus had three years gone, until a month before.

Then, a loosening flap of canvas upon the cage rocking along upon its nightly journey, the establishment of a draught, playing full upon Bechu as he slept. The next afternoon, a menagerie worker had reported hastily to the superintendent; days and nights of effort had followed—but lung affections are desperate things with the larger species of ape. Upon a far distant circus lot there was now a mound, and a homemade cross in memory of a departed menagerie feature—in the big cage where there had been three, there were but two, and of these, one who was just struggling to the side of safety; Nyanza, saved from the fatalism of grief which so often claims the second of an ape pair once death has claimed a mate, had survived simply through the fact that Congo had remained too, Congo, her baby.

Now Nyanza sat slumped in the corner of her cage, watching, fondly, the every action of her roly-poly, three-year-old child, as with the investigative fashion of ape-dom it made the rounds of its little world. It was late afternoon; the matinee was over, the menagerie deserted; time for rest and play on the circus, for human and for beast. Time of ecstasy for Congo, his mother no longer held him tight as the crowds flooded past—his life was his own and he reveled in liberty.

Joyously, he frolicked about the cage, Nyanza watching from her corner—her brown eyes shining beneath their heavy penthouses of bone, her great arms listless over her short, bent legs; her only movement a sharp, jovial motion as her child leaped upon her in its bounding, to fondle her for an instant, then hurried to some new form of play, at last to veer into a series of leaping, crying out in wide-mouthed glee as he swung from one side of the cage to the other, or indulged in series after series of comical somersaults.

(“That thing is six hundred pounds of muscle and sinew,” said the circus manager. “If the quiet out there doesn’t cure him, he’s best out of the way. No use trying to make a saint out of a demon!”



(After Bechu died, Nyanza was saved from the fatalism of grief through the fact that Congo, her baby, remained too.

At last, he raised his eyes to the sight of a short rope extending through the ventilator opening at the top of the cage, and rising, he sought by a series of short leaps to reach it. The attempt failed, and with a sudden idea, he swung to the side bars, set his feet against them for a great spring, leaped with all his strength, and half turning as he sped through the air, caught the end of the rope on his down course, shrieking with joy as he prepared for the short pull-up that would send him swinging at its end. But the scream changed to one of sudden terror; the lissomeness of the body to contorted twistings. The expected staunchness had not been there; instead the rope had streamed through the opening with his weight—only a loose, short coil, thrown upon the wagon, to give way at the first tug. An instant later, while his frightened mother leaped from her corner, Congo crashed, head downward, to the oaken floor, there to squirm for a moment in frantic spasms, then to subside, limp in unconsciousness.

A CUPPING motion of great arms, and Nyanza gathered her child close to her heavy breast, shambling with him to the darkness of the corner, the animal of her seeking retreat in time of danger. Her eyes were wide with fright, the heavy bristles of her forehead lowering and raising with that queer motion which gives to a gorilla much of its appearance of fierceness. A great arm released itself that it might beat nervously against her barrel-like chest, giving forth a hollow booming as of a great drum. A guttural, suppressed rolling rumbled in her thick throat; fierce in non-understanding defiance, she sought an invisible enemy, while her child still lay unconscious against her breast.

But gradually the ferocity passed; now she crooned, and with black, awkward hand, touched the eyes, the brow, the bubbling lips. At last a jerking of the facial muscles, twitching of fingers hitherto inert. Nyanza bent to him in crooning joy; a half hour later, Danny Bruce, the ape-keeper, paused for a moment before the cage on the way from the cookhouse.

“Well, for cryin’ out loud!” he expostulated. “Nursin’ that great big, overgrown boob of a kid of yours like he was two months old!”

Then Danny went on, quite complacent, and quite ignorant. Only a doting mother within a cage, holding a vapid-eyed youngster in her arms—Danny thought no more about it. Not even when, two months later, he halted one day before the cage, and stood in jocular survey of the smaller of the beasts within.

“Oh, ain’t you the sassy thing?” he asked, “Holdin’ your head cocked over to one side like you’d just heard a travelin’ man’s story!”

He chuckled at his own joke, then for a time merely watched the young ape as he sat in the middle of the cage, his head held sidewise, stiffly, as though in an assumed position of precocity. But after a time Danny Bruce noticed that the posture seemed too steady for a mere pose; once when a grunt from Nyanza summoned the attention of the child, he turned his whole body that he might view her—as though there were no resilience, no muscular flexibility to the neck. Danny went closer.

“Come here, kid,” he commanded. “Caught a cold in your neck?”

The young ape obeyed readily enough, moving closer to the bars, near enough in fact for Danny Bruce to reach through the interstices and with quick working fingers to reach the

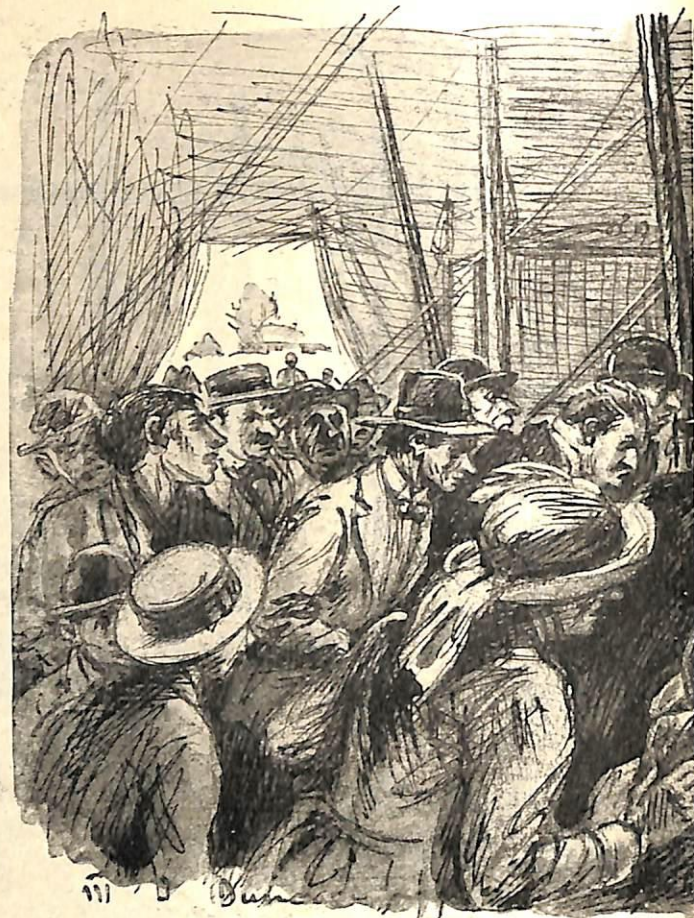
heavy muscles leading from the heavy shoulders toward the cranium. They were tight, drum-tight; Danny's fingers stiffened in an effort at manipulation. A slight scream came from the beast—a quick pull-away; instantly there was a roar from the corner, as the tremendous Nyanza sped forward and, seizing her child in her arms, retreated to cover, mouthing and gaping at the trainer over her shoulder. Danny Bruce sneered. "That's right!" he snapped "go and make a fool of yourself. Baby him! Spoil him!"

Whereupon, his Irish nature having exploded its excess steam, Danny Bruce straightened his natty bow tie, hitched again at his white trousers with their flaming blue belt, dusted a bit of straw from the bosom of his cerise silk shirt, readjusted his lavender sleeve-holders and walked onward.

Danny was quite a person with the menagerie of the Great Consolidated Circus. It had been he who had first gained the idea, far away upon the murky stretches of the Gaboon River, of striving to bring to life two mangled gorillas found in the wreckage of an elephant stampede. He it was who had carried that idea to fulfillment; he was the keeper of the gorillas, upon him and him alone rested the responsibility of their welfare. And in spite of his apparent dismissal of the diminutive rebellion which he had just witnessed, the light blue eyes of Danny Bruce wore a studious air that evening. Danny Bruce had a problem.

He was the custodian of two beasts, one of which had never felt her power, a second which he must rear with the same lack of knowledge. Within that great, steel cage which housed Nyanza and her child was a seven hundred pound giant who had been held to tractability simply because of her trust and her love for a keeper whom, in the main, she obeyed implicitly. But what would happen if there should arise the cause for rebellion? What then of the steel bars which could be made only so strong, only so thick, only so heavy and yet remain wieldy enough to be transported from town to town? What if an overflow of mother-infatuation should some day arouse this volcano of strength, with a two-ton lifting or breaking strength in even a slight jerk of her tremendous arms, with the power in her broad, grizzled back to crash an oaken beam as though it were matchwood?

Danny Bruce knew that a task of supremacy lay before him; either he or a mother must rule. The next morning he was before the cage early, a stick of candy in his hand, drawing the young gorilla far to the edge of the den, there to pet him and cajole him for minute upon minute before he bestowed



the gift upon the waiting youngster. And he marveled that Nyanza only grinned and shambled and cooed with joy in her corner. Danny believed he was fighting mother jealousy. He knew nothing of that day when Nyanza had leaped from her corner to seize an unconscious burden in her arms.

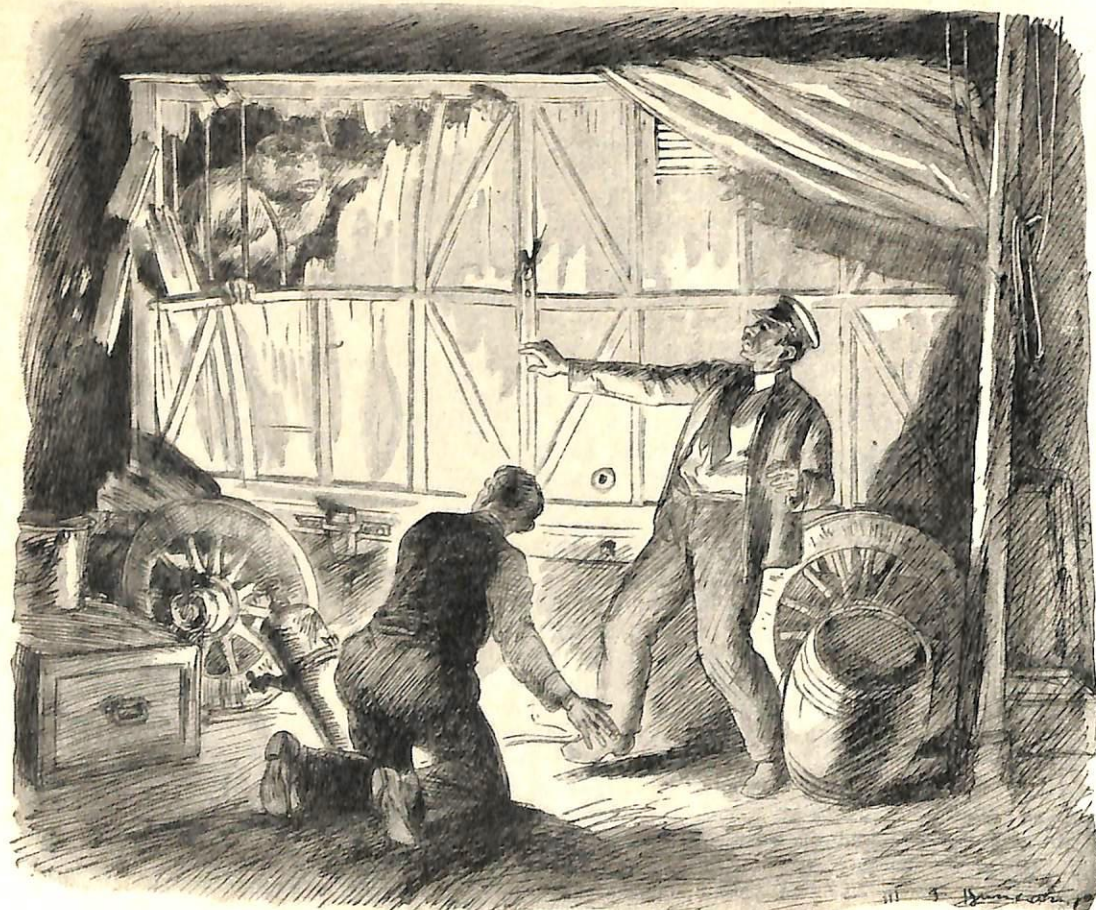
So, he pursued his course only as his instinct could tell him; until the youngster came to watch for him with the impatience of a pampered child. Thus a year passed, while Danny congratulated himself upon a mastery which seemed gradually to grow stronger—and found excuses for moments when it seemed that every effort had been in vain.

For there were times, infrequent it is true, when the eyes of the young ape glared with a queer light. When the slightest untoward movement sent him leaping in mad rebellion; and, taking refuge in the eager arms of the giant creature which had hurried to him, there to shriek and shrill from the protection of her hairy embrace, teeth bared, black hands beating against his breast in excesses of frenzy—those were the times when Danny Bruce would sigh, and, hands upon his hips, stand in long periods of invective against a defiant mother.

"As if you wasn't just making him worse by humoring him!" he'd exclaim. "I'm through with the both of you!"

But the next morning, he'd be back again, with his

"She's coming out—" Danny commanded. "We've got to run for it!"



"The man was reeling from the cage, his arm ripped by the teeth of the maddened gorilla. "He tried to pull me in there!" he gasped.

candy and his coaxing and his cajolery. Kids will have their tantrums, he told himself. But as he said it, he wished for a way to stop the ape from carrying his head in that strained, sidewise position; a wish that was not granted. For the seasons went by, to five to ten and fifteen. Congo changed from a child to a nearly grown beast; hulky in shoulder and chest and torso, heavily boned, with the promise of a strength even greater than his father or mother. But with his head gradually twisting more and more to the left, and the tempests of his temper breaking forth more frequently, while eager arms still awaited him, for Nyanza had not ceased in her ready defense, even though the object of her ministrations could no longer clamber into her embrace; a few more years and he would be as big as she.

In size, at least, and strength. In spirit—there was a difference. The years had begun to touch Nyanza now—there were streaks of gray in her blackish coat; the lines of age were beginning to make themselves apparent upon her wide-mouthed face. Her coat was longer, shaggier; the deep eyes more cavernous, more alert as they catalogued the silly meanderings of Congo, the restlessness, the quick fright, the suspicion for all but Danny Bruce. And as a mother watched, so watched Danny, less dapper now with the passage of years, himself also graying at the temples, but still swagger, still important, with a mission, the importance of which only he truly realized. For Danny had not been blind.

"Stiff necked?" asked a visitor one day as the little man stood, hands on hips before the den. Danny turned.

"Kind of," he said. "Caught a cold in it or somethin' when he was a youngster—been that way ever since he was about three years old."

"Have you ever tried to straighten it?"

"I ain't no osteopath," said Danny, and moved thoughtfully away. The visitor stood for a moment in distant survey, then with the familiarity which even the slightest word with a showman sometimes seems to breed with the uninitiated, stepped under the guard rope and moved toward the den for a closer view. From the end of the cages, a menagerie man called a gruff warning over his shoulder, and moved slowly forward to eject the intruder. Then suddenly, he blanched and ran, shouting—but his cries were drowned by others.

Of human, aghast with horror, or beast, in unreasoning rage. Within the den, Nyanza was leaping in shrieking concern, while before her a five-hundred-pound ape tore at the bars, his great shoulders hunched, his chest extended, his clutched hands

extending their strength until their very grasp seemed to lift his body from the floor. While before him—

Danny Bruce had turned with the first cry, and now was speeding forward to where the onlooker was reeling from the cage, his eyes wide with anguish, his clothing torn, his right hand extended to support a bleeding left arm, ripped by the teeth of a maddened gorilla.

"He tried to pull me in there!" came in heightened overtones—"he caught my arm—"

"And that's another lie!" it was the menagerie guard. "I seen you reach in to pet him!"

"Stop this arguing!" Danny Bruce sent the full force of his lungs into his command, that it might rise over the thundering of the frenzied Congo, the shrieking of his excited mother, the milling noises of the panicky menagerie throng. "Hear me! Get this man to a doctor!" Then, "Boston! Jake! Raise the sideboards on this gorilla den an' quick about it. Stumpy! Beat it for the boss hostler. Get a six-horse team on the double-rush!"

With that he turned to the arduous task of driving back the frightened crowds of circus goers, panicky with dread, yet crowding constantly closer for a better view as, within the big den, Congo, the smoldering blaze of his demoniacal nature at last aflame, raged from one end of the cage to the other, or, with spasmodic boundings, seemed to encompass the distance from the floor to the ceiling and back again all in the same motion, striking trip-hammer blows upon roof and floor until the tent echoed with the thunder of the impact. This, while in the background, a mother paced and turned and lashed in her excitement, bellowing defiance at the cagemen hurrying forward with the sideboards—the battle cry of a maternal nature seeking to protect a suddenly insane child from dangers which she could only sense.

The clink of harness and the wooden clatter of doubletrees, the soft clud of horse-hoofs, as the sidewall raised and a draught "six-teams" swung under to await the setting of the wagon pole and the attachment of the wheeler-tugs. Farther and farther, the crowd was forced back; a teamster clambered to his seat above the den, still rocking from the gyrations of more than a thousand pounds of maddened flesh. Then the sidewall raised; a raging burden was [Continued on page 70]



Matu, the willing Indian slave of Jean Baptiste.

'Tis the COMPANY

Another Story of the Northern Fur Traders by

ZACK CARTWRIGHT

him. "Still you might speak to him yourself, if you wish."

"What is it you want?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"I want two teams and drivers," replied the sergeant, "for a quick trip. I am starting right off and I can't seem to find any Indians about the place. What do you say?"

"Where do you go?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"I am not telling till we are on the road. Will you go?"

Jean Baptiste shook his head. "On a long trip, no. The way 'tis snowing now and a trail to break—no, I couldn't leave."

"It is only a twelve-day trip," said the sergeant, "and on river-ice all the way."

"Only twelve days?" asked Jean Baptiste. "And on river ice? Then it is to Fort Vermilion you go, sergeant. And for a trip to Vermilion you do not need two sleds. Unless you've another load to bring back," he went on, "another man, maybe."

"That's my own business," the sergeant replied shortly. "There will be a load to bring back, yes. Now, will you go?"

Jean Baptiste nodded: "I thought so. 'Tis more than a man you are bringing back."

"Damn all this talk!" the sergeant snarled at him, "Will you go or not?"

"Certainly not!" said Jean Baptiste, "How could I go when I am sick?"

The sergeant glared angrily at Jean Baptiste, and slammed the door behind him.

"He will find drivers now. Matu will go and his cousin that is called Big-Nose," said Jean Baptiste.

"Why Matu?" I asked.

"The blue dog of Matu had pups three weeks ago," said Jean Baptiste. And not a word more could I have out of him. Matu appeared at the window again and they had another brief conversation.

Presently I heard the tinkling of dog-bells passing outside: the lad that was called Big-Nose with the sergeant in his sled and Matu behind with food and bed rolls.

"Matu works his blue dog now," I told Jean Baptiste.

"Yes. She has pups these three weeks now," he said.

I fell to wondering over the matter as I went about my work. Who could the Police be seeking at Vermilion now? And what was behind my son's interest in the matter?

Jean Baptiste was looking through the window again.

"What is it?" I asked as I hurried to join him. A dog-team was just crossing the bridge that spans the Hart river there in the settlement.

"It is the answer I think for the great haste of the Police," he answered.



Big Nose.

Again,
JEAN BAPTISTE,
Man of the Snows,
proves his mettle
among the
FUR TRADERS

Must Be SAVED!

The half-breed runner, Little Martine, with the crooked legs.



Jean Baptiste, the Master Mind, half-Scot, half-Indian.

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

"It is this, Mac," he began. "You know very well of course there is a closed period now on the taking of beaver skins in this province."

"Aye, a five-year term," I answered.

"Right," said Farquhar. "But you realize that the law takes no account of natural or accidental deaths among the beavers themselves."

"But what of it?" I asked.

"What of it? An outrage it would be if the great Hudson's Bay must sit back and twiddle its thumbs while our wretched competitors have beaver skins to offer the day the season is open again."

"No doubt the Company will have some too," I said. "For I dare say they will be found dead of natural decay from time to time. But why are you here on this visit, now, coming concealed as a load of freight?" I asked.

"Mac," he whispered loudly, "there is the very devil to pay. This fool at Vermilion, Wishart, has made a fine mess of things. He is in a trap. MacDougall, the fair name of the Company is in danger at this very hour! Some spy has informed the Police that Wishart has made a large transaction in beaver skins just recently. They have a warrant now to search the post there and bring him in if beaver skins are found. How was I to know there was danger in it when I allowed him to go ahead? I counted on his using the wits God gave him of course!"

"So you ordered him to do it then?" I asked.

"I did not," snapped Farquhar. "I heard of the skins and sent him word to see about them."

"A sergeant of Police left here this morning and I worked it out of him that he was bound to Vermilion. He may find Wishart all unprepared to receive him."

"There you go, MacDougall," shouted Farquhar. "Throwing up your hands in surrender at the very thought of an obstacle confronting you. Think up a scheme for outwitting the Police," he ordered. "I demand it of you in the Company's interest."

"There is but one man," I said then. "Jean Baptiste!"

"What?" roared Farquhar. "You would dare offer that knave to me? Twice, I am certain, he has betrayed me already."

"Do as you like then, it is your own affair," I replied. "You have never put the truth of matters to Jean Baptiste in the past."

Of course at the time he was not aware that the lad was my son, but he lost no time in backing down.

"In the name of conscience, Mac, you wouldn't desert your life-long friend in his hour of need now would you? That fiend of a general manager has no more heart than a weasel."

J

JEAN BAPTISTE did not answer my question. He sat by the window of my office and gazed moodily out at the snow streaming down from gray shut-in sky. 'Twas the first snow of the season and I held the hope that its coming might cool down his restless impatience. For now it was winter again and the ice well set on the Peace 'twas time for Jean Baptiste to go running the mail down river to Vermilion. He loved the doing of it; the faring along between the towering cut-banks behind his dogs. A hardihood was roused in him then with the bitter cold stalking his flight throughout the brief winter days.

I had chosen this time to speak with him concerning his future. For I was filled with ambition for him to be permanently identified with the service of the Hudson's Bay. I knew the security of it from my own lifetime spent as factor and I, better than any man, knew the especial fitness of Jean Baptiste for such a position. I was actually retired at the time. My years were out and I only stayed on till the superintendent of posts could put his hands on an adequate successor. I knew how simple it would be for me to secure the appointment for Jean Baptiste. The superintendent was Andrew Farquhar, well-known to me from the boyhood we had together in the old country. And my influence amounted almost to a power over him. I was near to exasperated at my son's indifference to the long and splendid traditions of the Company and the little value he seemed to set on it.

"And why?" I asked him again. "Why would you not accept an appointment as factor if I can arrange it?"

Well, we were interrupted again! A face appeared outside the window. I recognized a young Cree named Matu. They conversed intimately together for several minutes.

"What is it?" I asked when Matu had gone.

"Trouble is afoot for someone," said Jean Baptiste. "A sergeant of Police has arrived and is in great haste to hire two dog-teams and drivers. He does not tell where he is going. I must find out myself."

"He will have no difficulty in getting men," I said. "I know two dozen that would gladly make a few dollars assisting the Mounted Police."

"Not this fine sergeant," said Jean Baptiste.

"What sergeant is it then?" I asked.

"He will come here shortly," said Jean Baptiste.

And surely enough it was not ten minutes till there was a knock at the rear door of my office and a sergeant of Police entered. I saw then it was one Sergeant Haskins who had been Constable Haskins once and stationed there at the Landing. He had been a very officious constable and 'twas him had chased Jean Baptiste one time before I knew the lad to be my son.

"I want to hire this man and his team," the sergeant said. He indicated Jean Baptiste.

"Um, I am afraid that would hardly be possible," I answered

The sled stopped at the rear door of the post and when we opened it I recognized the young Indian driver. He fell to releasing the lashings of his load and signed to Jean Baptiste to help him. I thought at first it might be a corpse till they lifted it and carried it toward the door.

Well it was Farquhar! The Company's superintendent of posts, and a man full of great dignity and authority over his official position.

"In the name of God, Andrew Farquhar!" I shouted to him when he fought off the coverings and sat up, his great beefy face all purple red.

"Shut up!" he growled. I could see he was fearfully angry at something.

"Cursed whelp!" he bellowed. "Did I not say to leave my face free? And to release me once we had passed the Police-man waiting there?"

I opened a cupboard and took out a bottle and glasses.

"Hold on to yourself," I said to him, "and drink this."

We were alone then, Jean Baptiste having gone out.

"Whisky! Whisky!" he stormed. "That's all you can think of, MacDougall. And that brute of a general manager too, ready to take the heart out of a man at the slightest excuse! Here give me that bottle if you call such a miserly drop a drink!"

"MacDougall," he says after he had his drink, "there is the very devil to pay!"

"What have you done?" I asked and he fairly swelled in outraged innocence.

"What have I done? I, indeed! My God, has it come to this that I must bear impudence from the likes of you factors?"

"Then tell me the meaning of all this strange proceeding," I said.

"Mind what I say now, Farquhar," I said. "I will take charge of this thing since you are so helpless. And Jean Baptiste is answerable to me, have no fear of that."

Farquhar was greatly relieved. "Go ahead as you think best."

When Jean Baptiste arrived I said to him: "The sergeant of Police who left this morning bears trouble to the factor at Vermilion. It is over the matter of some beaver skins that might be found about the place and brought into court against him. That must not happen."

Jean Baptiste looked hard at me for a moment. "Has he beaver skins on the place?"

"Certainly not!" said Farquhar, bringing himself into the matter. "This sergeant he is crazy. We want to make sure there is no framed-up conspiracy against the Company."

"This sergeant travels alone and fast," Jean Baptiste said. "No simple matter is this of merely informing Wishart of the danger. There is no way but down the Peace and the man will risk his liberty who seeks to pass the sergeant on the river."

Farquhar he had not the sense to leave the matter in my hands and I regretted then that I had not spoken to Jean Baptiste apart and managed the thing myself. Here he was now lying to my son when the truth would have served the occasion better.

"A thousand dollars are in it for you if the Police are made to fail in their undertaking," Farquhar offered grandly.

"Is it the beaver pelts you want saved or is it the factor?" "Damn the beaver skins and damn the fool of a factor!" blazed Farquhar. "Tis the Company must be saved!"

"For a thousand dollars I think I would save the Company if I could. Yes! But there would be heavy expenses," said Jean Baptiste.

"Twill all be taken care of," said Farquhar.

Jean Baptiste rose. "Very well then. In the morning I will go with the mail. I will come back with the mail and I will do the best I can."

"You lied about the matter, remember," I said to Farquhar when we were alone. "You cannot learn that the man is not a fool."

Later in the evening, Jean Baptiste came in to direct that his



load of mail be light, and certain bags filled with food. The door of the office opened and a small Indian boy came in. He led a bluish-colored dog. It was the one Matu had driven away with the sergeant of Police that morning.

Jean Baptiste seized her and laid her across the table. I held the light at his request and while I could not quite make out what he did I noticed he examined closely under her throat till he found tufts of hair that had been knotted together. He ripped open the knots with the point of his knife before I had managed more than a glance, and released the dog. He motioned the boy to be gone.

"The sergeant of Police has lost his haste," said Jean Baptiste. "He will stop at the camps I have made for my own convenience along the river."

"What is it all about?" Farquhar asked me.

"Do not ask me such questions, Farquhar," I said. "Did I not speak of a dog that had pups three weeks ago?"

"True," said Farquhar, "you did."

I had no intention of taking credit that did not belong to me



(The sergeant with a furious oath drew his revolver and pointed it at the two Indians. "Out with it now," he snarled. "What did you do with that load of beaver skins?"

Martine in Grouard along with a message, no doubt.

"Do not disturb yourself," I said to Farquhar, for he had not observed the key. I drew him aside and spoke to him: "You do not understand at all, Farquhar. It would never do for me to have direct knowledge of these things as you must see. I work always through a lieutenant and now Jean Baptiste is gone this man acts in his stead."

"Very well," Farquhar said. "Remember I hold you responsible if this thing is not prevented. You insisted on taking it into your own hands."

Now that was but a sample of the man's inconsistency. It was only a bit of luck for me that I noticed at night-fall a party of three or four men moving along the trail. I called Farquhar to the window. They carried light packs on their shoulders and one of them led Matu's blue dog.

"I will have messages from Jean Baptiste and I will know what to expect when the sergeant of Police returns. Such things seem impossible to you of course but I am not factor here for nothing."

I gave Martine a stern look while I was speaking, indicating he was to keep his toothless mouth closed for the time. I was forced to resort to many such expedients in order to pacify Farquhar, and I knew it was likely Jean Baptiste had meant to convey messages back to Martine or he would not have had him there. And sure enough on the seventh day Martine was out of the office a few minutes and when he returned he seemed very pleased.

"What is it?" I asked. "By Gosh," he said, "the pups are big! The Police has left Vermilion."

"What's that?" asked Farquhar. "The pups are very large," I answered him and I turned to Martine. "What does he bring?"

"One man and a load of fur," he mumbled.

"What did he say?" demanded Farquhar.

"He mentioned the pups were large for their age and—"

"Blast the pups," shouted Farquhar.

"—the sergeant of Police has left Vermilion," I continued, "with a man and a load of fur."

you understand but I felt it was just as well to keep him mystified. I understood clearly of course that Matu had released the dog from his teams that day and she had carried a message back to Jean Baptiste in her concern for her pups.

My own part was a most difficult one you can understand in the days we awaited the outcome. For Farquhar he continually besought me for explanations. As an example on the next morning after Jean Baptiste had gone we came to the office of the post from my own quarters. The door was unlocked and the stove going full blast and there was the little Martine sitting with his feet up on the table.

"What is the meaning of this?" thundered Farquhar to me. "How is this unauthorized person making himself free in the Company's post? Smoking my cigars too, by gad!"

"What, are you here, Martine?" I demanded of the scamp as he grinned at us.

"I came here, from Grouard," he answered, opening his hand before me. In it was the key to the place. 'Twas the one Jean Baptiste carried for his own convenience and he had sent it to

I tell you it was no pleasant news to me and Farquhar he got nearly pale when I told him. Then he became angry of course. "Oh, you have things in hand, MacDougall! You would interfere in the business and manage it, wouldn't you?"

And it was only my faith in Jean Baptiste that enabled me to make a cool appearance to Farquhar. I was sorely tried by the outrageous temper of the big man and his abuse of me.

The little Indian boy again appeared leading the blue dog and she looked very weary and resentful of the use to which she was being put. Martine he took her to the corner of the room and spent a long time deciphering the meaning of the knotted tufts of hair under her neck. At last he undid the knots and without a word rushed out of the place. He was back shortly.

"Have off your coats you two," he ordered Farquhar and me. "There is much to do before it is night."

Under his direction I opened the ware-room and we began to make up bales of fur. Farquhar he was beside himself with curiosity but Martine would only grin at him. When they were ready Martine he covered each bale with skins of black bear before he bound them tight. Then we carried them from the ware-room to the office. And when it was dusk we loaded them on to an empty sled that appeared outside. The driver stood away from us so that I could not see his face. But I did note he drove seven dogs and I recognized the one nearest the sled. It was the one that had the pups.

Some one tapped on the window of the office in the afternoon of the last day. We all turned at the sound and a hand flashed into sight for an instant and disappeared.

"What did that mean, MacDougall?" he demanded.

I stole a quick glance at Martine and he nodded. "The sergeant of Police is about to arrive," I said.

Farquhar put on his beaver great-coat and stepped out to confront the Police party.

"Stop!" he commanded in his great bull's voice and held up his hand. "Wishart, why are you away from your post?"

THE poor Wishart was sitting fear-stricken on the first sled; he averted his gaze from Farquhar and did not answer. The sergeant of Police advanced from behind the sled and came to Farquhar.

"And who are you," he asked, "to interfere with the proceedings of the Police? This man is under arrest."

"Arrest?" exclaimed Farquhar in perfect astonishment. "I am Farquhar; and I am superintendent of posts for the Hudson's Bay. I demand to know the charge!"

His thunderous voice fairly shook with authority.

"Now see here, governor," said the sergeant. "I searched the place for beaver skins and I found them. A complaint is filed against him for buying in the closed period. I had a warrant and I have the evidence. There it is—a sled-load."

Farquhar was stunned inside himself by the look of him as he turned to note the other sled the sergeant indicated. 'Twas just then the little Martine mumbled something from behind us. "But is it beaver?" he said.

"Yes," Farquhar bellowed at the sergeant, "but is it beaver you have there? I demand to know!"

"See for yourself." And the sergeant ordered the driver Matu to open the load. We all stood by with our hearts near failing us as Matu and the man called Big-Nose began to untie the lash ropes. All but Wishart, that is. He had not said a word or moved from where he sat on the sled with his cap pulled down.

When Matu and Big-Nose threw back the cover of the sled there was a load of bales and all wrapped in bear-skin, black bear-skin! The sergeant drew his knife and cut the lengths of cordage that bound a bale and threw back the bear-skin covering. Farquhar burst out laughing.

"What is it?" the sergeant gasped.

"What is it to be sure?" jeered Farquhar. But the sergeant was leaping upon bale after bale, cutting away their bindings and tearing them apart. There was not a beaver skin in the lot! Farquhar's loud laughter had gained volume. He clapped his great hand against my shoulder in a blow that jarred me and spun me half about. I clutched blindly at Martine to keep myself from falling in the snow. But my hand met nothing where he had stood when last I was aware of him. Martine was gone and I remember wondering when he had left us and

why. As I recovered myself there was the face of Wishart staring, his mouth open in dumb amazement.

I heard a furious oath behind me and I turned in time to see the sergeant draw the long revolver he carried and point it at Matu and Big-Nose standing on the opposite side of the sled. Without the slightest sign of alarm in their faces they raised their arms above their heads.

"Out with it now," snarled the sergeant. "What have you done with the beaver?"

The two Indians looked attentively at the infuriated sergeant; merely looked at him but I was familiar enough with Indian ways to know in the instant that neither of them had any thought of speech.

Jean Baptiste arrived as we stood there waiting; riding the back of his sled he dropped off when he came abreast of us leaving his dogs to continue around the building to the door where he always unloaded the mail. He stood in his tracks a little behind the sergeant and to one side. No one gave any sign of noting his arrival till the two Indians glanced at him.

Then Jean Baptiste made a solemn gesture. He raised his right hand slowly before him palm down to the level of his waist and held it so for a moment. Matu and Big-Nose lowered their hands then before the eyes of the sergeant, both of them making the same sign as they did so. I knew the meaning of it. 'Twas an avowal of fraternity, of blood-brotherhood between those two and Jean Baptiste, conveying that whatever knowledge they had of the affair would go to their graves with them.

The sergeant lowered his weapon. "Oh, I'll have it out of you!" he threatened.

"You have made a mistake," said Farquhar. "No slight matter it is to bring false charges against the Hudson's Bay. The matter will be fully—"

"Shut up!" the sergeant shouted. He glanced wildly about him like one distraught by some betrayal of his senses.

Well it was at least two hours before we all were settled down in the office again and comfortable. Farquhar found a key lying on his cigar case on the table when we came in.

"What is this?" he asked.

"My key," said Jean Baptiste.

I was suddenly recalled to my own duty and responsibility as postmaster of the place. There was no sign of the mail Jean Baptiste should have brought back from Vermilion.

"Jean Baptiste!" I exclaimed. "Why did you not—"

"What is it?" he interrupted sharply. He wheeled about toward me and as his glance caught mine there was a warning gleam in his eyes that alarmed me. "Why did you not go straight to your wife?" I continued with some difficulty.

"Presently I will go," he promised turning away from me. But still I wondered about the load of mail.

Farquhar he was feeling very pleased with himself for brow-beating the sergeant till he released Wishart and turned over the load of fur he had brought, to me.

I could see the sergeant's bewilderment increasing as he left us to go to the local barracks for the night.

"Now then, my man," said Farquhar to Wishart, "where are the beaver skins?"

"What beaver skins would that be?" Wishart countered. This Wishart you understand he was beginning to have some ideas himself, what with the load taken off his mind.

"Don't play the fool with me," answered Farquhar, "I mean the skins the sergeant found at your place. Where are they now?"

"The sergeant is crazy," Wishart replied, "you said so yourself."

Farquhar gave him a foxy look. "So! You think now to deceive the Company, do you? I am taking off your head for this do you understand? You are no man for such a position in any case; blundering into a trap like the idiot you are."

"I was ordered by you," said Wishart.

"Shut up!" commanded Farquhar. "You had no orders to make an ass of yourself and bring all this disturbance about my ears. Are you going to tell now where the beaver skins are?"

"But I do not know," said Wishart. Then he added the further trembling denial: "There were none."

"Bah!" gritted Farquhar. "Go now to the factor's quarters and wait for me."

When Wishart had gone Farquhar turned to Jean Baptiste.

"Now, my lad, put an end to this [Continued on page 68]



CLIFF METTINGER'S house is, at the moment, in the hands of his two married sisters. Cliff himself, kindly, simple, unmarried, duty-ridden Cliff, is on his way home from Atlantic City with his young niece May whose widowed mother (who lived in Cliff's house and took excellent care of him) has recently died. Now, Cliff, in his perilous middle years, seems to be at the mercy of a designing world. His jealous sister, Mrs. Laura Fenner and his plump, talkative sister, Mrs. Olly Kipax, hope to circumvent any disturbing, feminine activities.

Mrs. Fenner (Alma Kruger)—You know if May were any good she'd turn in here and keep house for Cliff.

Olly (Josephine Hull)—May couldn't keep house, Laura . . .

Mrs. Fenner—That's the whole trouble, he's spoiled her . . . Cliff has spoiled her just as much as her mother ever did. No matter what she wants he gets it for her. I'll bet her music alone has cost him a fortune. And you see the way she's dressed always . . . Look at this Atlantic City business . . .

Because she was sitting around here moping, instead of getting up and doing something and taking her mind off her mother.

Olly—But I certainly think he's foolish if he keeps this big house just for the two of them.

The house—and who shall keep it for their brother—seems indeed the point upon which Mrs. Fenner dashes her heart. Olly appears a trifle more lenient as to eventualities.

But Cliff himself appears now, not only with his little niece May, but with Miss Daisy Mayme Plunkett—an unheralded guest who quickly spreads terror through the jealous family.

Cliff (Carlton Brickert)—She's a woman May got acquainted with at the hotel down there. A comical kind of a woman. She seems to have made a great hit with May. We brought her with us.

(A Story from the Stage)

Daisy Mayme

By

George Kelly

Author of "Craig's Wife" and "The Show Off"

(An illuminating comedy of WHY and HOW some folk marry)

(Charming MADGE EVANS as May Phillips, and CARLTON BRICKERT as her indulgent Uncle Cliff.)

Mrs. Fenner—Does Miss Plunkett live around here, Cliff? Cliff—No, she lives in Harrisburg; but nothing'd do May but she'd stop here for a few days on her way home. She's a card. I don't think I've ever seen May laugh so hard at anybody in my life. She laughs every time Miss Plunkett laughs. And I want to tell you that Miss Plunkett does a lot of laughing.

Indeed she does. Laughing seems to be Miss P's business—perhaps because she has done so much weeping and working in other days. Now in this lovely old house, as guest of a sweet young girl and her indulgent uncle, Daisy Mayme Plunkett laughs from sheer joy, and—it must be confessed—sheer devilment when she perceives that Olly Kipax and Laura Fenner and the latter's daughter Ruth view her not only with suspicion but with frightened malice. The two sisters of Cliff talk her over.

Olly—How long is she going to stay here?

Mrs. Fenner—From now on, if she can manage it, Olly, remember what I'm telling you. You heard her call him Cliff, didn't you? . . . That's the kind she is—doesn't lose any time. You know the woods are full of women like her, Olly, that hang around fashionable hotels, with their ears to the ground. And May has very likely been talking her head off down there about the way things are around here, and she's wise enough to see the way the land lays. She figures that there's a nice home on the verge of being broken up here, and she's decided to step in and stop it.

Olly—I don't think Cliff'll ever marry anybody now, Laura. Mrs. Fenner—He wouldn't have to marry her at all, she could marry him.

Olly—But I don't think he has any such idea in his head.

Mrs. Fenner—Well, we've got to keep her from putting it there.

So, a concerted family movement composed of black looks and tightened lips is put into operation, with the result that May takes great offense and Daisy Mayme, from nerves plus perversity, becomes more noisy and glib and outrageous than ever. She makes instant friends with Charlie Snyder, Ruth's none-too-good sweetheart, and with ninety-year-old Mr. Filoon, who is watering his lawn next door. This last victim she engages in noisy conversation from the porch, much to the horror of Cliff's sisters who would have the neighbors remember that there had been a funeral in the house only a month before. Outraged feelings prevail. Everyone talks.

Filoon—(Roy Fant)—Do you live here, young woman?

Olly—She'll have him in here in a minute.

Miss Plunkett (Jessie Busley)—No, I live in Harrisburg.

Mrs. Fenner—The dinner's ready, Miss Plunkett.

Filoon—Oh, is that so?

Miss Plunkett—All right, Laura, I'll be there in a moment. Yes, I'm just here on a visit.

Cliff—I think you made a hit with him, Daisy.

Miss Plunkett—Oh, I think he's grand,—I'm crazy about him. Did you see his hat, Olly?

Olly—I've seen it many times, Miss Plunkett.

Miss Plunkett—It looks exactly like a row-boat turned upside down on his head.

Cliff—He's had that hat since I was a kid.

Olly—You'd better not let him hear you laughing at him, Miss Plunkett, he's a very wicked old man . . . I was talking to him out there one evening and he deliberately turned the hose on me.

Miss Plunkett—Maybe he was flirting with you, Olly.

Perhaps, if nothing else will put an end to Daisy Mayme's trying remarks, dinner will provide an interlude. Mrs. Fenner urges them into the dining-room.

Cliff—Are you ready, Miss Plunkett and May?

Miss Plunkett—Lead me right in, Cliff, I'm nearly starved . . . We look like a wedding, going in this way.

Her gaiety is infectious to Cliff, who, seeing Ruth and young Snyder headed for the door, picks up her idea with a laugh.

Cliff—There goes the bridesmaid and the best man ahead of us.

Miss Plunkett—Come on, May, you've got to be the flower girl.

May falls in line gladly, but, alas! she has no flowers!

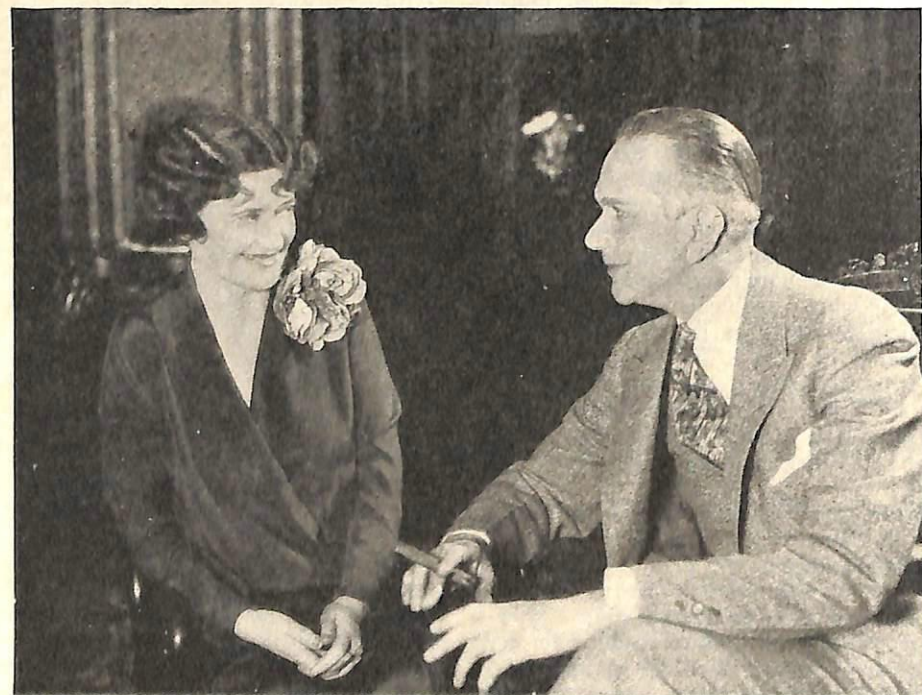
Miss Plunkett—You won't need them at my wedding, kid; it'll be one of those "Please omit flowers" affairs. Come on here, Laura and Olly, you two can be the matrons of honor. Got to do this thing right, you know.

And, though they try to bear up bravely before their brother who apparently relishes that dreadful woman's idea of light moods and easy friendliness, Mesdames Fenner and Kipax follow the little procession into the dining-room with resentment.

Daisy Mayme, for all her rowdy laughter, is no fool. She knows what is in the hearts of Cliff's people. Her bright eyes have seen more than dear, stupid, trusting Cliff would see in ten years. After dinner, she unburies herself a little to her host while some of the others prepare to go for a motor ride.

Miss Plunkett—

I know your sister Laura thinks I'm positively "gone."



(Daisy Mayme (JESSIE BUSLEY)—Yes, I'd be happy here, Cliff (CARLTON BRICKERT). I always thought I'd like to be married to some steady man that smoked good cigars.

And Olly thinks I never was here. But I should worry. Any time I can't laugh, I want to call it a day. What else is there to it Cliff, if you don't get a laugh?

Cliff, amused by her sturdy English and her happy philosophy, says, "Not much, I guess, Daisy."

Miss Plunkett—There's nothing at all that I can see. Going around with one of those faces that looks as though it got caught in a wringer. Not me. Give me liberty or give me laughs. And you can have the liberty . . .

Aside from her lively disposition and her keenness to laugh the cares of the world away, Daisy Mayme—the unfulfilled dream of whose childhood it was to play the piano—is, like Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," always saddest when she hears sweet music. She loves to have little May play for her, although the piano is supposed to be "in mourning."

Miss Plunkett—You don't play, do you, Cliff?

Cliff—No. I don't play.

Miss Plunkett—Do you play anything at all? . . . Anything. Any game or anything?

Cliff—I don't have much time for anything like that, Daisy.

Miss Plunkett—You ought to take a little time, Cliff. There's something else in life besides slaving all your days . . .

This is a funny little chair, Cliff. I haven't seen a chair like this in years.

Cliff—It's what they used to call a lady's chair, I think.

Miss Plunkett—It looks like a lady. I think I'll sit in it, make people believe I am one. It's kind of an old lady, though, isn't it? Listen to the way it's creaking.

Cliff—It's been here ever since I was a boy.

Miss Plunkett—You know, I don't quite picture you as a boy, Cliff.

Cliff—How's that, Daisy?

Miss Plunkett—I don't know; somehow or other you look like a man that's never had very much fun . . . you'd better start in, Cliff, while you're young enough to appreciate it . . .

It seems to me we're young such a short time and old so long.

Cliff—It isn't always so easy to do just what you want to do in this world, Daisy.

Miss Plunkett—No, but I think a lot of us could do it oftener than we do.

Daisy Mayme knows what she is talking about when she urges Cliff to take advantage of his good middle years. She, herself, was the one of all her family who bore the brunt and the burden—saw the younger ones fall in love and go away to make their own lives while she stayed behind to keep the home going. Finally she started a little store in Harrisburg. Freedom and independence at last!

Cliff—Are you sorry you didn't marry, Daisy?

Miss Plunkett—Sometimes. Although if I had I wouldn't

know as much as I do know now. Of course I might have been happier, but I think it's better to be wise than happy . . . Besides, I think if you're going to marry you should do it when you're young. Go through the hard days together; then there'll be something to keep you together when the good ones come.

Interrupting the strange pleasure that Cliff finds in Miss Plunkett, comes May with wounded feelings over the subtle way in which her aunts have been handling her dear Daisy Mayme. Mrs. Fenner, particularly, has distressed her. She corners Cliff.

May (Madge Evans)—Didn't you hear what she said



(Cliff Mettinger (CARLTON BRICKERT) makes Charlie (FRANK ROWAN) understand that he has no right to expect too much financial aid just because he is going to marry Cliff's niece, Ruth (NADEA HALL).

out there at the dinner table about one of them staying here until you'd get somebody?

Cliff—Well, she meant that now you're home and Daisy is here it'd be better if one of them'd come over and help out.

May—Well, we don't need them to help out, Uncle Cliff; we're not babies. And Daisy and I can't have any fun with them watching every move we make.

Cliff—Now, that's not the way to look at it, May.

May—Well, why are they getting so good all of a sudden? They haven't been doing anything here since Mama died; and before that we hardly ever saw any of them.

Cliff—Well, Laura said she thought it wouldn't look very nice to have Daisy doing housework around here.

May—Daisy'd love to do it; that's what she told me when she said she'd come up here for a week. She said she'd kept house for years for her brothers and sisters when she was home.

Cliff—Well, why don't you tell your Aunt Laura that, May?

May—I'll tell her; and I'll tell her more than that if she gives Daisy any more of her looks.

Cliff—When was she giving Daisy any looks?

May—Why, she's been doing it ever since Daisy came in. She wants her to get insulted and leave here.

Cliff—Now, don't talk that way, May.

May—That's just what she wants, Uncle Cliff; and Daisy can see it as well as I can.

Cliff—Daisy hasn't said anything, has she?

May—Yes, she said she was having the best time she's ever had in her life, watching Aunt Laura and Olly.

Though Daisy's shrewdness has penetrated their poor attempts at freezing her out, Cliff refuses to believe the atmosphere of his home to be charged with anything but kindness. Even when the aged Mr. Filoon, from next door, comes in to pay a call and makes pointed remarks, the little barbs fall around Cliff leaving him, apparently, untouched.

Filoon—I wanted to see that young woman from Harrisburg I was talking to a while ago.

Cliff—Here she is right here, Mr. Filoon.

Filoon—Ah, yes, I see now. Fine looking young woman . . .

Miss Plunkett—Did you use to live in Harrisburg, Mr. Filoon?

Filoon—No, ma'am, I lived in the city of Lancaster . . . That's where I was first married. In the year 1867. Two years after the War of the Rebellion. Fifty-nine years ago. I was turned thirty-two years of age. And if I live till the twenty-eighth day of this coming August, I'll be ninety-one.

Cliff—That's a very good age, Mr. Filoon.

Filoon—That's right, so it is. A cat at that age won't play with a whiskbroom.

Obviously, however, in his time, he had played with many of them. Even now he can't keep entirely off dangerous ground. He misses Cliff's sister, Lydy, the mother of "the little, fair-haired girl." Lydy used to hope he'd live to be a hundred.

Cliff—You and Lydy were great friends, weren't you, Mr. Filoon?

Filoon—That's right; nice woman . . . Nicest of you all, I think. I guess you'll have to be looking around for a wife now, won't you, Mr. Mettinger . . . Make some kind of a life for yourself. Nice home here, no use breaking it up. Here's a fine young woman all ready to step into it.

Miss Plunkett—Now you mustn't wish anything like that on him, Mr. Filoon.

Filoon—Mustn't waste time. One woman as good as another once you get used to her. I've had three of them, and I'd have another if my legs 'ud carry me far enough to find her.

Cliff—Most people don't think that way about marriage, Mr. Filoon.

Filoon—Shouldn't think too much about marriage at all—just go and do it.

Such advice is gall to the listening Mrs. Fenner, and it is only upon her daughter's admonitions a little later, that she manages to show any sort of smiling face to her brother and his guest. The daughter, following the worldly-wise habit of the family, wants to ingratiate herself in Cliff's affections so he will be magnanimous in the matter [Continued on page 75]

GENTLEMEN, STOP!—LOOK!

By Jeanette Eaton
(illustrations by George Clisbee)

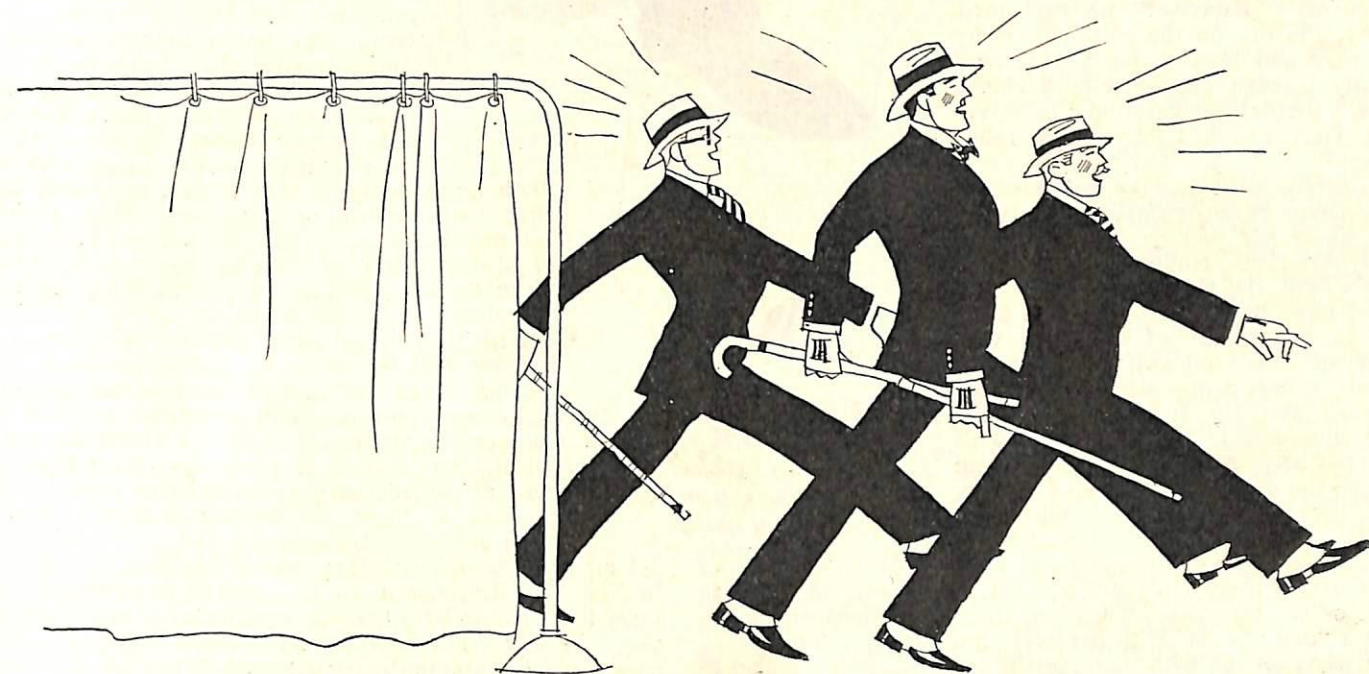


Are you taken at your face value? In the business world personal appearance counts as never before

IN MODERN business brains are only the flour for your cake. You have to have other ingredients. Personality, health and appearance count fifty percent.
This recipe for success is offered by one of the best known men in our financial world. He is Mr. F. H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company and treasurer of the International Advertising Association. For years that keen blue eye has been observing the ebb and flow of individual prosperity in the street. For years the sound judgment for which the vice-president is valued has sifted the reasons why men succeed or fail.
“Here is the very spot in the whole world,” said Mr. Sisson, drawing with a quick hand a circle around lower Broadway and Wall street, “where appearance counts the most. You see, time is the god of this region. Quick estimates of a man’s worth have to be made every day. Mistakes and hesitations are costly. The face value of a man must often be accepted in doing business with him before his actual standing can be thoroughly verified. Therefore, external symbols take on enormous importance.”
He then interpreted those “external symbols.” First, you find a well-poised athletic figure standing for energy and self-discipline. “Too many men are still over-weight,” observed Mr. Sisson, “but the paunch has practically disappeared from Wall street. Once it meant a comfortable margin of money. Now it means a lazy self-indulgence we thoroughly distrust.” Likewise, a clear, healthy skin is associated with clean thinking and fair dealing. As for that well-groomed look, smartly tailored clothes, polished shoes, immaculate linen and equally immaculate hair and nails—this attribute suggests the meticulous attention to details on which rests the whole structure of today’s financial system.
“*But suppose,*” went on Mr. Sisson, “a man has all these precious symbols. If they are not based on bodily vigor he cannot hold the place he wins. Men work down here at such nervous tension and high speed that unless they are very strong they crack under the strain. That’s the reason you

find in Wall street so many country boys. They survive when others drop. The same is true of college athletes. Why, I’m sure that three fourths of the officers at the Guaranty were athletes at college. Most of us keep out-of-door sports right up. We have to if we’re going to stay on top.”
Now the top is just that place where every business man wants to get and where his wife wants him to remain. It doesn’t make any difference whether he is a metropolitan banker or an insurance man in a small town. The personal problem of success is the same on Main Street or Broadway. Its solution must follow the lines laid down by Mr. Sisson.
Take the matter of health first. Most men are running on three cylinders. We’re not talking here about anyone afflicted with positive illness. We’re discussing only that sound specimen, the average man. Yet, normal as he is, his energy is only about half what it should be and his resistance twice as low.
If you doubt this, look at these facts. Recently a health study was made of sixteen thousand men. They were all from the middle and upper ranks of business. The two experts responsible for it are Dr. E. L. Fiske, of the Life Extension Institute where all the men were examined and Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician for the Metropolitan Life Insurance in which each man held a policy.
Here are four figures taken from the report. It was published last October in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences. 13.9% of the group were seriously over-weight. 19.1% showed bad posture. 39.7% suffered from poor elimination. 41.8% needed heavy dentistry and X-Ray investigation of dead teeth.
What do these figures mean? Follow through now and see. Over-weight puts a strain on the heart, makes exercise difficult and is frequently associated with diabetes. Bad posture, with its cramping of the lungs and abdomen, leads to indigestion, sluggish circulation, dizziness and headaches. It prepares the way for coughs and colds and these if neglected long enough induce pneumonia or tuberculosis. A bad dental condition interferes with thorough mastication and therefore with diges-

—and GLISTEN!



tion. Abscessed teeth force poison into the blood stream and this may incapacitate the heart or stomach. As for that sluggish intestinal action, we all know too well how it affects the appetite, energy, brain and temper. It is the great foe of modern, sedentary man.
For the cause of these four most common ills you need look no further than the living habits of the men examined. A second table from the same report puts it all in a nutshell.

Total persons examined.....	16,552
Too high protein diet.....	6,272
Too little water consumed.....	6,142
Too much tea and coffee.....	6,787
Other errors in diet.....	7,766
Alcohol excessive.....	111
Alcohol temperate.....	1,152
Tobacco excessive.....	5,519
Tobacco moderate.....	2,052
Hours of work too long.....	4,407
Lack of exercise.....	10,126

Here you are! We eat the wrong things, fail to drink water, smoke too much, rest too little—most general of all—neglect to exercise. Remember this was a typical group of business men. What is true of them is true of the average brain worker.
What are you going to do about it? Can you take that simplest and most difficult of remedies—revision of your habits? If you think so, the first step is to get your wife’s cooperation. It was by doing this that one of those sixteen thousand men brought himself up to an exceptional standard of fitness.
This successful young broker—we’ll call him Jack Carpenter—had only been married a few months when his insurance company sent him up for his annual examination at the Institute. A few days later, as he was looking over his report, Ruth, his wife, came and peeked over his shoulder.
“*What do they say is wrong with you?*” she asked.
“*Why, hardly anything. I’m in fine shape. They only pick on little things.*”
“*Let me see,*” she demanded sceptically. “*Maybe I can find out what’s causing that “tired feeling” you have so often. The dark rings under your eyes and your sallow skin mean*

something, you know!” With that she carried off the report for intensive study.
Ruth found that those “little things” meant sharp descent ahead unless they were corrected. Her husband was reported over-weight and his colon seemed to have only the efficiency of a semi-colon. Criticism of his living habits were just what we’ve summarized above. Resolutely she went to work on the problem and in six months she had doubled her husband’s health capital. How?
First, she revised his diet. Avid reading of the information which rains down on the just and the unjust from periodicals and journals, started her on the right road. She found that all diets for increasing or reducing weight are based on one principle. Men who are not doing physical labor for a living need, according to their weight and height, from twenty-three hundred to twenty-eight hundred units of food. These are called calories.
Ruth didn’t have to weigh everything she served. Every good cook book has an adequate table of food values. One slice of bread, one tablespoon of butter, a fifth cup of sugar, one large orange and a large tablespoonful of heavy cream each equal one hundred calories. This brings the average business man’s breakfast up to five hundred calories and leaves eighteen hundred to twenty-three hundred for the other meals. Ruth induced Jack to forego cream in his coffee and thus knocked off a cool hundred. She soon learned to estimate food units and kept her dinner down to twelve hundred calories. The result was that Jack gradually lost weight. Had he been too thin the process would have been reversed. To eat more than you use up in energy gives an opportunity to accumulate fat.
But her dietary changes involved more than this. Jack was one of those men who thinks he has to eat meat twice a day. But she made him cut its consumption to three times a week. So clever was she, however, at providing interesting and savory substitutes that he hardly realized his loss. Likewise, she reduced his coffee allowance to once a day and arranged with his secretary at the office to have two glasses of water brought to him both morning and afternoon. Vitamines she supplied in raw fruit and salad, bulk in fresh vegetables and bran bread. Finally, since his report said he was eating too much starch as well as protein, he was only permitted to eat potatoes every other day.
It takes ingenuity to satisfy a man’s appetite during this

transition period. And Ruth taxed hers in other directions. Her second effort was to make Jack smoke less. This she accomplished by a masterly series of rewards and punishments which are easily contrived by the woman adored by her husband. From thirty cigarettes a day she slowly brought him down to eight.

Finally, she took up exercise. When she mentioned this subject Jack became indignant. "Exercise!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm out on the golf links every Saturday and Sunday and you know I usually manage one horse-back ride a week. Besides, on vacation I'm a William Hart and a Bobby Jones rolled in one!"

This is just the mistake most business men make. Sports enjoyed once a week will never put you on the health list. Daily exercises combined with outdoor games will do this. Every day the blood must be pumped from the heart out to every part of the body with sufficient force and swiftness to renew blood everywhere, strengthen heart muscles, keep the arteries resilient and body muscles firm. It is this that builds up resistance, reduces nervousness and fatigue and overcomes sluggish digestion.

To prove how little Jack was meeting his own needs Ruth took a scientific book on exercise one evening and challenged him to meet its tests of efficiency and control. To his chagrin he failed in most of the exercises. Then and there she persuaded him to take a "daily dozen" with her every morning before breakfast. And when on the fifth morning she found him determined to substitute an extra snooze for bedroom heroics, she was prepared. "I knew it!" she cried in his ear, "I'll bet you a double eagle you're too lazy to keep these exercises up for a year without failing once." Now Jack could bait Wall street bears without turning a hair. But his wife's teasing voice made him turn a hand-spring. "Start saving now, kid," he replied, "your gold piece is as good as lost to you!"

Now the young man couldn't be bought off from morning calisthenics. He and Ruth are as lithe as panthers. One morning they'll carry on to the music of a phonograph. Next they'll tune in on the radio and follow the unseen expert. Since they live within fifty-miles radius of the Metropolitan Life Insurance broadcasting station they usually get the white tower. For there a gymnastic director gives every fifteen minutes—from a quarter to seven until seven-thirty—a set of thirty-two exercises. They are only two of thousands of people who kick and stretch at sunrise to the dictate of one voice.

Ruth's program—a balanced diet, daily exercise, rest and the moderate use of stimulants—here is the right method. It is the method approved by such experts as Dr. Fiske and such observers as Mr. Sisson of the Guaranty Trust Company. But before we leave the subject of physical fitness one other item needs special emphasis. You remember that the table of impairments given by Dr. Fiske and Dr. Dublin showed that nearly half that group of sixteen thousand men had serious dental conditions to overcome.

There are two reasons for this. First, the busy man puts off going to his dentist for a periodic cleansing of tatar and the repair of small cavities. If he's not in actual pain he won't be bothered. Thus he waits until serious decay sets in and sound teeth are undermined. This is a sad mistake. But it isn't so heart-breaking as the second reason why good teeth go wrong. You'll be surprised to hear what it is. People don't brush their teeth!

No, they don't. Not generally. Not as often as they should. Here's the horrid truth about America's dental sanitation. Hardly twenty-five percent of our population use a tooth brush at all. Only one-fifth use any sort of paste or powder on the brush. Finally—oh, it's too terrible—not more than three percent of the dwellers in the Land of the Free brush their teeth as frequently as both night and morning.

For these appalling statistics we are indebted to one man. Although chiefly famous as a psychologist—leader of the so-called Behavioristic School, as he is—John B. Watson, Ph.D., L.L.D., has for his practical field advertising. Consulting ex-



Ruth carefully studied her husband's health report and in six months she had brought him to an exceptional standard of health.

pert for an old and conservative advertising house which carries the accounts of many producers of toilette goods, Dr. Watson concerns himself deeply with public interest in teeth, skin and hair.

His research indicates that we cut the wisdom tooth brush far too often. Dr. Watson himself uses it not only morning and evening, but after every meal. Well, gentlemen, why not? You carry a pocket comb, why not a pocket tooth brush? And remember that if you do form this habit you'll not be one of the large group chalked up by Dr. Fiske. You'll not need "heavy dentistry." For nothing is truer than the familiar adage, "A sound tooth never decays." And it is equally true that a clean tooth seldom produces that widely advertised and prejudicial fault, halitosis. Moreover, the climax of all this care is the effect upon your looks of sound, white teeth. And this recognition brings us to the second half of our discussion.

With his body in sound physical condition, a man has won half the battle for good appearance. Exercise has given him that attribute of the conquering male—good posture. This advantage is sustained by another, the attainment of proper weight for age and height. Elimination of poisons produces that clear-eyed air of adequacy so essential to create the impression of force. With such a start a man can work out every last detail.

Suppose he begins with hair. One of the best dermatologists in New York considers it to be a perfect barometer of one's inner life. He declares that the morning after a late and lurid party the hair is absolutely bound to be as limp and lustreless as wet string. You might try the truth of this on your mirror. But the only remedy for devitalized hair isn't to give up all revelry. Much may be done by local treatment. And just here is where a feller needs a feminine friend. He may not know it, however, ladies, so go carefully in the matter.

But go! Some mothers and sisters watch the gruesome spectacle of a young man losing his hair as resignedly as if they were sitting under a maple tree in autumn when the leaves are falling. It is true that a long history of baldness among a man's masculine forebears gives scant hope of his escaping the curse entirely. But at least every effort should be made to lessen the effect. Moreover, unless baldness is definitely inherited, something can often be done to prevent it—if the victim is treated before the age of twenty-five.

Glandular disturbance is sometimes the cause of falling hair. Consequently injections of certain elements in which the body is deficient may absolutely arrest this deciduous tendency. Violet rays have been found so to stimulate the surface tissues as to encourage its tiny muscles to take a firmer grip on hair follicles. So if you have in your family a young man with thinning hair, take him—by the collar if necessary—for expert consultation before it is too late.

It is really absurd for a man to behave as if the quantity of his hair were a matter of no importance. Of course, you can afford to be as bald as Gibraltar when you're fifty and distinguished-looking and an essential cog in your world. But when you're on the up-grade you advance in spite of your thin and patchy hair. It is against you at every step.

You must rule out such contributory influences upon the scalp as sluggish digestion. You must rule out the germ of dandruff. The way to prevent it is to insist that your barber sterilize the comb he uses and change the towel on the head-rest of the chair. Remember that it is the customer who must hold up a prophylactic standard. For the specific knowledge required of a barber is slight and his practice is not supervised. Then see that your own practice is perfect. Keep your own brushes and combs immaculate! They should be washed every day. For otherwise the fine particles of dirt which you brush from your scalp will be brushed right in again. Ladies, hound your men-folks into this hygienic necessity!

There is one more preventive measure. Next to cleanliness is massage. Tonics often help. That is for you or your specialist to decide by experiment. Dry scalps are helped by olive-oil rubs at night and iodine applications have done wonders for many a case. But massage is the real aid. By this is not meant merely mussing the hair or clawing about the

scalp. Rightly given, massage means a rotary motion of the hands. Don't move the fingers, but hold them stationary and pressed tightly against the head. Part the hair and go over the entire surface in this way. It stimulates the circulation and lifts the scurf or dry particles that gather about the roots. If you do this every day and follow it with thorough brushing you will assure your hair vitality and gloss. Then if you will improve on nature by using the oils and water needed to produce that fashionable Hudson-seal look, you won't run so much risk of clogging the pores of your scalp.

Five hundred thousand American men are using cosmetics in secret! Such was the report circulated at the latest national gathering of beauty experts. Their practices must, indeed, be secret. For any wife will tell you that it is harder to get a man to take any interest in his skin than to ask the right direction on a motor trip.

Yet that is just what she must do if she is going to save his face. And there are some indications that he doesn't resist every form of salvation. For one thing, men certainly associate ruddy tan with up-standing qualities. Indeed, young Britishers, who work in foggy old London, are so convinced of the economic importance of sunburn that they are getting by artifice what is denied them by climate. Under sun-ray light machines they acquire as fine a coat of tan as if they'd summered at Brighton.

We trust, therefore, that enlightened individuals will consider two suggestions on care of the skin. The first is this. Before bathing the face at night, wipe it off with cold cream and a soft cloth. Now, wait a minute! This measure is one of cleanliness alone. You see, coal-soot and dust, to which every one of you city workers is exposed, do not yield so completely and immediately to soap and water as they do to cream. The latter cuts it and removes it from the pores. The second suggestion is equally innocent. After bathing in hot water rinse the face in cold and apply an astringent. This closes the pores and prevents their clogging. It also makes the skin resistant and helps keep off wrinkles.

Clogged pores result in the most common fault of normal complexions—blackheads. Here are concrete directions for their banishment. Steam the face. Press out the blackheads gently. Then apply a healing lotion. One recommended by a well-known authority is this: 2½ drams of rose water, 2½ drams of spirit of lavender, 2½ drams of alcohol. Another recipe for closing the pores combines one dram of boric acid with four ounces of distilled witch hazel. There are, besides, several reliable astringents already prepared and on the market which are good for preventing enlarged pores.

Prevention is all the more necessary because neglected blackheads often result in pimples. On the other hand, the latter disorder may come from something more serious. If produced by a digestive disturbance the symptom disappears when the real difficulty is allayed. More difficult to cure is the infection from the newly discovered menage, the pimple germ. Either this or acne must be expertly treated. Here again, as in the case of falling hair, no time should be lost. To a certain extent the skin breathes through its pores and they must not be allowed to become either clogged or relaxed. Nowadays there is scant reason for letting such unpleasant symptoms become chronic. For good dermatologists and good clinics are to be found in every modern city.

Since it is the younger group of wage-earners who are most troubled by pimples, mothers and sisters must insist that this handicap be eradicated. Remember that it is often the first step that counts in a career.

The head of the employment and personnel division of the



United States Standard Oil Company does not hesitate to be explicit on this point. Mr. Channing R. Dooley has for more than a dozen years interviewed at 26

Broadway some three thousand men and boys every twelve months. He, if anyone, ought to know the weight given to surface impressions.

"A bad skin is very prejudicial," said Mr. Dooley. "I won't go so far as to say that no boy so afflicted would be employed here. But I do know that he would have to be superior in every other respect to overcome that first impression. To a lesser degree," he went on, "the same thing is true of the general state of a young man's appearance."

Then he told the story of a boy—we'll call him Joseph. The high school record of this applicant at the Standard Oil offices, his manner and his response to questions were all exceptionally good. Yet the rough and tumble look of his clothes and hair and the neglected state of his finger nails were such that the employment staff hesitated long. At last, they decided to try him out.

First, they placed him in a department headed by a man whose name might be Brown. But in fifteen minutes Joseph was back in the employment office and Mr. Dooley was listening over the house telephone to Brown's protest: "I can't take on a boy like that," said Brown. "I grant you that he may be a Henry Ford in disguise. But the disguise is too good. Why, he looks like a thistle."

In the next department Joseph lasted a week before he was returned for re-distribution. In despair, the personnel staff sent him out for the third time. Luckily this department was in a terrific rush. The speed and intelligence of the young novice, the fact that he seemed to learn his job without having to stop anybody to teach him immediately endeared him to the entire staff. Joseph stayed. And he quickly absorbed much besides technical details. For in less than two months of wage earning he was a changed being. In fact, he was so transformed that his first critic, Mr. Brown, failed to recognize "The Thistle." More than this. When the boy was sent in to Brown's office one day with some papers the latter telephoned to Mr. Dooley to request Joseph's transfer to his department. "Why," he concluded bitterly, "don't you ever send me a Beau Brummel like that!"

But every Joseph cannot be sure of so sympathetic a personnel director nor of an opportunity of showing his hidden possibilities. The youngster who wants to make his way should invest in external assets. And his feminine relatives should see that he does so. Take him to a clinic if his hair and skin are in poor condition. Buy him a new suit. Give him a manicure. Make him polish his shoes. Most employment managers agree that the modern boy is fastidiously scrubbed. But he must learn that the daily shower is not all there is to cleanliness. He must be taught to give attention to every minor detail. At the cross-roads of his career should be set up this sign: "STOP! LOOK, AND GLISTEN!"

At the other end of the age scale we have a different problem. This is the necessity of keeping at bay the treacherous insignia of advancing years. No man in active business can afford to look old. No man past middle life who wishes to make a new connection can afford to look anything but exceptionally fit. Mr. Dooley of the Standard Oil Company often receives applications from men of fifty and sixty. He says that, granted the availability of their former work, their chances of acceptance depend largely on the impression of vigor they can make. Luckily for the business world, which certainly needs the experience and conservatism of our elders, men are getting more control over age every year.

Women can be thanked for this. It is they, according to Dr. Watson, expert on human behavior, [Continued on page 68]

Illustrations by
David Robinson

A BRILLIANT little procession crossed the outer office of Julius Webb, cotton broker, at the moment when Henry Aulick left his desk and started toward mine. In the van marched Clarence the office boy. His normal misanthropy had vanished and he imagined himself a drum major or, at least, a court chamberlain. The rear of the brief parade was more than adequately filled by the wife of our employer, a ripe autumnal figure masquerading in the fluffy raiment and pastel shades of the current spring.

Between Clarence and Mrs. Webb, a small dog waddled. Sophisticated metropolitan eyes, at least, were able to identify him as a dog. There was little truly canine in the plume-like tail or the long hiatus of body stretching forward to the little mane which was capped by a head of oriental grotesqueness. The forehead bulged, the eyes bulged, the nose receded, and snorted faintly.

The wife of our employer had passed my desk with her faint, official smile. My response was scarcely less perfunctory. Henry was approaching and I was busy. Three pencils on my desk were thrust hastily into a drawer. My cigarettes followed and, pushing the receptacle shut, I assured myself that my right hand trousers pocket contained only an inconsiderable amount of change. All this was accomplished with the dexterity of long practice. Mr. Aulick possessed the absorbent powers of a vacuum cleaner.

Desk cleared for action, I raised my head in time to see Mrs. Webb cross my associate's course. She presented him with a duplicate of my desiccated smile and Mr. Aulick began an elaborate bow. At the nadir thereof, he observed the strange little animal trotting at Clarence's heels. Until Mrs. Webb had vanished into her husband's office and closed the door behind her,



The Story of a
MYSTERIOUS Parcel
That Simply Wouldn't Stay LOST

The BOOB and the

By

Henry remained bent in the painful attitude of the sciatica smitten and on his face was the expression of one who looked on horror.

Gradually he became erect again and strolled toward my desk with an aimlessness in contrast to his earlier, purposeful air.

"Have you gotta—" he began vaguely. The query was purely automatic. It died uncompleted.

"Have I got what?" I asked.

"I was gonna ast you for somethin'," he mumbled. "I forget what."

"Henry," I replied, with a justifiable anxiety. "You're ill."



CHEESE HOUND

FREDERIC F. Van de WATER

A diamond sparkled on his little finger. I spoke of it but he only grunted. Decidedly, something was wrong. Normally he would have dwelt glibly on its merits.

"That's a lady's ring, isn't it?" I asked.

"It useta be," he assented gloomily.

The door of Mr. Webb's office opened again and our employer appeared, followed by the faintly snorting little dog and the vernal clad bulk of Mrs. Webb. Usually, the appearance of his boss inspired Henry with ostentatious feats of application to business. Now, he stood morosely and watched while the animal who had stopped to sniff, was towed by his mistress

"That cheese eating mutt bit me I tell you," yammered Henry, waking up the whole house. But Phoebe, his sweetheart, was too busy comforting a desperate Pekinese. "Tootie Sing," she gurgled. "Wuzzums scared!"

through the outside door. "Bulgarian cheese hounds," Henry said, laughing scornfully. "That's what I call 'em. Bulgarian cheese hounds," he repeated, lest I had not appreciated the bright originality of the epithet. This return to normality depressed me.

"Go on and eat, Henry," I suggested, "Where's your cousin?"

The cousin was a solemnly fat, indefinite young man whom Mr. Aulick had fathered, not without profit. Henry affected to scorn him, mocked his rural manner of speech, jeered at his clothes and referred to him as "the big fat boob." Yet he cherished his relative. Eustace Flack came from Iowa and worshiped Henry as the perfect New Yorker.

Daily, at noon, Eustace appeared, cumbersome and shy, to lunch with his sophisticated kinsman. I suspected that Mr. Flack paid the check as a small return for the metropolitan advice and information imparted by his idol during the meal. Eustace had a position with a drygoods firm which Mr. Aulick claimed to have obtained for him. Eustace lived in the flat where Henry boarded.

"That big fat boob," Mr. Aulick muttered.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"What ain't the matter?" Mr. Aulick retorted, lifting defiant eyes from his manicuring penknife. "Say, I remember now. Lend me five till Friday, willya?"

"I thought," I evaded, "you and he were buddies."

"And how!" Henry snarled. "Say about this five-spot—" "Isn't he rooming at the Zinns any more?" I queried.

"He is," my colleague replied, "I ain't."

"But Miss Phoebe," I ventured, mentioning the name of Henry's betrothed with some perturbation. "You haven't—"

"That's out," Mr. Aulick asserted with a brisk show of indifference. "Let her have her Bulgarian cheese hounds an' her big fat boobs, too," he added with vehemence. "Look, do I eat today? I hadda pay \$10 down for a new room yesterday."

He paused an instant and surveyed my determination with crafty eyes.

"Lissen," he proposed suddenly, "you buy me lunch over at Beck's an' I'll spill you the works."

So, amid the clatter of heavy dishes and the series of heavy smells accompanying Beck's business men's lunch, Henry told me, passionately, almost explosively as though an immense pressure were being relieved.

Serpentine qualities were the very last one normally would ascribe to the broad-faced, thick-footed Eustace Flack from Iowa, but on the word of Henry Aulick, Eden had been recreated in the Zinn apartment and remained there, inviolate, until Mr. Flack's advent.

Mrs. Zinn was a fat lady with a soft heart and innumerable imagined graver infirmities. Phoebe was her daughter, with a figure predicting in its pleasing opulence a future duplication of her mother's bulk. Henry Aulick was their lodger and boarder. The week before the transplantation of Eustace from the black soil of the corn belt, the friendship of Phoebe and Henry—Edens being what they are—had ripened into actual betrothal. Phoebe said he was her "wonder man." Mr. Aulick and the admiring Eustace agreed with her.

Mr. Flack, though dazzled by the charms of Miss Zinn, was even more deeply awed by the prowess of her betrothed—his wit, his raiment, his condescending patronage of a kinsman. It had been Henry's influence that had obtained him a place in the Zinn home. Henry, according to his own admission, had spoken certain words in the right quarter and these had gained employment for Eustace. Therefore, Mr. Flack endured with no resentment the mockery his cousin spent upon him and the even keener pangs occasioned by his kinsman's intimacy with the daily more alluring Phoebe Zinn.

"Dumb? And how!" Henry related bitterly. "He'd set there evenings with a grin on his pie face while I kidded him. He useta dry dishes for Mrs. Zinn. He gave Phoebe an engagement present. It bit me, first crack out the box."

To anyone but the prejudiced Mr. Aulick, there was something beautiful in this renunciatory act by Mr. Flack. One hundred and fifty of the two hundred dollars he had brought with him to the city went into the gift. The only reason he did not spend the entire sum was that his cousin already had borrowed fifty.

Eustace spent three days of deliberate thought on the nature of the gift. And then, one afternoon on returning from work, he encountered Phoebe on the stair landing. She was crouched in front of Mrs. Beamish who lived on the second floor and she was chirruping and whispering to the fat Pekinese Mrs. Beamish daily towed down the block and back for exercise.

"Ums," Miss Zinn was saying, "is a boofums peshus sing. Yes ums is!" and the stout heart of Mr. Flack did strange things in his chest.

"Auntie wants one jus' like oo; she does," Phoebe cooed "Sweet sing!"

Next day, he purchased his gift at a shabby little animal store—a sway-backed, draggletailed, languid Pekinese pup with a resignedly pained face, as though his nose had been constructed to recognize only the most evil odors. In the flat living-room where Henry and Phoebe sat together, Eustace drew the limp tribute

from beneath his coat and placed it clumsily at the lady's feet.

"It's a kind of—uh—present," Eustace announced, flushing. "It's a dawg," he added by way of explanation, for as he looked at his gift he felt enlightenment might be necessary.

"Why Mis—ter Flack!" Phoebe gasped, staring at the long, limp creature on the rug, uncomprehendingly; "Is it yours?" "No'm," he insisted ponderously, "No'm. It's yours. For your engagement. I thought maybe you an' Henry would like a dawg."

"Why that ain't a dawg," Henry contributed, "That's a—a—a Bulgarian cheese hound. Uh-huh, that's what it is—a Bulgarian cheese hound."

Eustace grinned sheepishly, but Phoebe leaned over and gathered the miserable wisp into her lap.

"Oh, I think he's just too sweet," she acclaimed, plunging Eustace by her tone into vicarious ecstasy. "I'm crazy about him, Mr. Flack. Toot sing! Bessums heart. Momma; momma! Look what I got!"

"Well, my goodness," Mrs. Zinn wheezed from the doorway, "whatever is it?"

"It's a Bulgarian cheese hound," Mr. Aulick explained loudly. "Henry, behave. It's a Peke," Miss Zinn contradicted;

"Look, Henry, at his darlin' little face. He knows his muvver, already, so he does. Mr. Flack, I thank you very much for your lovely gift."

"Pekinese are real fashionable," Mrs. Zinn contributed.

"Well, I should just say they are," her daughter added.

"What shall I call him, Mr. Flack?"

The slow moving brain of Eustace was stalled by this sudden demand upon it. He shook his head.

"Gorgonzola'd be a good name," Henry suggested with a hint of something more astringent than admiration in his voice, "These Bulgarian cheese hounds—"

"Henry, stop," his betrothed begged. "Bessums, ums muvver's ownest own, isn't ums? Toot sing! Tooty-tooty sing! Momma, Henry, lissen. That's a good name for him. It's Chinese, kind of. Tootie Sing!"

"I guess," Eustace announced solemnly, "that's just about the best name ever I heard tell of."

"I'm gonna call him Gorgonzola or else maybe Switzerland," Mr. Aulick insisted, leaning over and lifting one of the creature's limp ears between thumb and forefinger. Emotion flickered for the first time into the pup's protruding, apathetic eyes.

"Gr-r-r!" he wheezed. Henry's inhalation of coffee rose momentarily above the clamor of Beck's at rush hour. He set down the cup and stared resentfully at nothing.

"That was the first thing the big fat boob done," he related. "It was a Wednesday night and we was goin' to the movies like always. Would she leave that dirty little cheese hound an' come on out with me? Not a chanct. 'Awright,' I says, 'Awright. If a dog's s'ciety,' I says, 'is perferable to mine, I wanta know it.' 'Why, Henry Aulick!' she says, an' I lammed out the dump."

"It was maybe eleven and the flat was dark when I come back. I'm tip-toein' down the hall, see, when I steps on some—thin' soft an' that little cheese hound bites me."

The reaction of Mr. Aulick to Tootie Sing's resentment aroused all inhabitants of the flat, even Eustace whose slumber normally was of the soundest. It was Mr. Flack who turned on the gas, revealing Henry clasp his injured ankle while he performed a one-legged saraband and Phoebe comforting in shocked and soothing tones, not her anguished fiancé but a nerve-shattered and desperate Pekinese pup. "He bit me," Henry yammered. "The dirty little cheese hound, he bit me."

"You better put some iodine on it," Eustace volunteered, "I'll go get it for you."

"Tootie Sing," Phoebe gurgled, pressing the draggled little animal to her bosom, "Wuzzums scared? Zere, zere. Tell muvver all about it."

The wounded Henry felt that,

"It's a kind of—uh—present," Eustace announced, flushing. "It's a dawg," he added, by way of explanation.

somehow, she could not have understood what had happened.

"That cheese eating mutt bit me, I tell you," he insisted.

"Maybe," Phoebe remarked coldly over her shoulder, "maybe he was hungry."

Joy did not come with the morning. Mr. Aulick ate a sullen breakfast, paying no heed to Phoebe, who served him. She, on her part, wore a smug and self-satisfied look.

Yet, following supper, disjoined Eden was rearticulated. While a pleasant clatter resounded from the kitchen where the faithful, apron-girt Eustace aided Mother Zinn, Henry and Phoebe occupied the settee in the living-room and peace sat with them, serene and benignant, disturbed only infinitesimally by faint catarrhal sounds from Tootie Sing, slumbering on his mistress's lap.

The limp helplessness of the miserable puppy quickened deep springs of maternal solicitude in Phoebe. She mothered him and the unhappy Mr. Aulick, in what should have been the first heyday of his engagement, found himself a victim of those painful neglects and humiliations usually reserved by a wise nature until after man has become a parent. Disparagement of Tootie, mockery of his undeniable peculiarities even when most wittily phrased, stirred Phoebe to an astounding resentment. There was something faintly pathetic in Henry when he spoke of this era.

"Can you tie it?" he demanded. "Phoebe was cuckoo about him, what I mean. Talked to him till it would sicken your stummick. And if I came near the little mutt, he acted like I was a gas leak. He didn't like me, but the big fat boob could do anything with him."

The solemn delight Eustace took in the affection lavished upon his gift by Miss Zinn was added provocation to the harried Mr. Aulick. The atom of brain that selective breeding and an unfortunate past had left to Tootie Sing identified Mr. Flack as a friend. Quite as firmly, this cerebral speck classified Henry as antipathetic. He trotted unsteadily after Eustace while Phoebe cooed with delight.

Gradually, Mr. Aulick found himself slipping from his complacent rôle of matrimonial prize into the more dubious and humiliating character of a not quite certain suitor. Failing assurance hurried him down to depravity. He campaigned to win the regard of the Pekinese. In the seclusion of his own room, he might indulge in teeth-grinding fits of resentment but when Phoebe was about he petted the puppy, despite its thin asthmatic growls.

FAILING to reach the affections of Tootie Sing by appeal to the higher senses, Henry purchased chocolates at a five and ten cent store and surreptitiously fed them to the puppy all one Sunday.

For a time, the Pekinese consented to affiliate with Mr. Aulick and followed him about the flat while Phoebe thrilled with delight. Henry did not announce the cause of Tootie Sing's sudden fondness and after a time the Pekinese appeared to lose all relish for any human companionship whatever and curled up on Henry's favorite chair like a hirsute pretzel.

Mr. Aulick, returning the following evening with cutrate theater tickets for himself and Phoebe, was met at the door by his beloved. Tragedy was in her eye and a dread of bereavement in her voice.

"He's terrible sick," she gasped. "We've had the doctor." "The pooch?" Henry queried. He never could bring himself to call the creature by name.

"Tootie Sing," Phoebe corrected severely. "He liked to died before the doctor got here."

"A doctor for a mutt," Mr. Aulick scoffed. "Can you beat that?"

"Is that so?" Miss Zinn wished to know. "Well, lemme tell you somep'n, Henry Aulick; if we hadn't had that veterinary, Tootie Sing wouldn't be here now."

Acrid dislike for the noble profession of animal medicine pervaded Mr. Aulick's being. His sweetheart returned his kiss absent-mindedly.

"Nemmind," he told her, "'S'all right now an' I got seats for the Gaiety—"

She shook her head. "I couldn't



"'Momma! Momma! Look what I got!' cried Phoebe. 'He knows his Muvver already, so he does!'"

go, Henry. I'd worry every bit of the while I was away." At the confessional table in Beck's, Mr. Aulick cut savagely into the wedge of pie before him and sought for sympathy in my face.

"So," he said grimly, "that was out. I sent Eustace to the show instead. I give him the tickets—practically—and I sat all evening helpin' her nurse that dirty little string of flea meat."

He blinked and appeared to have some difficulty in swallowing.

"He was layin' on a hot water bottle," he related thickly, "an' she'd took the ice bag I bought the time I had the toothache an' put it under his head."

It may have been appropriation of the ice bag—Mr. Aulick informed me it had cost a dollar and thirty-seven cents and was practically new—which turned Henry's thoughts from canine fraternization to assassination.

Nightly, on his return from work, Miss Zinn met him at the door with entirely gratuitous information concerning her patient's condition. Thereafter, he moped behind the final edition while Phoebe cooed and gurgled over the convalescent and Mr. Flack aided her clumsily. It was Eustace, not Henry, who was recipient of Miss Zinn's grateful smiles. It was largely due to Mr. Flack that after dreary days of nursing, the Peke stood up voluntarily and began once more to take a bleared and frog-eyed interest in life. None of these facts endeared his cousin to Mr. Aulick.

Shielded by his evening paper, Henry muttered beneath his breath while his kinsman and betrothed discussed Tootie's condition, and in the innermost chamber of his consciousness, the leaves of a dark and horrid scheme sprouted and unfolded. Presently, the vacant space in the back of the bureau drawer where the ice bag once had rested, was occupied by a package labeled "Rat Poison."

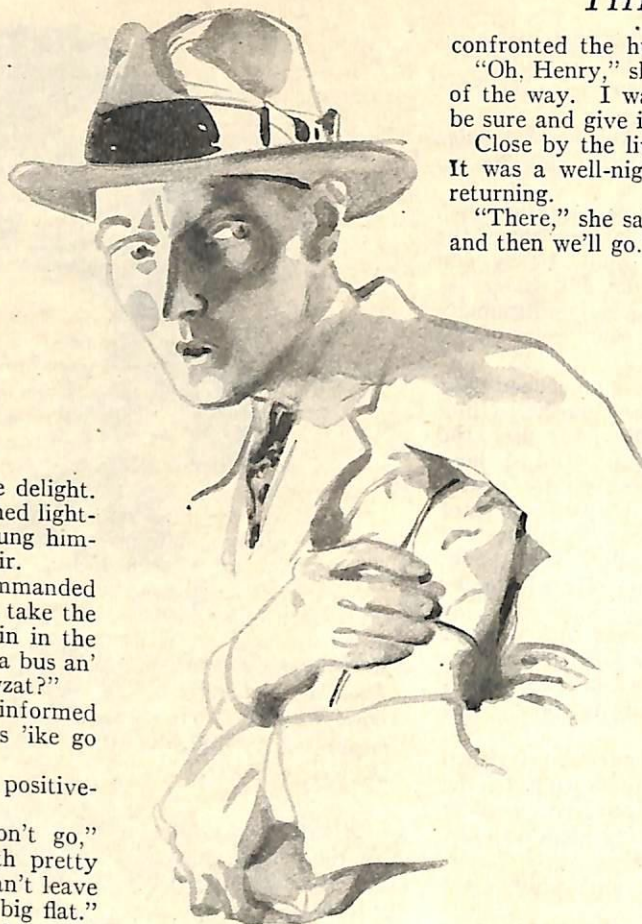
The following Saturday evening, Mrs. Zinn announced her intention of making her annual pilgrimage to the cemetery the next morning. Mr. Aulick, after a period of deep thought in his own room, assured himself that the lethal package had not been disturbed, returned to the family circle and displayed better spirits than had been his for a week.

Phoebe sat upon the sofa, endeavoring with no success but much maimed and perverted speech to make the apparently spineless Tootie sit up and beg. Eustace sat nearby, his broad face corru-



"'Phoebe had a hot water bottle under the Pooch and my good \$1.37 ice bag at his head,' Henry complained bitterly."

"Hot dog!" muttered Henry, and bent over with a quickening hope. He could drop the package through the sewer grating. Then he looked up into the eyes of retribution.



gated by a grin of simple delight. Henry slapped his betrothed lightly on the shoulder and flung himself into his favorite chair.

"Lissen, kiddo," he commanded gaily. "S'pose you and I take the old lady down to the train in the morning. We can go on a bus and ride back together. Howzat?"

"Ovely," Miss Zinn informed Tootie, "Muvver's peshus 'ike go ridey on busums?"

"Nix," Mr. Aulick said positively, "not the pooch."

"En ums muvver won't go," Phoebe told her pet with pretty stubbornness, "Muvver tan't leave Tootie all aloney in ums big flat."

"Maybe," Henry spoke with large casualness, "Eustace here could watch him while we're gone."

"Why, sure," Mr. Flack confirmed heavily. "Only I gotta be at church by eleven. I promised the Reverend Whipple I would."

"I can't go," Phoebe decided with sudden recollection. "Tootie Sing has to have his medicine in a little milk at half-past nine. Dr. Harper said so."

"Ain't Eustace got enough brains to give him a dose?" Henry demanded. "The bottle's right on the bathroom window sill, ain't it? Well, then!"

"Sure, Miss Phoebe," Mr. Flack confirmed heartily, "I'll take care of the little critter."

She beamed upon him and turned to her pet with arch interrogation.

"Tootie Sing?" she asked, planting a kiss upon the bulging forehead, "Uzzums 'tay wiz Unkie Eustace while Muvver and Daddykins take Grannie to 'tation? Tootie 'oves Unkie Eustace, doesn't ums, bessums heart?"

The protuberant eyes of Tootie Sing blinked. Mr. Flack reddened with ecstasy. Mr. Aulick gulped and said nothing, but the dark weed that grew in his soul burst at that moment into sinister flower.

Mother Zinn's preparations for her journey to the family burial plot, the next morning, were attended by little more confusion and complication than an army embarkation. She could not find her umbrella. In the course of the search Eustace and Mrs. Zinn collided in the hall and one of them stepped upon Tootie Sing. In the fever of the moment, his yelp of protest went almost unheeded and he was thrust unceremoniously into the living-room.

While tumult boiled through the flat, Mr. Aulick sat alone and brooding in his own room. A side pocket of his shepherd plaid Sunday suit bulged and the space in his drawer recently occupied by the lethal package, was vacant. The shrill distress of the injured Tootie stirred him to action. Inconspicuously, he slipped into the bathroom. When he emerged, the bulge in his side pocket had vanished and the bottle of canine tonic on the window-ledge had assumed a darker murkier hue.

Whistling with a tense impersonation of unconcern, Henry strolled down the hall and peered into Mr. Flack's room. It was vacant. He stepped in and thrust the crumpled death's head emblazoned package beneath his cousin's bed.

The sweat of conscious guilt squeezed from his pores as he

confronted the hurrying Miss Zinn on his return to the hall. "Oh, Henry," she exclaimed, "You scared me. Please get out of the way. I wanta mix Tootie's medicine so Mr. Flack will be sure and give it to him."

Close by the living-room door, he paused, listening intently. It was a well-nigh unendurable wait before he heard Phoebe returning.

"There," she said hurriedly, "that's done. I'll tell Mr. Flack and then we'll go."

Triumph elevated the iniquitous soul of Mr. Aulick and relief, at the same moment, made his knees weak. He mopped his forehead with a gaily bordered handkerchief, intended only for breast pocket display, sighed, and sat down in his favorite chair.

There was a faint squeak, strangely different from the timber of protesting springs. There was something obstructive and bizarre about the usually comfortable upholstery. Instinctively, he leaped up and stared in alarm that slowly froze into horror. The incautiously lowered bulk of Mr. Aulick had been the greatest and last of this world's woes the misbegotten Tootie Sing would ever bear.

Footsteps in the hall forebode flight. Henry gave one stricken, desperate look about him and then sat down again with a shudder as Phoebe hurried into the room.

"Hurry," she bade, "It's late."

He did not stir. She stared.

"What's the trouble?" she asked, puzzled by his blank expression and rigid attitude.

"I'm, I'm sick," Mr. Aulick responded automatically, wiping his clammy brow.

"Oh my goodness; what next?" Miss Zinn exclaimed, "Momma, momma!

Henry's sick."

The profusely accoutered Mrs. Zinn filled the doorway with her bulk and her packages and above her head rose the moon face of Mr. Flack.

"He does look sort of ghastly," Mother Zinn pronounced. "You, you go on," implored Mr. Aulick, "I'll be all right in a little while. I'm just dizzy-like."

To a chorus of questions as to symptoms, and suggestions as to remedies, he responded only with a feeble head shaking.

"You go on," he repeated. "Eustace," he added, with a flash of inspiration, "he'll go with you. Won't you, Eustace?"

"I'll take 'em down and drop off at church on the way back," Mr. Flack agreed.

Doubt furrowed the fair brow of Miss Zinn.

"You won't forget to give Tootie his tonic, will you, Henry?" she reminded. "Where is Tootie?"

"I seen him just now. He's around somewheres. Go ahead, willya?" Mr. Aulick begged, intensely.

"Phoebe!" Mother Zinn called from the outer hall. "Hurry!"

THE flat door slammed. Henry waited an instant and then rose from his seat with rheumatic caution. He and his victim were alone.

Somewhere in the accusing silence of the flat a clock ticked loudly. Below in the area, the voices of the janitor's children mingled in shrill argument. Their presence blighted at inception Henry's intention to cast the mortal remains of Tootie Sing from a window and formulate a tale of suicide. Yet, it was obvious that something must be done before Phoebe's return.

Mr. Aulick strode the floor in agitation. Then, with desperate resolution, he prepared to abolish the corpus delecti. Carefully sheathed in wrapping paper, cunningly bound with string, the lamented Tootie Sing presented a thoroughly disguised but interesting aspect, rather like a large fish wrapped by a more than usually neat market man. Burdened with his guilt, Mr. Aulick sallied forth.

"J'ever," Henry asked with a tragic expression, "try to get rid of a dead dawg on Ninetieth street?"

On his authority, no terrain more hostile to such enterprise could be discovered on the Western Hemisphere. The pavement stretches, solid and adamant. On either side, houses form an unbroken and hostile wall. People glare at you and at the

package you carry, with a dour suspicion. Even the few ashcans in sight are attended by vigilant and jealous janitors. Henry walked for blocks and still he clutched the horrid burden.

He paused at length on a corner and wiped his perspiring face with a shaking hand. Suddenly, he observed a sewer opening at his feet.

"Hot dog!" Henry muttered and bent over with a quickening hope. The spaces in the grating seemed large enough to admit his package. He straightened up and looked into the eyes of retribution, towering, menacing, in blue and brass buttons.

"Uh!" Mr. Aulick said in a strangled tone. The policeman yawned and inspected the soft spring sky with an ominous unconcern which did not delude Henry's over-acute conscience. A car rumbled along the avenue. Mr. Aulick swung himself and his burden aboard and sank, quaking, into a seat.

Gradually, panic subsided though he could not help feeling the conductor was regarding him doubtfully. With his package on his knees, Henry struggled with certain implausible sections of the tale he should tell on his return home. The green of a little park swam into view. He alighted and, with the air of one who has all day before him, strolled down a curving walk and placed himself and his burden upon a bench. Sparrows and children squabbled on the pavement. An old man on a diagonally opposite seat, dreamed over the cane he clasped with knobby hands. Mr. Aulick smoked a cigarette nervously. Then he rose and departed with a slow and ostentatiously absent-minded gait.

"HEY!" someone called behind him in a cracked voice. "Hey!"

He was close to the park entrance. It was his instinct to run but he suppressed it. Attracted by the hail, persons on the street were staring curiously. He turned. The old man ceased to call but continued to gesticulate, his cane in one hand, his other clasped about the package containing all that was mortal of Tootie Sing. With a sheepish grin masking hideous thoughts, Mr. Aulick retraced his steps.

"Leavin' your bundle," the officious dotard wheezed in senile glee. "Young feller like you hadn't ought to forget. Now when you get to be my age—"

He cackled horridly. With a mutter that might have been either gratitude or anathema, Mr. Aulick received the package and left. It was noon. He saw suspicion on the face of each returning church attendant and in its zenith, the sun itself looked down, a flaring eye of denunciation.

A car appeared, heading in the direction from which he had come. So shattered were his nerves that he felt, as he boarded it, an impulse to bear the foully slaughtered body home and confess. He pushed through the standing passengers, found a seat and hope quickened when he observed that the man who shared it with him was deeply engrossed in a Sunday paper.

Mr. Eustace Flack, having dozed through the Reverend Whipple's sermon, boarded the car for home, considerably refreshed in mind and spirit. He clung to a strap in bovine reverie, spiced by recent memories of Miss Zinn whom he had left to complete her homeward journey while he attended church. Mr. Flack was ponderously in love with Phoebe but considered his passion so hopeless that he limited his aspirations to the vague wish that he was his Cousin Henry.

Someone, in pushing through to the front of the car, trampled upon Eustace's foot and, waking from his daydream, the owner thereof observed Mr. Aulick, bearing beneath one arm a strangely shaped bundle. The aisle was too full for one of Mr. Flack's bulk and somnolent mood to join his cousin immediately. While he hesitated, Henry who had been seated in the forward end of the car not more than a minute or so, leaped up with the air of one who has ridden past his street, plunged to the front platform and swung off. Eustace marked that he had left his parcel behind him. Indignation overcame amazement when he saw Mr. Aulick's seat mate pick up the package, glance about sharply and place it on his own lap.

"Hey," Mr. Flack reproved, drawing near, "That's my cousin's. He forgot it."

"How," the other asked, still clinging to the parcel, "do I know he's your cousin?"

This was a problem Mr. Flack was unable to solve at once. His hesitation visibly encouraged the other.

"Findin's," he announced, "is keepin's, ain't it?"

"That there parcel," Mr. Flack insisted, "belongs to my cousin, Henry Aulick. He forgot it."

"Is 'at so?" the man inquired, holding on to the bundle. The voice of Phoebe Zinn greeted the unburdened Mr. Aulick as he let himself into the flat.

"Henry," it reproved, "you didn't give Tootie his tonic."

"I can't find him nowhere," Mr. Aulick reported loudly, reciting the opening words of the alibi he had framed during his walk home, "I ain't seen him since you went away. I been hunting all over town for him."

The aproned form of Miss Zinn appeared at the kitchen door. Her face was flushed by cooking but her eyes were alarmed.

"Aintcha had him out for a walk?" she demanded.

"I say I been looking for him," Henry asserted. "He must of run out after you when you left."

"You let him go; you let him go," wailed Miss Zinn with gathering hysteria; "You never liked him, Henry; you let him—"

"Say, lissen," interrupted her betrothed, "ain't I been trying to find him, I tell ya? I been looking for him, Phoebe. Sick as I been," he continued with a glow of self-righteousness, and lifting his voice above the stricken mutterings of his auditor, "sick as I been, I been riskin' my health to find him. An' that," concluded Mr. Aulick, sitting down with a tragic air, "is all the thanks I get!"

He rose again, hastily, as though the sharp sound of the doorbell had pricked him. With an inarticulate cry of hope, Miss Zinn answered it. He heard the knob turn before he could follow her and an instant of utter silence ensued. Stepping into the hall, Mr. Aulick found himself confronting the largest policeman his fear widened eyes had ever beheld. He towered, he dominated, he dwarfed his two companions—a rusty and disheveled man and the stalwart Eustace Flack whose normal impassiveness was marred by a swollen eye.

"These here gempman been havin' a little trouble over a package, lady," the policeman informed Phoebe, with ghastly geniality. "Does a Henry Aulick live here?"

"Yeh," that gentleman conceded, prodded to speech by Phoebe's stare.

"This your bundle?" the policeman persisted. The humming in Henry's ears may have been the wing-beats of hovering furies.

"Yeh. Oh sure," he replied with desperate glibness, "I guess I must of left it in the car."

"And that ain't all you left there," the policeman informed him. "Fightin' on Sunday, these two was. I ought to of pinched 'em both. The big fella here says he's your cousin. Zat right?"

Henry nodded with a nauseated smirk. The patrolman who now was dwindling to normal size, looked from Eustace to his late antagonist. "There. You see?" he challenged.

"HOL' on," retorted the rusty man, truculently, "Hol' on. If 'at's his, make him tell what's in it. I got my rights, ain't I?"

"There's laundry in it," babbled Mr. Aulick.

The policeman tested the bundle with thumb and forefinger. "Now, it don't feel like laundry," he hesitated.

"Open her up," yelped the rusty man. "Open her up. Le's get the low down on this, right now."

Hearing seemed to be the sole sense remaining to Mr. Aulick. He steadied himself by a sweaty palm pressed against the wall. There was a sound of tearing paper, a grunt from the policeman and the voice of the rusty man, raised in grating triumph.

"Laundry," he sneered, "Why, it's some sort of a animile!"

Then Phoebe screamed.

Henry dropped his cigarette stub into his coffee cup and held up the little finger on which the diamond sparkled.

"This here's the engagement ring I give her," he reported in the dull tone of the emotionally overstrained.

The elevator that bore us back to our toil, also carried aloft our employer, his wife and the goggle-eyed Pekinese who seemed determined to strangle himself upon his leash. Henry stood aside and permitted them to disembark ahead of us. He glared at the massive back of Mrs. Julius Webb and at the chrysanthemum tail of her pet. His recital had not brought the complete nepenthe confession is supposed to afford. There was animus in his glare.

"There oughta be a law against 'em," he muttered.

"Against Pokes or women?" I asked flippantly.

"Both," Mr. Aulick returned, "an' big fat boobs, too."



Goldensky Studios

He Succeeds by BEING HUMAN

By Fred C. Kelly

THIS is about a man, instinctively a human being, who is no less human because highly successful in business.

In fact, staying human has probably been one of his greatest assets.

Though he has a well-ordered manufacturing plant, he himself is not standardized.

He doesn't have electric push buttons on his desk. Indeed, his office desk isn't a desk at all but a table. On the table is usually a vase of flowers. His office has a cheerful fireplace and looks like a living-room in a good home. He never sends for files or reports but prefers to learn about things verbally. He is never "in conference" when anybody calls on the telephone.

A. Atwater Kent, inventor and manufacturer of ignition systems for automobiles and radios, is somebody else again. He's different. Even his name suggests a man who likes things according to his own notion. Why not just Atwater without the extra A? His friends all call him "At." Imagine A. Abraham Lincoln, or G. George Washington. Yet Atwater Kent likes that A as a kind of gradual approach to his nomenclatural layout. And I, for one, am liberal enough to think that if an extra A makes a man happier, he ought to have it. I violate no confidence, by the way, when I reveal that the preliminary A stands for Arthur.

Anyhow, as we were saying, A. Atwater Kent is different. To begin with, he doesn't have the appearance of an expert machinist, inventor and employer of 5,000 men. Masculine as

he is, it is difficult to think of him as ever getting his hands soiled. Painsstakingly neat in personal appearance, he's as polite as an ambassador.

In fact he is too polite to send for one of his factory employees if he desires to ask him a question. Instead the boss goes to the employee. And if the employee seems to be busy, Kent waits until he has finished what he is doing.

He probably owns more automobiles for personal use than anybody in the world, and yet nearly all are second-hand. When he goes to his summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine, he leaves most of his cars at his garage in a suburb of Philadelphia, but takes along ten or a dozen for use during the warm weather.

Now, considering that Kent is a mechanical genius, what could be more human than wishing to have all this flock of used autos? They are his toys. He likes to pick up a car that won't work very well and then see how much he can improve it by putting in better ignition or an entirely new set of intestines.

But an important incidental reason for having so many cars is, I believe, a desire to be courteous.

Whenever he is thrown with friends or strangers, and somebody mentions his car, Atwater politely inquires what make of car it is.

Then, no matter what make it is, he can probably say truthfully:

"I'm driving one of those myself."

He doesn't bother to mention that it is merely one of his herd. The other fellow is pleased and flattered to have his own judgment on cars thus confirmed.

Another human thing about At. Kent is the location of his personal workshop. It is right off what we of the Middle West would call the sittin'-room. To express the location modishly, one should say that it adjoins the drawing-room.

He has a nice, kind wife who lets him have his workshop there handy and treats him as one of the family. We gain just that much knowledge of his character—from the fact that he did not select a spouse who would say:

"Don't you have all those contraptions littering up my downstairs. Take them right up to the attic!"

I have mentioned that Kent has not permitted the fact of being a business man to saddle on himself all manner of commonplace nonsense. He keeps himself efficient by avoiding approved efficiency schemes. He has no certain hour to dictate letters and writes surprisingly few.

Just the other day Kent was notified that the head of one of the factory departments was preparing a long report on a certain subject and would soon have it ready for the boss to look over.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Kent. "Has he suddenly become speechless? Why can't he come in here and tell me what he has found out. I don't want to read over a long report."

Human, you see. And intelligent.

Kent is fifty-three years old, but across a room, even a small room, he could pass for about thirty-six. He was born up in Vermont, at Burlington, I think it was, and got his start in life by taking his mother's sewing machine apart at the age of four.

Not long after that he took up electricity in a general way. This was facilitated by the fact that his father was a physician and had batteries as well as other electrical contrivances about the premises, on the theory then widely accepted that they might cure dandruff, hives, ingrown nails or whatever it was that they were supposed to remedy.

When he attended Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Kent was so busy monkeying with electricity, making batteries, dynamos, and other things not prescribed in class, that he was not an honor student.

Once he was all but fired for trying to make and sell some motors when he should have been applying himself, so they told him, to his books. College professors always think it more important to study a book about motors than to study motors themselves.

He was astonished when, last June, his alma mater subpoenaed him to come up and receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Engineering—the first time the Institute had conferred such a degree.

While still a mere boy, he made an electric motor to operate a fan, and this motor is still in use. An interesting thing about it is that it not only showed his early knowledge but pains-taking care in workmanship.

After holding a job or two with [Continued on page 73]

A Close-up of TUNNEY —a Unique Character in the Annals of the Ring



Wide World

HARD-FISTED —But Gentlemanly

By Lawrence Perry

IN THE course of the preliminary bouts at the famous "Battle of the Century" between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier, the writer, seated at the ringside next to a clattering telegraph instrument which was sending his story far and wide throughout the country, happened to look back over his shoulder.

He saw occupying a front row chair a stalwart young man clad in a bath robe and a straw hat. It was the man's face that caught and held the writer's attention. It was squarely modeled with a slight upward cast of the features, a fighting face—yet not at all the type of countenance that one associates with the prize ring. Rather it seemed to denote the outdoor man of action, the man who stands intrepidly eye to eye with peril; in fine, the lineament of the explorer, the gentleman adventurer, the soldier of fortune.

The eyes were gray, ablaze with pleasant lights and about the corners of the mouth were little lines that suggested a sweet and gallant disposition as well as determination and courage.

Completely interested in the man the writer turned to Ring Lardner who was seated at the right.

"Do you know who that fighter chap is?"

"Why, yes," was the reply, "that is Gene Tunney."

At the time Tunney was merely one of a number of young men who had come out of the world war and turned their attention to boxing as a profession. He had done quite well as a light heavyweight but had not attracted a great deal of interest. He had knocked out eight opponents of minor calibre since returning to civilian life and had participated in three no-decision bouts.

As showing how the greatest of all boxing promoters regarded him it might be said that at this great international set-to between Dempsey and Carpentier Tunney had been selected to figure in one of the preliminary bouts, his opponent being a third-rate pugilist, Soldier Jones of Canada.

Tunney had no trouble in disposing of his opponent and after he had dressed he came back to the ringside and watched Dempsey knock Carpentier into oblivion. No one who saw him closely following every move the champion made had any idea that this preliminary fighter was holding close to his heart an ambition to meet the man-killing Dempsey at some future time and take his title away from him.

Through all the years that followed, Tunney never lost sight of his great incentive. In all that he did his thoughts

were casting forward to the objective of his career. He had gained in weight, he improved in skill, the dynamo power of his punches increased year by year.

And yet his development of physical prowess, his steady advance in the science of boxing, did not occupy his mind exclusively. He reacted very powerfully to the fine things of life, to the wonderful pages that masters in prose and poetry had written, to the achievements of humanity in the arts and sciences, to the niceties of life and living.

One of the sons of a solid and comfortable Irish-American family, Tunney was not born with the instincts of the man-brute. He was highly organized and it really was a human anomaly that a boy thus endowed should have been equipped by nature with the physical qualifications that in course of time inevitably led him to the prize ring.

Yet always his career as a pugilist was regarded by him as a means to an end; he saw the prospects of financial reward and he saw, too, the opportunities that would be open to him for contacts with men of prominence in business and the professions.

Even when he was a preliminary fighter he never lost sight of what he wanted to do with his life aside from the attainment of stature in his chosen profession. He had the capacity for friendship and the friends he made were among the men who had something to teach him. Today few men, whatever their professions, have more friends of higher type and greater accomplishment in various walks of life than Gene Tunney. He is a gentleman and he associates with gentlemen.

About a week after his victory over Jack Dempsey at Philadelphia Tunney was a guest at a luncheon given by workers in literature, publishing, painting, and in the arts and sciences generally. Called upon to speak Tunney arose and talked for half an hour in a quiet, cultivated voice employing English that no scholar in the language could by any possibility have criticized adversely.

There never was a champion pugilist, or any other class of pugilist, like Tunney. This being so it is inevitable that a great majority of the thick-skinned fight fans are not going to understand him and that therefore he is not going to be popular with the masses.

Some hint of this was received that night in the Madison Square Garden when Tunney and Dempsey appeared in the ring to receive belts from the New York Association of Boxing Writers. The former champion was cheered to the echo while Tunney, the only white man at that time who dared face the most feared heavyweight who ever held the title, was unmercifully razed.

"It seems," said Tunney, with his attractive smile in a little aside to a friend, "that so far as I am concerned the boos have it."

What did it mean? Lack of understanding, that is all. Just the same, he is going to be a success as a champion. The better element, those who heretofore have held but little interest in boxing, will patronize this new exponent of ring craft and make him a paying venture for promoters.

And the chances are he will last long. He has made a deep study of the champions in all sports before him and his theory is that too many have gone down to defeat before their time. The reason, he believes, has been in their failure to maintain a level head. Adulation of the public, pernicious, if well-meaning attentions of enthusiastic friends have, he thinks, destroyed their sense of balance, causing them to disregard the rules



Mayor Freeland W. Kendrick, of Philadelphia, showing Gene Tunney through the Sesquicentennial Stadium.

which even the greatest athletes must observe if they are to retain their prestige.

Tunney holds that an athlete should always be fit and ready when called upon without the necessity of undergoing those nerve-wracking tissue-killing sieges of training through which champions seek to regain that perfection which has been lost by careless living and lack of competition.

The average fight fan loves to see blood flow and does not care greatly for scientific exhibitions of boxing. Tunney has brought to boxing a high idealism. Brutality to an opponent has no more place in boxing, he says, than in any other competitive sport. His battles are won cleanly and scientifically; his methods are clean, polished and yet decisive.

The plug-ugly will always detest him but to the student of sport and the lover of sport, Tunney stands high and will always so stand. And the cave-man will never beat him. The new champion has placed the science of boxing above the reach of the fighter of this stripe. When he falls the victory in all probability will go to the fighter like Tunney: the clean-living, healthy-minded, scientific exponent of the new school of which the former marine is now the protagonist.

Tunney's time when he is not training for a bout is spent in an environment as different from that of the average fighter as by any possibility could be imagined. He has not any of the ordinary associations of the pugilist, no retinue of hangers-on recruited from the gambling fraternity, the race track crowd and the politer strata of the underworld.

He will be found usually down on the Jersey coast living the life of a country gentleman with his gun and dogs, his golf sticks and fishing gear. Or if you are friendly with the Long Island social set don't be surprised sometime if you run across him week-ending there.

He has friends throughout the country, real friends who are proud to have him in their homes as guest and those friends are men of standing in politics, finance and business.

All of which, of course, will be recognized as anomalous indeed. He replaces Carpentier as the ornament, the beau sabreur of pugilism and yet he is more genuine and better founded than the famed Orchid Man ever was.

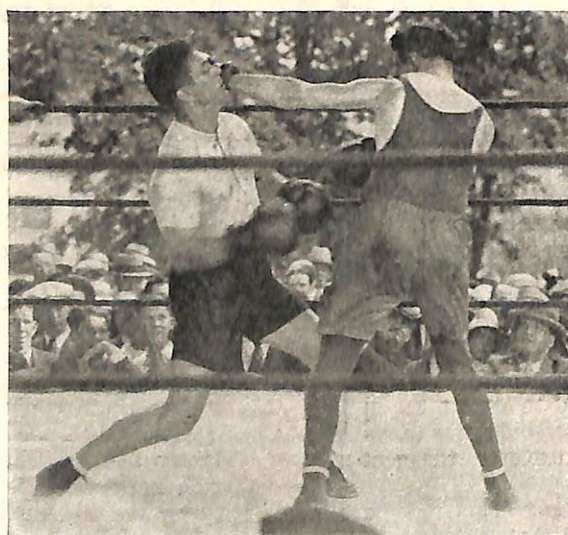
He has the imagination to visualize himself as champion and yet the reserve not to yield to the inevitable temptation to dramatize himself.

But whatever Tunney's personality and attainments the fact remains that he is by profession a fighter and developed prowess just as other men of his calling develop it.

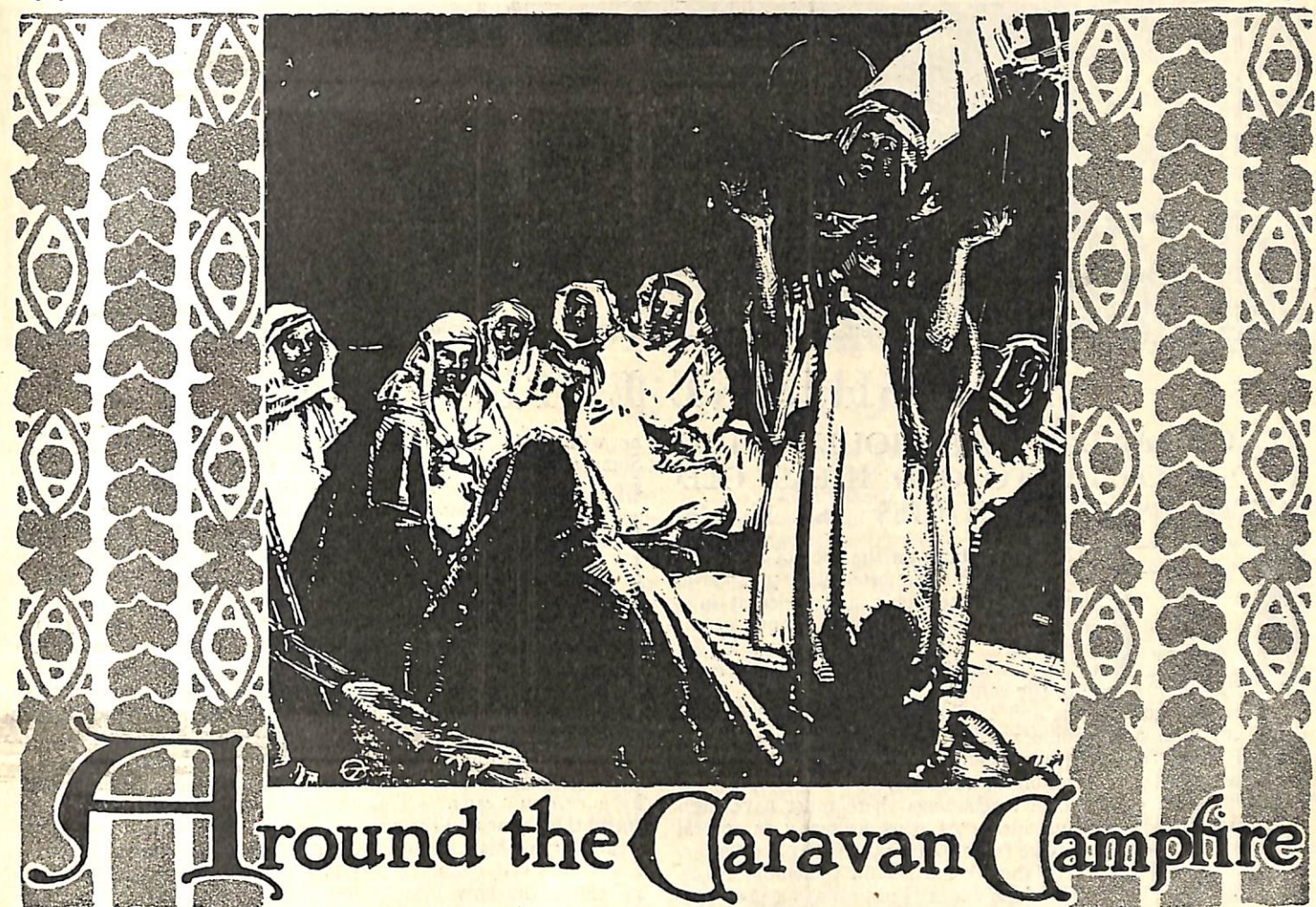
Misinformation in all sporting matters is always abundant, whatever the subject. So many erroneous statements have been made concerning the new champion that in the interest of exactness one or two of the more glaring deviations from fact should be corrected, but before entering upon this task it might be said that Tunney's Christian name is not Eugene but James. James J. Tunney is the entrance in the parish register, the name under which he does battle and by which he is generally known having been bestowed upon him in boyhood by one of his brothers.

To proceed, now, in the interest of precise information, Tunney did not get his start in boxing as a result of his association with the 11th Marines in the course of the late war.

This error applies even to the official record books which dates Gene's entrance into pugilism in 1919. [Continued on page 69]



Gene Tunney (Left) sparring with Jimmie Delaney at his training camp in preparation for his engagement with Jack Dempsey.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

IF YOU stop at the Imperial Hotel in Portland, Oregon, and let Potentate Phil Metchan know your wishes, you will be taken in that big car of his over one of the finest drives in the world, up the Columbia River. If any member of Al Kader finds out you are in town this will be the first thing suggested.

If you happen to be headed for "Put" Stevens in the other Portland your course will take you through Crawford Notch, another most beautiful scenic highway. "Put" will give you a royal welcome in his home town on the Maine coast.

Should you meet Ernest West, George Filmer, or any other Noble of Islam in San Francisco, they will direct you to the Yosemite Valley. Your course will take you up and down the tumbling Merced River than which there is no more wonderful stream in the world.

If you tell Hizzoner "Freel" Kendrick or Bill Highfield goodbye in LuLu land to go to see Jim Rogers at Kalurah, your trip will be by way of Delaware Water Gap with enough scenic beauties to please even a traveler from Switzerland.

On every one of these trips through each of these magnificent bits of scenic America, you will find one common characteristic. The trip up is better than the trip down.

The view of a waterfall is better from below than from above. The grandeur of a mountain is more fully displayed going to it than coming down from it.

The real beauty of all scenery is better displayed going up than coming down, for then the wonders of all these beauty spots seem to come toward you. Each new bend in the road brings a new view which seems more lovely than the one just passed.

As you come down the steeps which make the turbulence of streams, the waterfalls are hidden from view, the rapids cannot be seen, the route seems dangerous, and the trip less a joy.

Every bit of progress made through life is uphill. Every bit of real joy is on the uphill grade, every bit of danger is on the down grade.

In the days of my callow youth, when I had gumboils and aspirations, we had debating societies in colleges: wonderful days when we reared up on our hind legs and settled every important question of the times. Of course the ignorant old world went right on discussing them, not knowing that they had been settled, but that was quite by the way.

One of these questions was "Resolved, that there is more pleasure in the pursuit of happiness than in the possession thereof." I recall arguing hotly in the negative. If I had to discuss that question today I would be on the other side of the fence. I am of the vintage of 1870, which makes me a pretty old model. But since I left that fresh water college, I have learned a lot of things besides how to roll a cigarette with one hand, tie an ascot tie and not draw to inside straights.

I have learned that the real joy of life is uphill, not on the down grade. After a man gets to the top the grade is all down, the scenery all wrong side to. I have learned that a man's greatest misfortune is to reach the goal which he set out to attain.

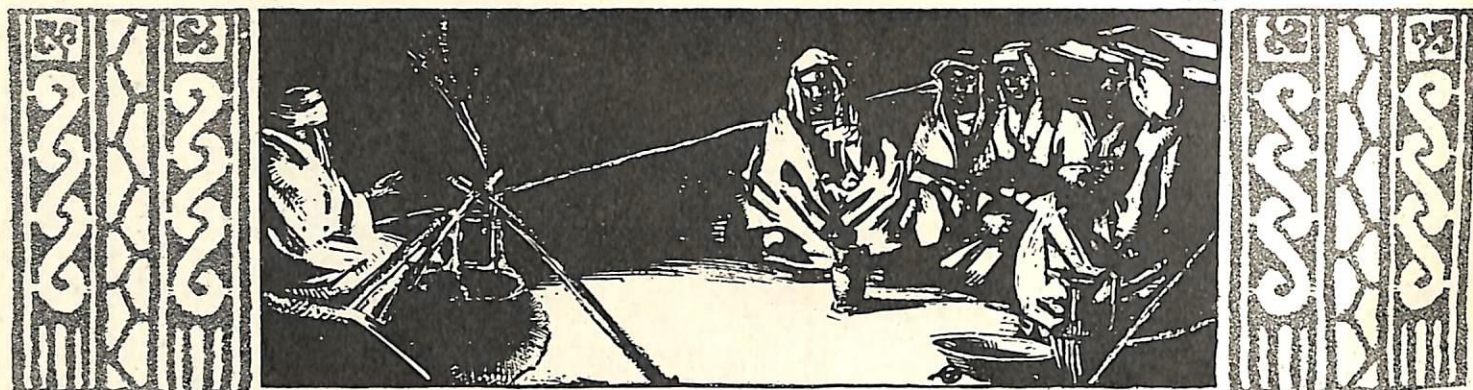
Over and over it is impressed on me that life's real joy comes in doing things and not in having done them.

There is real joy in working up the line of the Shrine till one reaches the job of Potentate, but little besides sadness in sitting on the side lines and wearing a Past Potentate's jewel.

Over and over we oldsters have forced on us that slangy but forceful question, "Now you've got it, what are you going to do with it?"

As a boy I used to lie under a tree, read Ouida, and dream that some day I would let my hair grow and be a poet, starve in a garret and have them come and find my lifeless body with a deathless lyric clasped in my hand. Now all I ask is that they let me work and whistle at it. Instead of long hair I wear a bald fly skating rink.

Do you remember the first car you bought? It was a flivver, of course. Chances are, it was a real problem to finance the purchase. But you and the wife and kids had more fun out of "Lizzie" than you have ever had [Continued on page 69]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

NO ORGANIZATION SHOULD CLING TOO CLOSELY TO OLD IDEAS, OLD METHODS, OLD POLICIES

ADAM built a tank on the roof of his house in Cincinnati. He brought a pipe down the side of the house and ended it in a zinc-lined mahogany trough in one of his bedrooms. Adam, just home from a visit to Lord Russel, the inventor of the bathtub, built the first one in the country.

There was quite a hue and cry about it. Lest the habit become common and people wreck their health with the new-fangled thing the great commonwealths of Pennsylvania and Virginia passed laws prohibiting bathtubs.

But in spite of the dire forebodings there must have been something in the bathtub idea. At least as many as several people on this continent have these Saturday night conveniences.

A lot of old timers in the Shrine should remember Adam Thompson of Cincinnati. A new idea is not always a poor one. Things may change in the Shrine just as they did in Cincinnati where the members of Syrian Temple bathe quite regularly.

It is not wise for any organization to cling too closely to the old things, the old methods, the old policies. This is a changing and a changeable world, my masters, and in spite of the opposition of the ancients, progress has been made in everything. New things are distasteful to old people. Yet the world does move; old buildings are torn down, new ones go up, and the new world wags its head laughingly in farewell and goes on its happy way.

When a microbe hunting for a place to set up housekeeping looks at the average Shriner's smiling face, he gnashes his teeth in rage and hunts a new location.

Last year's batting average is interesting to you alone. How are you hitting the ball this year?

ALL PRAISE TO THOSE NOBLES WHO WORK FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR TEMPLES

VERY good ceremonial!" remarked the casual Noble as he walked out of the Temple after the meeting. Of others perhaps, he has said "Not so good!" This comment, the same as he would make of a vaudeville or picture show, is his only thought on the subject.

Who made it a good ceremonial or a poor one? Ceremonials do not just happen. Back of all that elaborate stage setting, that program of music, those lighting effects, the stunts of the second section, was *somebody*.

Back of that group of candidates was the group of Nobles who brought in the petitions. Good as is the Shrine, men do not as a rule walk into the Recorder's office and solicit the opportunity to take the degree!

The careless Noble forgets that behind all this splendid show

he witnessed, invisible men worked and toiled to make it. Someone had to plan it all, someone had to do the drudgery of scene shifting, stage carpentry, property handling.

Who was it? Out of sight, away from the spotlight, without the hope of fee or reward other than a knowledge of good work well done, in every Temple on the continent is a group of loyal men who work like Trojans at every ceremonial to make the meeting a success.

The Floor team, the Patrol with its nights of drilling, the Band with its time taken from amusements for rehearsals, the Orchestra with the same time-eating rehearsals, the Drum Corps, the Chanters with their beautifully blended voices, all the units which make up the modern Temple of the Mystic Shrine, have labored and sweated while the rank and file sat carpet-slipped at home reading the evening paper.

Complaint is sometimes made that a Temple is dominated by a certain "gang." This "gang" consists of the men who spend their time and their money in an effort to make the home Temple rank high in the ranks of Shrine Temples. They are the Nobles who made the meetings outstanding successes. They are those who have most deeply at heart the best interests of the Shrine and are willing to sacrifice their time for it.

May Allah shower His most bountiful blessings on those "gangs" who make possible the splendid Temples of the Mystic Shrine. From one end of the continent to the other, theirs are the hands ready to help which are better than the lips which only pray.

Mrs. Hustle is Prosperity's mama.

"Things do not turn up. Somebody turns them up."

WHAT IS A SUCCESSFUL POTENTATE? WHAT IS THE BEST THING HE CAN ACCOMPLISH FOR HIS TEMPLE?

THE end of the Shrine year is here in which we sit in annual meeting listening to the reports of the Potentate, the Recorder, and the Treasurer, all confirmed by the audit or finance committees of the various Temples.

What has been the gain in membership this year? How many unregenerate sons of the desert have been gathered under the protecting dome of our goodly Temple? How many dollars have we gained since last year's report? How many bonds have we bought and how much have we added to the permanent fund?

What difference does it make?

Is a Temple of the Mystic Shrine an organization which bases its prosperity on the number of new Nobles created or on the quality of the new members? Does it really matter how many were initiated?

Is the Shrine a bank? Do the accumulated dollars matter? No Noble expects a financial dividend from his Temple. We are not running a building and loan association or a savings institution. What do the dollars amount to?

Every Temple must have new members to replace those lost by deaths and dimits. Good men are always needed in every



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

Temple. Every Temple must have a sound financial policy and should establish the budget system of expenditure lest the outgo exceed the income. But aside from these natural precautions the number of new members taken in and the dollars accumulated are the least marks of success with which any Potentate may lay aside his office and take his place in the ranks.

When we take stock of an outgoing administration let us ask ourselves if it has brought more closely together the factions which from time to time arise in a Temple. Let us ask if it has persuaded to active work a greater number of the members.

Let us ask if, through its charitable work, its public appearance, the decorum of its meetings and its parades, the Temple's reputation has been raised or lowered by the outgoing officers.

Let us ask if the Nobility has enjoyed the ceremonials and laughingly, lovingly, joined to a greater extent into the delicious foolishness characteristic of the Order. Have we really taken out happiness dividends on the time and money spent on the organization?

Let us ask how many crippled children our Temples have given the chance to regain health and strength that they may grow up into useful citizens. Let us ask if this administration has sent coal to the widow, food to the hungry, help to the needy.

Truly the Shrine need not count numbers, nor dollars added to the permanent fund, but kind deeds which add to human happiness. It is by these standards we should measure, and for these deeds we should put upon the outgoing administration our stamps of approval.

The modern girl may be a bit impractical but she knows all about needles and that the best results come from changing them after each record.

ONE WAY OF HANDLING THE STEADILY INCREASING ATTENDANCE AT THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL SESSIONS

AN EDITORIAL in a recent issue of The Shrine Magazine pointed out the steadily increasing attendance at Imperial Council Sessions and the steadily decreasing number of cities able to entertain us.

The paragraph brought much comment from interested Shriners everywhere. Many suggest the adoption of a system similar to that used by Rotary and Kiwanis. This involves dividing the continent into about twenty districts and having district sessions at which the uniformed bodies, bands, patrols, etc., can attend, thus reducing the numbers so that many cities can entertain a session. Imperial Council Sessions would be purely for business, attended only by the representatives. Some suggestions include the uniformed bodies of the district in which the Imperial Session is held, others call for the attendance of the uniformed bodies of the incoming and outgoing Imperial Potentate.

Potentate George Hoag of El Katif Temple, Spokane, Washington, makes a suggestion so concrete and thoughtful that we feel justified in printing it, except his argument showing the well-recognized necessity for some change.

"If our great Shrine Organization were divided into four

Zones, interest in Shrine affairs would multiply four-fold and to this end I would suggest the following division:—

"1st. The Atlantic Zone, with its 44 Temples from the following States and Provinces: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, West Virginia, Virginia, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Canal Zone.

"2nd. The North Central Zone, with its 38 Temples from the following States and Provinces: North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

"3rd. The Pacific Zone, with its 27 Temples from the following States and Provinces: Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Alberta, British Columbia, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands.

"4th. The South Central Zone, with its 48 Temples from the following States: Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

"A careful study of the above arrangement will suggest a few essential and important geographical considerations, the chief of which is that the Imperial Session could be held in one of these Zones at a time of the year when the season was best adapted for such a gathering.

"With such a division as above suggested the Imperial Council Session should be held in different Zones each year until each Zone had been visited; by this method all of the Temples within their Zone could send their Uniformed Bodies to an Imperial Session at least once in four years. It might be a good plan to hold a big general Session every fifth year to which all Temples would be invited to send their Uniformed Bodies as they now do.

"The adoption of the above plan would contemplate no change with respect to the Representatives attending the Imperial Council Session no matter in what Zone it might be held, the change relating only to the attendance of the Uniformed Bodies, as only Uniformed Bodies within the Zone where the Imperial Session was held could attend.

"I would also suggest that each Zone platform an annual gathering, such gatherings to be inspirational, educational and spectacular, and so arranged as to be held prior to the Imperial Session. The Imperial Potentate would act as Chairman of these gatherings, with as many of the Imperial Divan present as possible. Delegates or Representatives of Temples within its own Zone would be sent to these gatherings and whenever possible all of the Uniformed Bodies within the Zone would be in attendance. From these smaller gatherings greater interest would be aroused among the Bands and Patrols, to prepare for the Greater Imperial Session to be held every fifth year. Temples, within their own Zones, could meet in smaller cities and thus be drawn closer together with much less expense."

We thank Noble Hoag for his constructive and well thought out suggestion. It contains much food for thought.

One cannot doubt the wisdom of Providence when remembering that woman was created after everything else was finished. Thus there was no chance for Her, Allah bless her, to interfere and have her say about anything.



NOBLE G. F. EISENBROWN

Potentate, Rajah Temple
Reading, Penna.

Potentate George F. Eisenbrown, of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa., is now serving his fourteenth consecutive term, after an election from the floor—a most unusual procedure. He has tried several times to step down in favor of another Noble, but his Temple won't have it. Perhaps it is because of his voice. He has a bass voice as big as himself—and he weighs less than three hundred pounds only when he is in strict training. He was a community song leader during the war, and every Sunday, now, with Rajah's new \$35,000 organ to accompany him, Noble Eisenbrown leads a large gathering in song.

Rajah had a membership of 1800 when Noble Eisenbrown was first chosen as its Potentate; it now has 6800 members. A fine mosque was erected early in his administration, but was destroyed by fire. However an even finer one stands in its place today. Noble Eisenbrown is a leading business man and is frequently drafted by the city for public duties.



NOBLE W. J. HIGHFIELD

Potentate, LuLu Temple
Philadelphia, Penna.

Noble William J. Highfield is Potentate of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia. And Noble William J. Highfield lives in Wilmington, Delaware. Isn't that about enough said? Doesn't it say volumes for the man that one of the greatest of temples chose a resident of another city and another state to preside over its destinies? It would seem so! Nothing of the sort ever happened

in LuLu before. But it is not a unique experience for Noble Highfield. He holds another record of the same sort—having held office in the Grand Encampment of the United States, though not a member of a Grand Commandery, since Delaware has no such organization.

Obviously, this is an unusual sort of man. He is a parliamentarian of high attainments, and a fine speaker. Gifted with an actor's ability to learn a part, he is a ritualist of the first rank, and delivers a charge with grace, fluency and a superb voice. As a business man, moreover, he stands among the best. Not a slave to red tape, not a miser, he still insists on the utmost care in the expenditure of Temple money, and says the time to explain any unusual expenditure is before it is made, not when the auditing committee begins to function.



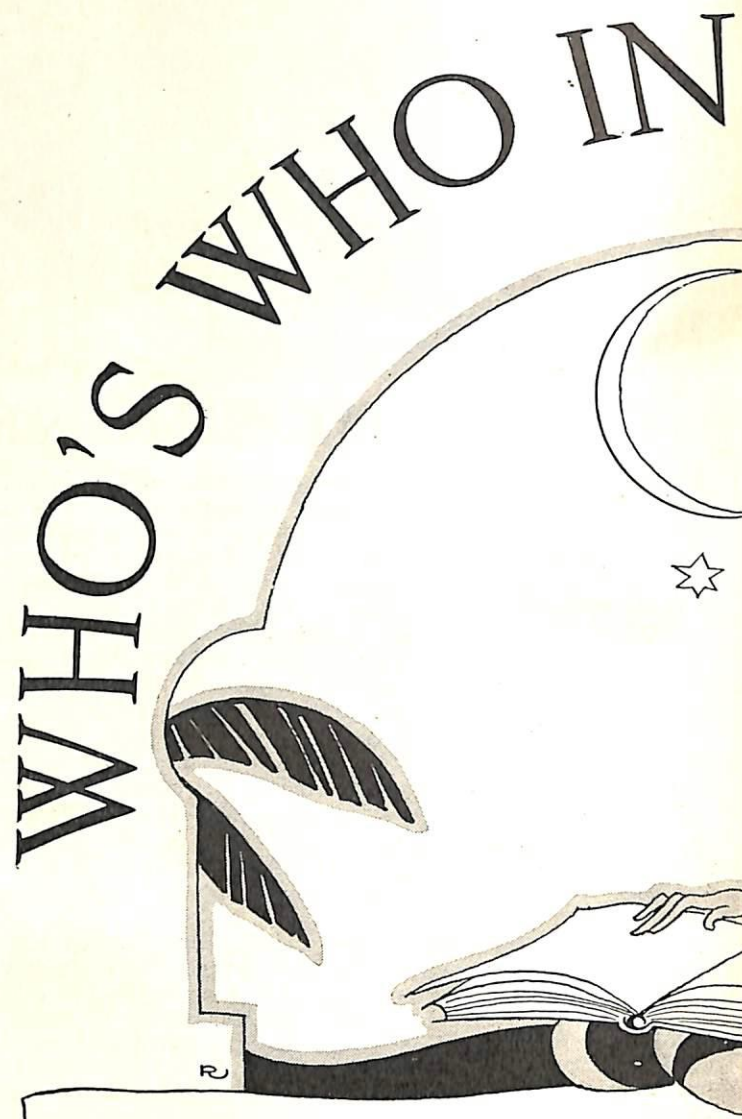
NOBLE JOSEPH W. COFFIN

Potentate, Cristobal Temple
Canal Zone

Joseph W. Coffin, Cristobal, Canal Zone, is not only an illustrious, but a high Potentate in Abou Saad Temple, six feet six inches in length—and claims to be the tallest of them all, not in captivity, but roaming at large in the jurisdiction.

Noble Coffin arrived in the Canal Zone in 1910, before it was advertised very much as a health resort and three years before Os-

man Temple utilized the natural hot sands there for the first Ceremonial in that region. He went there to play baseball for one season and remained to sell automobiles since. He is



married and has two sons. Noble Coffin was a Representative in 1925 and 1926. His Blue Lodge is in San Francisco but Chapter, Council, Commandery and Shrine are in the Zone. He is an honorary member of Mohammed and El Zaribah.



NOBLE A. J. DICKINSON

Osman Temple
St. Paul, Minn.

Meet Passenger Traffic Manager A. J. Dickinson, of the Great Northern Railroad, commonly known as "Dick," a member of Osman Temple, St. Paul, and a veteran in the service of the Hill line. He began his career twenty-five years ago in the department of which he is now the head. Dick's specialty in Shrine work is routing the Temples regardless of whether his particular line

profits thereby or not, though it is considered by him highly unobjectionable if the Great Northern is selected as the official route. His services have been freely given and highly regarded. Shriners everywhere remember Dick kindly for the persuasive enthusiasm which has at one time or another made them give way to the call of the mountains and spend their vacations in Glacier Park. Dick spends his own intermittent vacations on the lakes and streams of the Park aided by an elaborate outfit of fishing paraphernalia. He hooks a poor misguided and guileless fish occasionally, but usually he has the proverbial fisherman's luck. His grave and solemn mien is thought to be due to a regretful realization that trout



That is the quality that has made Soule the great figure he is in Texas Masonry. He has held many offices, has attended ten sessions of the Imperial Council and is a 33rd degree S. R.

COL. W. A. DeLAMATER

Potentate, Mecca
New York City, N. Y.



Colonel Walter A. DeLamater, Potentate of Mecca, New York City, is a man of many battles and acquainted with warfare. He is Colonel of the Seventy-first Infantry, an organization whose history dates from 1852. He had notable military service in the Mexican border trouble and in the World War, in which as an officer he was cited for exceptional bravery in action and recommended for a Distinguished Service Medal. Seldom has the office of head of a Shrine Temple been filled by a man so accustomed to command. Mecca Temple honored itself by electing as Potentate a man with a record of a quarter of a century in the service of his country marked with many instances of notable merit. He enlisted as a private in 1900 in the Seventy-first regiment, New York, being the first in its history to rise from the ranks to Colonel. He was a Major when the regiment was mustered into federal service on the Mexican border in 1914, receiving special commendation from General John F. O'Ryan for his work under difficult conditions.

Noble DeLamater exhibited unusual ability as an organizer of the National Guard, particularly in forming a provisional company of men detailed from fifteen military organizations, which attained a high state of efficiency and attracted national attention.

He was made Lieutenant Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixth Infantry in France in 1918, afterwards assistant chief of staff of the Seventy-ninth division in 1920. His World War service included the battle of St. Mihiel, Sept. 12, 1918.

Among many citations he received in reports of superior officers the most noteworthy was that from Major General Joseph A. Kuhn, U. S. A., for "voluntary work done under deadly shell fire and without regard to his personal safety," beside others for organizing ability from Generals Berry, Bullard and Summerall.

Colonel DeLamater is a past officer of the Society of American Officers of the United States and a member of the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Army and Navy Square club and other military associations.

Noble DeLamater's Masonic activities have been numerous. He is Past High Priest, Past Commander, a Scottish Rite Mason and a Jester. He is an honorary member of Syria.

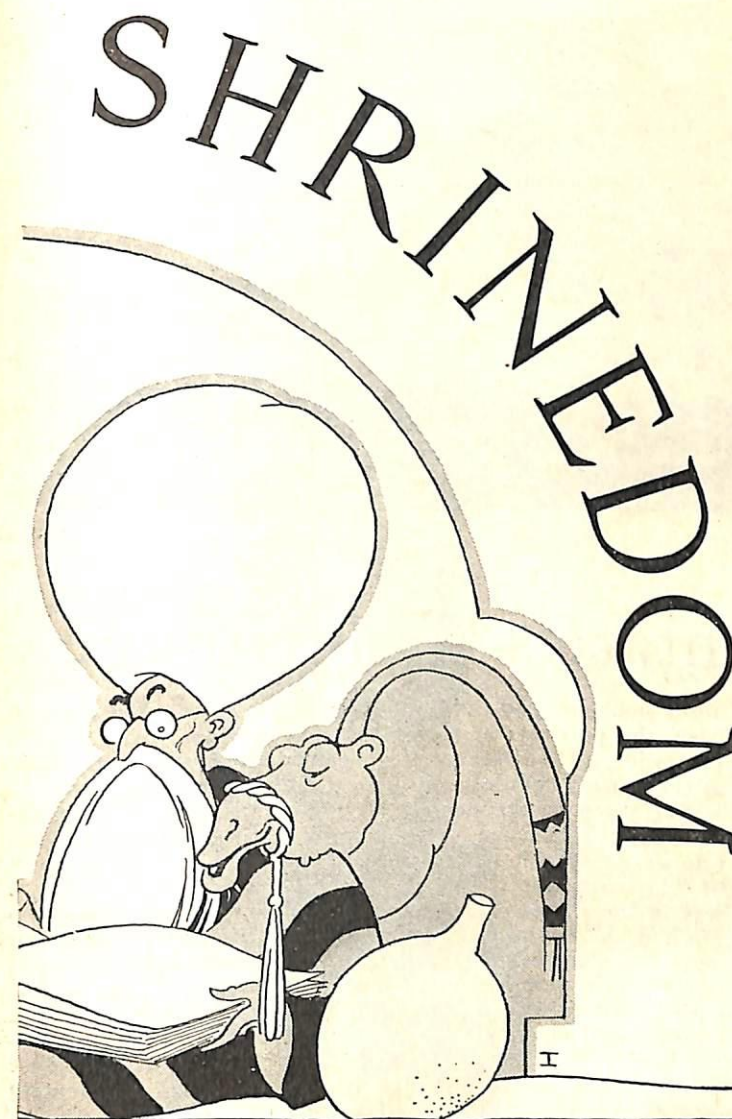
NOBLE JOHN B. ORR

Potentate, Mahi Temple
Miami, Florida



Noble John B. Orr was a big man long before the Florida boom. He was a builder before the speculative era, and will be one, his friends insist, when it is forgotten. Scotch by birth, Noble Orr visited this country years ago, went back to Scotland, but had to come here again. He had no settled plan; the toss of a coin, he says, led him to choose Miami as his future home. That was fifteen years ago, and he stayed in Miami largely because he found a band in which he could play the clarinet.

Noble Orr introduced colored and texture stucco work in Florida—that work that has become a distinctive feature of the state's semi-tropical architecture. He has been potentate of Mahi Temple from the first, and active in all civic and charitable work.



do not accord him the same respect that he gets as a railroad and a Shriner. Noble Dickinson serves most ably on the convention committee of the St. Paul Association.



NOBLE CHARLES A. SOULE

Potentate, Alzafar Temple
San Antonio, Tex.

They tell a story about Noble Charles A. Soule, Potentate of Alzafar Temple, San Antonio, Texas. He was guest of honor, once, at a banquet, and when it came to the speechmaking an eminent minister, a famed orator of the city, made a long speech to and about Soule. The general idea was that when Soule was made all the really fine qualities available for human use in that

century were exhausted; that he was all he should or could be. And, the speech wound up, here was a little token of esteem from the rest of the Nobility. With that peroration went a beautiful plush case—the sort of case that holds gold watches set with jewels.

They crowded around. Wives and sisters and cousins and aunts—all wanted to see the watch. Soule opened the case. He beheld a greenish brass watch, of the kind he sells in his own drugstore for 79 cents when new—and this wasn't new, and had lost its works! Everyone laughed. Then they looked at Soule, and pretty soon they stopped laughing. You can't keep on laughing at a man who likes the joke you have just played on him a little better than you do yourself!



The Imperial Potentate's Pilgrimage

(A remarkable achievement—Ali Ghan at Constitution has her units complete.)

WITH the heels of those seven league boots slightly run down, Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland embarked at Montgomery for a trip of almost two months in the interest of the Order.

Louisville being the first city on the line of march which boasted a Temple, a stop was made at that point between trains. But even though an official visitation was not down on the program, the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland were met at the train by Potentate and Mrs. Lawrence B. Craig, and taken to breakfast at the club. Those present were the Potentate and his Divan with their wives and Sovereign Grand Commander John H. Cowles of the Southern jurisdiction.

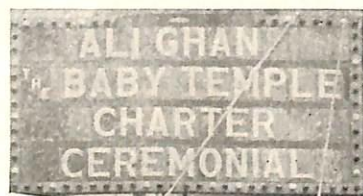
Ashland was the next city visited. The Band and Patrol were at the station to act as escort to the home of Past Potentate Thomas

Field, who was host for the occasion. The afternoon was spent in inspecting the blue grass region from motorcars and in the evening a dinner was given at the home of Noble Field, which was attended by the Divan and Past Potentates. Following this, came a dance and reception at the Masonic Temple, at which place the Imperial Potentate made one of his characteristic and highly entertaining impromptu addresses. The Temple presented him with a handsome silver flower bowl, which Noble Crosland graciously accepted.

Journeying on to Wheeling, two of the old wheel horses met the train—Nobles O. W. Burdats and Dr. George Viewig, who escorted the guests to the hotel. Osiris Temple had just acquired a magnificent colonial mansion

for a clubhouse and the Imperial Potentate was taken there to view the purchase and join with the Jesters. Camp then in possession. The ladies were entertained separately, with dinner at the country club followed by a theater party, while a smoker was arranged for the men. Wheeling is very proud of its glassware factories and tate was presented of glassware for was in the power lishments to perial Potentate talks, which were during this visit tate Crosland

(Harry A. Manley, Potentate of Ali Ghan (The Baby Temple), at Cumberland, Maryland.)



(Left to right: 1-Potentate Harry A. Manley, Ali Ghan; 2-Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland; 3-Potentate George Eisenbrow, Rajah, Reading; 4-Recorder James A. Barber, Syria, Pittsburgh; 6-Potentate George M. Armor, Boumi, Baltimore; 7-Bob Sindall, President Directors National Ass'n, Boumi; 8-Potentate Charles D. Shackelford, Almas, Washington; 9-George Eisenbrow, Jr.; 10-Lincoln J. Frame, Rajah.)



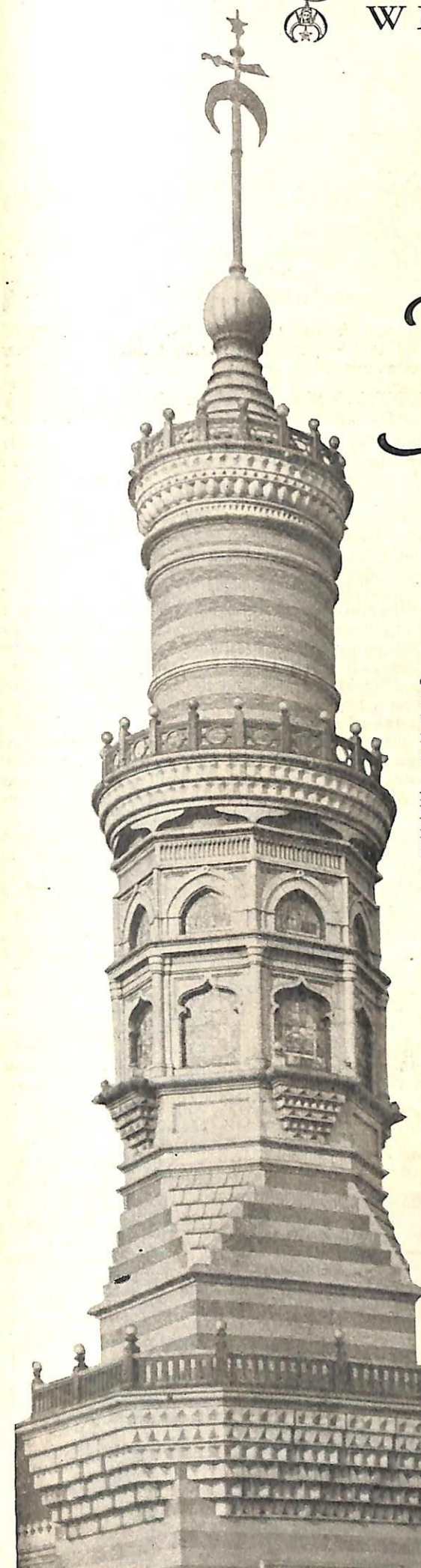
(Elias J. Jacoby, Past Imperial Potentate; Past Potentate and Chairman of the Board of Trustees (The Building Committee) of Murat Temple.)

MURAT TEMPLE'S MOSQUE

(One of the Show Places and Landmarks of INDIANAPOLIS)

MURAT TEMPLE of Indianapolis feels that her Mosque is about as handsome as they come in all of North America. The photograph of the minaret shows with what fidelity the architect has followed the Arabic lines. The original section of the building encompasses Murat theater, one of the fine theater auditoriums of Indianapolis. The right wing of the building was completed in 1923, and with furnishings, the mosque now represents a \$2,000,000 investment. The frontage on North New Jersey street is 212 feet and the building has a depth of 200 feet on Michigan street.

Nobles of Murat are very proud of the minarets of the mosque, the corner minaret is visible from a great distance, the golden scimitar and crescent being landmarks in downtown Indianapolis. In addition to the theater auditorium in the original part of the mosque, which seats 2,000, a social room 103 x 165 is provided on the first floor of the new part and the Egyptian room. An auditorium and dance room on the second floor is [Continued on page 76]



(Photographs by Bretzman)

(Above: The beautiful social room of Murat before it was furnished.)

Left: Murat is proud of its magnificent Mosque. The corner minaret is a landmark in downtown Indianapolis.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES

OF THE TEMPLES and Other News

COMING EVENTS

Jan. 1st—Football game at San Francisco for Crippled Children's Hospital.
 Jan. 1st—Open house by Zuhrah, at the Armory, Minneapolis.
 Jan. 1st—Children's party in the afternoon by El Zagal, Fargo.
 Jan. 1st—Frolic of El Zagal.
 Jan. 1st—New Year Party, Alzafar, San Antonio.
 Jan. 5th—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia.
 Jan. 7th—Potentate's Ball, Yaarab, Atlanta.
 Jan. 7th—Winter Frolic, Ben Ali, Sacramento, at Lake Tahoe.
 Jan. 13th—Terrace Garden Revue, Mizpah, Ft. Wayne.
 Jan. 14th—Ceremonial, Aleppo, Boston.
 Jan. 19th—Ceremonial, Mocha, London, Ont., Canada.
 Jan. 20-21-22—Meeting of Hospital Board, Montgomery, Alabama.
 Jan. 22-23-24—Snow Carnival, Aahmes, Oakland, at Lake Tahoe.
 Jan. 28th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Washington.
 Feb. 4th—Potentate's Ball, Aladdin, Columbus.
 Feb. 11th—Bal-masque, Damascus, Rochester.
 Feb. 11th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Washington.
 Feb. 11th—Ceremonial, Saladin, Grand Rapids.
 Feb. 17-18-19—Ninth annual meeting Directors' Association at Shreveport.
 Feb. 18th—Ball, Saladin, Grand Rapids.
 Feb. 25th—Dance of Gray's Harbor Shrine Club, Hoquiam, Washington.
 Feb. 25th—Terrace Garden Revue, Mizpah, Ft. Wayne.
 March 4th—Informal dance, Aladdin, Columbus.
 June 14-15-16—Imperial Council Session at Atlantic City.
 June 13-14—Meeting of Records' Association at Atlantic City.

SOME COSTUMES TO BE SEEN

All four uniformed bodies of Damascus Temple, Rochester, N. Y., and not the patrol alone, as formerly, will be sponsors for the bal-masque and valentine party planned for February 11th. Potentate Raymond E. West-

bury already has his hands full, making arrangements. It is expected that thousands of dollars' worth of prizes will be offered dancers wearing the most beautiful, original and funniest costumes.

It was the thirteenth time that Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial High Priest and Prophet, made the annual motion that this event take place as usual.

AN INTERNATIONAL CEREMONIAL

British Columbia and the Yukon and also the State of Washington joined in one of the most colorful ceremonials ever held in the Pacific Northwest, when Gizeh Temple was host at Victoria and Nile Temple was there in force. Doings lasting two days were staged at the Royal Victoria Hotel. Nile sent 25 chanters from Seattle, a patrol of 40 men and a band of 60. Vancouver deputed its patrol. More than 1,000 Nobles from other cities, with their families, gathered in Victoria.

BARBACK RIDING

Paraphrasing the words of an old song, Tigris Temple gave a circus, where is that circus now? It is quite a few shekels to the good, according to reports from Syracuse, N. Y. A costly and elaborate list of attractions was brought together. The acts were headed by May Wirth and the whole Wirth family in a daring riding act and they alone were worth the price of admission. On the afternoon of the first day of the circus, 4,000 children from the orphans' homes and other institutions of Syracuse were guests. Tigris also had a successful evening recently, not with sawdust, but hot sands, under the feet of the performers.

OF HISTORIC IMPORT

Cyprus Temple, Albany, has plans already under way to observe, in a fitting manner, its fiftieth anniversary on February 2, 1927.

Potentate Charles H. Johnson, assisted by the Past Potentates, proposes to make this an occasion that will stand out in the history of Cyprus Temple. By the time the event rolls around the present potentate will probably be succeeded by the present chief rabban, Frederick A. Nicholson, who has worked shoulder to shoulder with the po-

[Shrine News continued on page 50]
 Through this Department every month Shriners will be kept in touch with what the Temples are doing.

(The Imperial Potentate on his recent visit to Kosair Temple, Louisville.

(Front row: left to right—John H. Cowles, Past Potentate Kosair Temple and Sovereign Grand Commander, Supreme Council, Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite, Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.A.; Fred W. Hardwick, Representative to the Imperial Council; James C. McFerran, Past Potentate; Lawrence B. Craig, Potentate Kosair Temple; David W. Crosland, Imperial Potentate; Henry Vogt, Vice-President, Kosair Temple Association, Inc.; Egbert M. Womack, Past Potentate.

(Second row: left to right—Stephen S. Jones, Past Potentate.

(Third row: left to right—A. R. Kimmerling, Recorder; John G. L. Hagman, Past Potentate; Charles H. Dungan, High Priest and Prophet; Dennis R. Lindsay, Chief Rabban; Mrs. David W. Crosland; Mrs. Lawrence B. Craig; Noel Rush, Treasurer; Lee E. Gralle, Past Potentate; William G. Stiglitz, Oriental Guide.

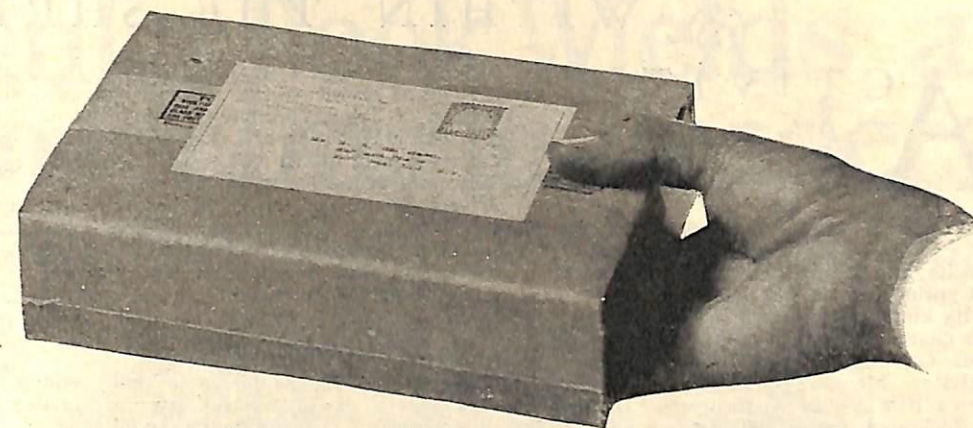
(Fourth row: left to right—Edward J. Miller, Director Kosair Temple Association, Inc. Era F. Schwegel, Antioch, Dayton, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent, L. & N. R. R.



JANUARY, 1927

49

The Book-of-the-Month Club enables you to make sure that you actually obtain and read outstanding books that otherwise you may miss.



Handed to you by the postman— the best new book each month!

IF you are a bookish person, you have probably heard about the Book-of-the-Month Club. Many of the most prominent people in the country have already subscribed to its service. Wherever books are talked about, it is likely to come into the conversation. Frequently, however, the simple idea behind it seems to be misunderstood.

There are hundreds of thousands of intelligent people in this country who are really anxious to keep abreast of outstanding new books, as they appear. But the average person fails to read most of these important books. He misses them because he is either too busy or too neglectful to go out and buy them. How often has this happened to you? "I certainly want to read that book!" you say to yourself, when you see a review or hear a book praised highly, by someone whose taste you respect. But, in most cases, you never "get around to it."

It is to meet this situation, chiefly, that the Book-of-the-Month Club was organized. It takes cognizance of the procrastination that forever causes you to miss the best books; each month, without effort on your part, you will receive the outstanding new book published that month—just as you receive a magazine—by mail!

How is the "outstanding" book each month chosen? How may you be sure it is a book that you would care to purchase anyway? In order to obtain a completely unbiased selection, the Book-of-the-Month Club has asked a group of well-known critics, whose judgment as to books and whose catholicity of taste have long been known to the public, to act as a Selecting Committee. They are: Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White.

These individuals have no business connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club. They were simply requested to function as judges, for the benefit of our subscribers, and they agreed to do so. Each month, the new books, of all publishers, are presented to

them. From these, by a system of voting, they choose what they consider to be the most outstanding and readable book each month, and that book is forthwith sent to every subscriber of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Tastes differ, however. You may concede that a book selected by such a committee is likely to be one that you would not care to miss reading. But you may disagree with their choice in any one month. If so, you may exchange the book you receive for any one of a number of other books which the Committee simultaneously recommends. Thus, your choice among current books is no more limited than if you browsed in a bookstore. The only result is—that you actually do obtain and do read the books you want to read. This you won't do, in most cases, if you rely upon your present haphazard methods of book-buying.

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WM. ALLEN WHITE



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES of the TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48])

tentate, and will be the head of the Temple.

Cyprus Temple was the fifth organization of its kind to be formed in this country. It was chartered February 2, 1877 and five days later Oriental Temple, of Troy, began its activity. Mecca Temple of New York was then a little over five years of age. Damascus, of Rochester, was established four years after Mecca, the date being June 7, 1876. Mt. Sinai, of Montpelier, Vt. received its charter October 31, 1876 and Al Koran, of Cleveland, Ohio, was given its authority November 16, 1876.

By this time Albany Masons had made up their minds that Albany should have a temple of its own, and they were overjoyed on the night of February 2, 1877, when officers of the Imperial Council came to Albany with the charter.

Naturally Albany Shriners have a warm spot in their hearts for the Shrine, for Albany was the home of William J. Florence, a famous actor, who collaborated with Dr. Fleming in forming the parent organization.

Details of the observance of this golden anniversary celebration are now being developed and will be completed during the term of the present administration.

The second annual session of the Imperial Council took place in Albany, the session being conducted in the old Masonic Hall in North Pearl street, when the Masonic fraternity had its home in the Perry Building. The first Imperial Council session took place in New York City, June 6, 1876. The fourth and fifth annual sessions were held in Albany on February 5, 1879 and February 4, 1880.

It was just an old-fashioned basket picnic for the members of Irem Temple and their immediate families, with the fez, a smile and the 1926 card the only requirements to participate to the fullest extent.

There were sports for everybody, prizes, golf playing, which was limited to nine holes as the rush of the amateurs was so great.

The following week, Irem Temple, which is at Wilkes-Barre, gave an open air Ceremonial at the Country Club.

Ainad, East St. Louis, has erected a monument to the memory of Past Potentate William Robert Brown of that Temple. The Band and Patrol in uniform and a large number of friends attended the ceremonies, the tribute of Past Potentate Charles H. Spilman being a masterpiece.

Abba, Mobile, took the camel out of the cedar chest and paraded the streets of York, where fifty candidates were given an insight into Oriental mysteries—and other things.

DOINGS IN MILWAUKEE

A grand review of the uniformed organizations of Tripoli Temple, escorting Potentate Frank W. Sisson of LaCrosse, was given for the benefit of the women of Tripoli and Wisconsin consistory at Milwaukee recently, after a Ceremonial. A Shrine ball followed. The Women's auxiliary of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children gave one of the largest social affairs in its history at the Astor Hotel. The proceeds were used to provide various comforts for the little patients, as well as Christmas cheer.

The children ruled supreme at Kenwood Park, Pa., the day of the picnic given by Syria of Pittsburgh. Dancing, music, joyful songs, feasting and sports were the order of the day.

Each child was given an envelope containing tickets good for one prize gift bag full of—well, it was a surprise! Souvenirs were distributed from early morning until late at night.

There was dancing continuously, two orchestras having been engaged for the occasion. Races of all kinds were indulged in, with prizes for every one competing, the water sports program being elaborately and admirably staged in a million dollar swimming pool. The most sensational feature was a Chinese life saving exhibition. There were more than fifty bathing beauties. The patrol, the band, the Legion of Honor and the Stunts Committee were the subjects of well earned congratulations.

The children ruled supreme at Kenwood Park, Pa., the day of the picnic given by Syria of Pittsburgh. Dancing, music, joyful songs, feasting and sports were the order of the day.

Each child was given an envelope containing tickets good for one prize gift bag full of—well, it was a surprise! Souvenirs were distributed from early morning until late at night.

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The most sensational feature was a Chinese life saving exhibition. There were more than fifty bathing beauties. The patrol, the band, the Legion of Honor and the Stunts Committee were the subjects of well earned congratulations.



R. G. Blanc, Treas. St. Petersburg Shrine Club. Virgil C. Almand, Pres. St. Petersburg Shrine Club. Dr. A. S. York, Sec'y. St. Petersburg Shrine Club.

The St. Petersburg Shrine Club (Below) which owes allegiance to Egypt Temple, Tampa, Florida, was officially opened November 15th to one of the largest crowds of Shriners ever gathered in that city. The Club has every possible comfort and convenience, with facilities for the entertainment of over 1000 persons at a time.

The Nobles whose photographs are shown above have given liberally of their time and efforts to this enterprise and should be proud of the result.



BOUMI TRAVELS EAST

A large class of Maryland Eastern Shore Masons was given the Shrine degree at Ocean City by Boumi of Baltimore, 1,200 Nobles taking part. Potentate George M. Armor was in charge of the ritual while Robert A. Sindall, Assistant Rabban, supervised the second section. The Baltimore crowd went by chartered boat, picking up delegations at Love Point, and Salisbury.

At Easton, while the band was giving a 15-minute concert, the members of Boumi met little James Avery Smith of that place, who has returned home after a year's stay at the Springfield, Mass., Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, greatly improved in health. W. J. Highfield, Illustrious Potentate of LuLu Temple, Philadelphia, and his divan were guests at the Ceremonial.

William E. Wellman was in charge of hotel reservations for the Baltimore delegation, while Ralph H. Grier was in charge at Salisbury and Ocean City. Practically all hotels at Ocean City were filled by the Shriners.

Heads of Boumi's uniformed units are J. Newman Numsen, captain of Boumi Patrol; J. Edward Kirwan, drum major of the Drum and Fife Corps; James M. Scott, director; Allan Cleaveland, president of Boumi Chanters, and Newman C. Holmes, bandmaster.

The Washington Park Zoo in Milwaukee, now has a baby camel known as Commodore, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dromedary, who were presented to the city during the administration of Past Potentate Frank M. Weinhold in 1923.

The cost of the parent camels was raised in connection with the band and patrol fund campaign.

The gorgeous and historically accurate costumes at Ismailia Temple's third annual masque and fancy dress ball at Buffalo, N. Y., made a sight worth witnessing. More than 3,000 persons were present. Some of the Nobles came attired as great figures in history.

Zuhrah, Minneapolis, had its Potentate's Grand Ball, November 8, using the Lyceum theater and Marigold Gardens for the event. Pictures were shown at the theater and the patrol put on a drill at the gardens. Dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

Beni Kedem Benefit fund has a most remarkable record, its membership being 3,674, death benefits paid \$320,323, covering 96 deaths. The total cost to members has been \$105.60 and the assessment last year was only \$25.30.

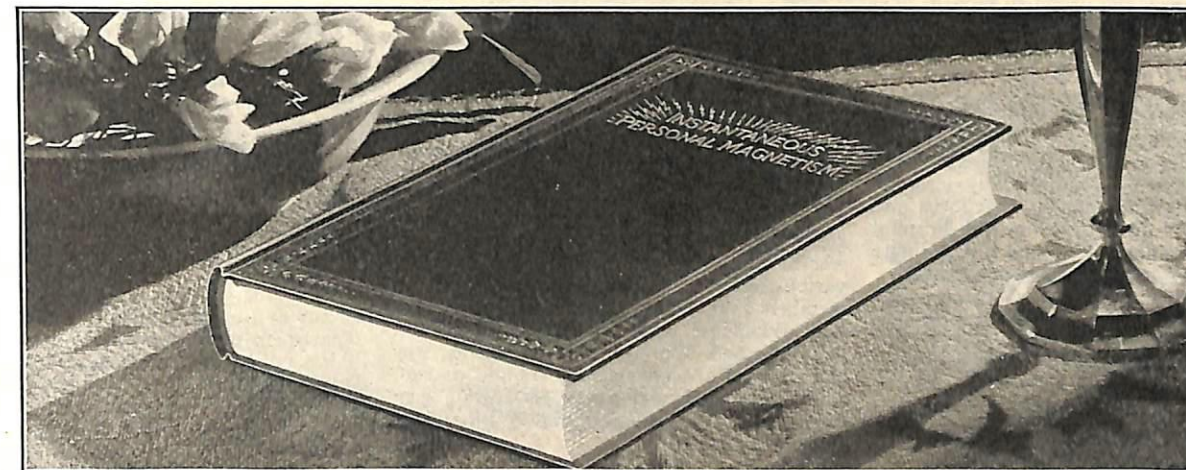
Hella, Dallas, entertained the membership and families at a formal dance at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, admission being had by 1926 card.

El Karubah, Shreveport, has voted to sponsor a band at the Masonic Orphanage at Alexandria. [Shrine News continued on page 52]

JANUARY, 1927

This Singular Book Wiends a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a **MAGNETIC PERSONALITY** almost instantly!



Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then SENT FOR A COPY!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ORDERED COPIES FOR THEMSELVES!

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality INSTANTLY! It explains how to gain OVERNIGHT the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—INSTANTANEOUSLY!

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare

quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into ENTIRELY NEW BEINGS!

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay \$50 or \$100 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL! And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Book Tells You

How to develop a Magnetic Personality
How to use certain Oriental Secrets
How to gain perfect nerve control
How to read peoples' feelings by watching their mouths
How to read peoples' thoughts by watching their eyes
How to develop a magnetic eye
How to make your face appear 20 years younger
How to control others by a glance
How to use Magnetic Healing
How to end awkwardness and timidity
How to attract the opposite sex
How to get ahead in your business or profession
How to make your subconscious mind work wonders
And dozens of other vital topics

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on peoples' feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin. Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined. The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive—luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits!—so profound! so far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful! Like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for \$100,000!"

In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business you will find what these people say to be true. You will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract new friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed that most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!

Read This Book 5 Days Free

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit the Special Wholesale Price of only \$3 in full payment. This volume was originally published to sell at \$5—but in order to reach as many readers as possible—it is now being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once, before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—so clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 180-A, Meriden, Conn.

RALSTON UNIVERSITY PRESS,
Dept. 180-A, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only \$3.00, in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

Aladdin Temple, Columbus, has made two delightful pilgrimages to cities within its jurisdiction during the past few months. The first was to Steubenville to join with the Steubenville Shriners and Masons in the observance of the annual Masonic picnic for children.

The second was to Chillicothe, where a visitation was made to the big Government Hospital for the care and treatment of the sick ex-service men. An unusually interesting program in which the band, chorus and patrol took part, was given at the hospital for the entertainment of the unfortunate patients.

In both Steubenville and Chillicothe colorful parades, which were highly appreciated by the citizens generally, were given. In addition there were interesting concerts and drills given in both cities.

Aladdin has definitely adopted the policy of making several pilgrimages annually to cities within its jurisdiction.

Three thousand members of Ismailia Temple, Buffalo, N. Y., and their friends, attended the annual outing at Harrisburg Park, and had a wonderful time, probably the most engrossing event being that of the pie-eating contest between Judge Rowe, Jas. D. Morrell, and Henry Seilheimer. Almost sensational was the bogus boxing contest put on between Potentate Jas. D. Morrell and Al. Pankow.

A special election to fill the post made vacant by the death of High Priest and Prophet John W. Swatek, Medinah, Chicago, resulted in the unanimous advancement of Oriental Guide Artie Jones to that post and the election of Noble Al Hancock as Oriental Guide to fill the vacancy created by the advancement.

Salaam, Newark, conducted a most successful trip to the Bermudas recently. The Patrol, Band and Drum and Fife Corps were among the passengers. While the boat accommodates 600 at capacity, the limit was placed at 500 for the purpose of comfort. Potentate Curtis W. Merrill was personally in charge of the trip.

Ainad, E. St. Louis, varied the monotony of business sessions by inviting the wives of the Nobility to attend at the same time, to be cared for by the wives of the Entertainment Committee. After the session had adjourned a watermelon feast was arranged.

Colonel Walter A. DeLamater, Potentate of Mecca, New York, took possession of all the concessions at Palisades Amusement Park and gave free rein to the Shriners and their families. Similar outings have been arranged for later.

Several thousand Harrisburg citizens attended the annual outing of Zembo Temple of that city. The doughnut contest, limited to the fair sex, proved the most enjoyable event of the day.

Al Bahr, San Diego, put on a rather unique notice in the form of a summons of their intention of having some dances arranged for.

India, Oklahoma City, insists on having the Shrine optic occasionally turned that way and has successively and successfully arranged a picnic, where the Nobility were hosts to the children, a golf tournament and a Ceremonial. Just by way of being unusual at the latter event, the first and third sections were put on in the afternoon, there was a banquet with the ladies present and then the hardworking business men retired to give the Novices their just and proper due, while the ladies were entertained at Harding Hall. After cessation of hostilities at the Temple, the evening was given over to dancing.

Kalif, Sheridan, Nobles, headed by Potentate I. H. Young, in cars labeled "Kalif Temple Basin Pilgrimage," left Sheridan for a trip across the Sheridan-Lovell road en route for Thermopolis, where a Ceremonial was held. They arranged for parades at the various cities they passed through, additional members joining the party at each stop. In the overnight stop cities—Lovell, Cody, Greybull and Worland—entertainment was had by way of smokers, dinners and dances. The Ceremonial was a success from every point of view and was followed by a banquet and grand ball.

Aleppo, Boston, not only had the temerity to choose the 13th of the month for their outing but ran a special train of 13 cars as well. The remarkable thing is that, even with initiation on that occasion, no fatalities were reported.

The annual outing was in the nature of a clam bake at Westport. Prior to embarking candidates were elected and initiated. There was a program of field sports.

Contracts in the amount of \$285,000 have been awarded for the construction of the Sahara Mosque, at Pine Bluff, Ark. Work is now under way and it is confidently expected that the building will be practically complete within a year.

Ararat, Kansas City, had its annual "cut up" occasion and it was as big a night as the committee had predicted. The children just ate up the 5000 free rides and the older folk were not far behind in their enjoyment of the various offerings.

More than 4000 attended the annual recreation turnout of Al Koran, Cleveland, at Chippewa Lake. The Shriners had secured exclusive use of all concessions and they were most generously patronized.

El Korah, Boise, carries insurance on all Novices the day of the Ceremonial. Sounds like a joke at first, but a little thought may recommend it for consideration at the hands of other Temples.

Hella, Dallas, put on a thrilling picture at one of the local motion picture houses, invited the children of Shriners and presented them with souvenirs.

Kazim, Roanoke, put on a Ceremonial at Norton, Va., the Band, Patrol and Divan using a special train for the trip.

Ben Ali, Sacramento, ushered in the fall and winter activities by a basket picnic, concert and dance.

Bulletin No. 3, Records Association, directs attention to the fraudulent activities of the following: Thomas Francis Calhoun, claiming Los Angeles as his home city. Newton Murphy, Bridgeport, and Wm. G. Hill, Jamaica Plains, Mass., have lost their cards, which seem to be in possession of impostors, who are using them to defraud; R. A. Whittemore, Kansas City, is also operating under that name and other aliases. Any information regarding any of the above will be appreciated by the Secretary of the Records Association, W. M. Cooley, Knoxville, Tenn. The police should be notified and the parties held pending advice from the secretary as to the various activities. In the meantime, the Nobility is cautioned not to honor checks or loan money to strangers without proper endorsement or identification.

El Jebel, Denver, put on some sensational stunts at their annual outing at the Rocky Mountain Country Club. Things started with a bang and an aerial exhibition, a special fire department drill, dancing by forty Sioux Indians, music by the Band and games and contests by the score. But the feature event was put on by the fliers from the observation squadron of the Colorado National Guard. Wall scaling and life saving exhibitions by the fire department made quite a hit. The Patrol was responsible for the departure from the beaten routine of picnic programs.

Twenty-five races and athletic events marked the annual outing of Syrian Temple at the zoo. There was a dinner in the evening and later a Fall Fashion Pageant, concluding with a Charleston. Noble Ray Rebmont acted as master of ceremonies. The affair was under the direction of a committee headed by Noble Joseph D. Engelbert.

Al Chymia, Memphis, had an outdoor party at East End park. Led by Director E. K. White the Band gave an entertaining concert, Captain James W. Hunt put the Patrol through their paces and a number of high grade vaudeville sketches were presented. The balance of the evening was given over to dancing.

Nile Temple, Seattle, invited all the Shriners on the big fleet at anchor in that harbor to join with them in the annual picnic, at the new country club at Lake Ballinger. The response was encouraging and the usual games were played with added zest, the gobs contributing largely in this department.

Brown Point, Wash., Shriners extended an invitation to their fellow members at Tacoma, to attend a "likitchees piah," which is Indian Chinook for clam bake. Hyas Tyee Jerry Meeker and Tenas Pappoose Jeremiah had charge of the bake.

Almas, Washington, chartered two boats and gave an outing at Marshall hall on the Potomac. Prizes for beautiful babies, Charleston dancing and other events were awarded. It took five trips of the two steamers to accommodate the crowd.

Taking a special train, the boys from Elf Khurafah, Saginaw, trekked to Cheboygan, making stops and parading at Gaylord, Grayling, West Branch and Standish. The Ceremonial was all that was hoped for, the ambitious Novices being reduced to a proper frame of mind.

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

JANUARY, 1927



**No More
Blades to
Buy**

**365
Keen Shaves
A Year
From The
Same Blade**

**KRISS-KROSS
Fits All Makes
of Blades**

**100% SHAVING
SATISFACTION
AT LAST**

You men with wiry beards and tender skins who have tried everything in the shaving line—and still are dissatisfied with results—here's the permanent answer to your problem! Just try KRISS-KROSS once—and you'll never dread your morning shave again!

M. H. Rhodes, Pres.

Amazing Invention Revolutionizes Shaving

THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade! That's what the revolutionary invention of a St. Louis man is doing for American shavers everywhere!

KRISS-KROSS marks the beginning of a new era in shaving, comfort and economy. Its performance is so sensational that it seems hardly fair to call it a stropper. Rather it is a super-stropper or blade-rejuvenator! Almost literally, it makes a new blade out of an old one every day. No longer do you find that your blades "die" after five or six shaves. KRISS-KROSS "brings 'em to life" a surprising way, week after week and month after month—and endows them with a keenness that they never possessed when brand-new! Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it as much as 100% in eleven seconds with KRISS-KROSS! No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

Magic Diagonal Stroke

Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted its sturdy, nicked smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity yourself, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous diagonal stroke, same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of re-producing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all, KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled

mechanical reproduction. It stropps from heavy to light. It's absolutely uncanny the way the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you that your blade is ready—ready with the keenest cutting edge that steel can take!

Fits All Blades

KRISS-KROSS produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any razor blade for months and even years. Fits all brands and makes except Durham. Eliminates 83% of shaving costs and ends all bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" and scraping with dull ones, either! No more stinging and smarting that has to be relieved

with messy lotions and harsh astringents. KRISS-KROSS solves your blade problem for all time and gives you keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever—the kind you've only dreamed of until now!

Sensational Offer


And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of rustless metal. All one connected piece—nothing to assemble or screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

Get Free Offer

Send for details and information on these surprising new KRISS-KROSS inventions today. See for yourself exactly how uncanny and ingenious they are. Read the amazing praise of enthusiastic users including many of America's famous men. Clip the coupon for illustrated description and free razor offer. Fill it out now! Mail it today!

AGENTS!
Make excellent money with KRISS-KROSS. FREE razors boost your profits amazingly. H. King made \$66 in one day. N. C. Paige made \$104 in 3 days. Others average \$350 and up to \$750 a month. Spare-time workers, Office and Factory men make \$6-\$12 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employees. S. Kantala made \$154 extra just working evenings 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

3 Razors in One



MYSTERY RAZOR FREE

Most astonishing razor you ever saw. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any shaving position. Novel feature reduces beard resistance 45% and simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. Nothing like it ever on the market before. I'll send you one FREE to introduce KRISS-KROSS super stropper. Limited offer. Find out about it today.

Rhodes KRISS KROSS STROPPER

RHODES MFG. COMPANY, Dept. A-821
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Missouri.

Largest Manufacturers of Mechanical Stoppers in the World.

**Rhodes Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. A-821,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.**

Without obligation, please send me illustrated description and full details of your special introductory offer on KRISS-KROSS super stropper and FREE 3-way razor.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

() Check here if interested in making money as authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.



WITHIN THE SHRINE



[Shrine News Continued from page 52]
CELEBRATED GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Mt. Sinai, Montpelier, Vt., was organized on the 31st day of October, 1876, and was Temple No. E. The outside attendance was large, Imperial Deputy Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, from Providence, and Imperial Outer Guard Leonard P. Stuart, Washington, representing the Imperial Divan. Other distinguished visitors were: Potentate Arthur J. Boutwell, Bektash and Noble Fred. A. Marden, Mayor of Concord; Recorder F. Lawrence Walker, Almas, Washington; Past Potentate R. I. Durfee, Palestine, Providence; Potentate John R. Temple, Chief Rabban John E. Trail; Assistant Rabban, Norman G. Krapp, the Patrol, Band and floor directors of Cairo, Rutland. Melha, Springfield, sent Potentate John A. Webster, the Band, Patrol and Legion of Honor; Karnak, Montreal, was represented by Potentate Percy A. Clarkson, Recorder William Macklaier, D. Fred Morgan, J. MacDonald, Thomas Essery, William McNally, Thos. S. Currie and the Arab Patrol; from Cyprus, Albany, came Secretary Watt, Board of Trustees and Nobles Fred Nicholson, Nordin J. Shanbrook, Elmer Ross, and A. P. Coates.

The parade was an extensive one, several hundred Nobles from different Temples participating. The class consisted of 55 Novices and the stunts were put on by the Directors of Karnak, Cairo, Melha, Bektash and Mt. Sinai. The city hall was crowded in the evening when the Imperial Officers and prominent visitors were introduced. Addresses were made by Nobles Dunbar, Stuart and Watt.

This celebration had a double significance in that it marked the fiftieth year of service by Recorder Charles H. Heaton, in acknowledgment of which he was presented with 50 chrysanthemums.

The entire affair was exceptionally well planned and carried out.

Arabia, Houston, embellished its latest Ceremonial with a prologue showing an Arabian Court of jewels, a ballet Egyptian, an Oriental group of four young misses and the St. Louis hop and Charlestown by Houston Red Heads. Potentate J. Dixie Smith received congratulations on the originality of the performance as well as on the size of the class. The visiting ladies were entertained by Mrs. Smith.

A big delegation from Almas, Washington, attended the Ceremonial of Acca, Richmond, at Leesburg, Va. Mayor Harrison presented a gold key of the city to Potentate Carter N. Williams. Band concerts and Patrol drills brought all the people of the city to the storm center.

Shriners Day was the big day at the Rochester, N. H., fair, Bektash of Concord putting on a Ceremonial there which drew about 2,500 of the befezzed host.

A chartered train from the Twin Cities carried a crowd to the Ceremonial of Aad, Duluth, at Bemidji, where 35 Novices were shown the way to Mecca.

There was plenty of punch in the Navy day smoker of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, eight fast boxing matches and two wrestling contests being on tap.

Bulldogging wild and fast steers was proficently demonstrated at the rodeo put on by Tebala, Rockford.

The Divan of Kalurah, Binghamton, accompanied by the Patrol, Band and Drum Corps, as well as a large number of the Nobility, made a pilgrimage to Norwich, New York, for a Business and Ceremonial Session. At the instigation of the Central New York Shrine Association, the membership of which is divided between Kalurah Temple and Ziyara Temple of Utica, New York, it was decided to hold this ceremonial in Norwich at the Colonial Theater, and due to the tireless efforts of the officers of the Central New York Shrine Association, the affair was much larger and more successful than had been anticipated. A representative class of seventy-eight novices were initiated, and the Stunt Committee was one hundred percent efficient in their operations.

At 5:00 p. m. a buffet luncheon was served, and following that, a street parade through the principal streets was enthusiastically received by the citizens of Norwich. Edwin B. Pendleton, President of the Central New York Shrine Association, and Morris F. Ford, Secretary and Treasurer, were ably assisted in the organizing and operation of this affair by Jesse L. Millsbaugh, Frank Zuber and Zur W. Craine.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1926-27	
DAVID W. CROSLAND, Alcazar	Imperial Potentate
CLARENCE M. DUNBAR, Palestine	Imperial Deputy Potentate
FRANK C. JONES, Arabia	Imperial Chief Rabban
LEO V. YOUNGWORTH, Al Malaikah	Imperial Assistant Rabban
ESTEN A. FLETCHER, Damascus	Imperial High Priest and Prophet
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL, Aleppo	Imperial Recorder
WILLIAM S. BROWN, Syria	Imperial Treasurer
THOMAS J. HOUSTON, Medinah	Imperial Oriental Guide
EARL C. MILLS, Za-Ga-Zig	Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
CLIFFORD IRELAND, Mohammed	Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
JOHN N. SEBRELL, JR., Khedive	Imperial Marshal
DANA S. WILLIAMS, Kora	Imperial Captain of Guards
LEONARD P. STEUART, Almas	Imperial Outer Guard

Mt. Pleasant, Ia., was host to Kaaba, of Davenport, who went over and warmed the sands for a herd of Novices. Potentate Alex Forrest commanded the invaders. The Wesleyan College was decorated and the whole town had a carnival appearance.

Headed by Potentate Chas. D. Hall, Nobles of Alzafer Temple, San Antonio made a six day auto tour of Gulf Coast and Rio Grande Valley points, for fraternal and fellowship visits with members of the Temple.

Nile Temple, Seattle, gave its usual successful annual picnic to which were invited all the widows of the Nobility in addition to the Nobles and their families.

Osman, St. Paul, called the witches into consultation and as a result had a Hallowe'en party with many startling and pleasing features.

Potentate Z. E. Marvin of Hella Temple, Dallas, invited the potentates of the other temples of Texas to share with him in a unique Ceremonial recently. Each of the visiting dignitaries occupied one of the stations in the first section, as follows: Potentate, Sully B. Roberdeau, Ben Hur, Austin; Chief Rabban, William H. Calvert, El Mina, Galveston; Assistant Rabban, Dr. J. Hal Gambrell, El Maida, El Paso; High Priest and Prophet, Sam M. Mason, El Karubah, Shreveport; Oriental Guide, W. S. Cook, Moslah, Fort Worth; First Ceremonial Master, J. Dixie Smith, Arabia, Houston; Second Ceremonial Master, Charles D. Hall, Alzafer, San Antonio; Marshal, L. C. Puckett, Karem, Waco; Captain of the Guard, R. E. Shepherd, Maskat, Wichita Falls; Outer Guard, R. P. Smith, Khiva, Amarillo. The Ceremonial Directors of each temple put on its favorite stunt in the second section.

Medinah Temple had 147 candidates at what was called its Dedication Night class to celebrate the anniversary of the opening of its mosque, the magnificent building being hardly large enough for the vast throng of fez-bedecked participants. A feature was the presentation of a saddle and bridle to Will R. Neff, in recognition of his many and long services to Shrinedom in general and Medinah in particular. The gifts were appropriate to the traditional Arab, though how much he will use them in the desert of Illinois or the oasis of Chicago, instead of a gasoline steed, is not so clear. Potentate E. Edwin Mills presided. Richard E. Kropf gave the charge to the class and Joseph G. Rowley the oriental lecture.

A caravan from Al Kader Temple, Portland, found a temporary oasis in Baker, Ore., recently, and while there put the usual tests to a score of novices, following a session of Eastern Oregon Scottish Rite Masons. Phil Metschan was in charge as potentate.

With a PERSONAL TINGE

The Philadelphia Association of Retail Druggists gave a testimonial dinner to Noble George W. Fehr, in November, in recognition of twenty-five years continuous service as treasurer of that organization. The attendance was large and the menu most inviting, while the entertainment covered every field of vaudeville, followed by dancing.

Noble Daniel Nash Morgan, Pyramid, Bridgeport, has served his city as mayor and his country as United States Treasurer under President Cleveland. He is 80 years of age, but was among those who received the Imperial Potentate on his recent visit.

Thomas M. Askren, Potentate of Nile, Seattle, Mrs. Askren and the Nile divan were special guests of William D. Askren, Illustrious Potentate, and the rest of Afifi Temple, Tacoma, at the potentate's annual ball. The two potentates are brothers.

Noble George S. Parker, Tripoli, Milwaukee, a manufacturer of Janesville has just returned from his third trip to China in five years.

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 11]

my way to most important business . . .
 "Doubtless," she interrupted sardonically, "to kiss the wife of your best friend!"
 "None knoweth," he rejoined, "except Allah—and I . . ."

"And she? And—I beseech the Prophet it be not so—her husband?"

"Here—because of the beseeching, O moon of the world!" He pressed a gold piece into her hand.

She salaamed; touched the hem of his burnoose with her lips:

"Sahite, yah h'bibi—thanks, O my friend!"

She went on her way and he laughed as he tried to imagine what they would think of him—his aide-de-camp, so stiffly, Englishly correct, and the other European officials and their immaculate wives—if they could see him, hear him now. How shocked they would be! Well—let them! What did they know of life—the spice and joy of the free life that hides beneath the burnoose? Boiled mutton and tennis, intolerance and green tea, the London Times and a record bridge score—such was their slogan, their ambition, the cycle of their existence.

Turning a corner, he entered the quarter of the negroes and half-breeds.

There—in a tangle of alleys so narrow that the sky above the roofs revealed scarcely three yards of breadth, and that at times the copings met and cornices and balconies seemed to interlace like the outriggings of native craft in a Malay harbor—the black and the brown, the tan and dun and yellow dwelled together in amity and powerful odors.

In spite of the late hour the quarter was still crowded. For Africa never ceases working—a little—and bickering and laughing—a great deal.

From open-air kitchens the sound of frying escaped and the reek of sizzling fat. Through unglazed windows drifted the scraping of stringed instruments, the wailing of reed pipes, and ever and again, from the distance, like a grim counterpoint, the rubbing of wooden drums with their portentous, staccato measure. In front of the houses the men squatted on their haunches, smoking and spitting, chewing and cackling, while the women swapped gossip or upbraided their husbands and their offspring in high, shrill accents, and while children of all ages and all degrees of nudity played and screamed about the alleys.

No doors. At least no doors that closed.

Doors here had no official function.

Puddles everywhere. Heaps of offal, refuse.

A gigantic half-breed, drunk with hashish, cutting through the throng as a knife cuts through cheese, roaring out a shameless bazaar song with the full power of his lungs.

People laughed. They joined in the chorus. So did Sir James.

He loved it. Loved it all. Loved the confusion, the tumult, the riotous life of it. Loved the very smells, strong, acrid, cloying.

This was freedom, he thought. There were no fetters here of scarlet and gold; no gall of pompous British restraint no blighting inhibitions clouded by a white man's traditions and prejudices.

He continued on his aimless way, drinking in the sounds, the sights, the scents.

Once he tripped, nearly fell, over a tiny, tame, pot-bellied buffalo cow that was wallowing and nosing in a puddle of warm, blue slime.

"Damnably unsanitary" said the governor in him.

"Glorious! Free!" rejoined his new-born Moroccan self. "Africa! My Africa!"

He walked on.

Quite suddenly he realized that his feet, as if obeying some secret back-cell in his brain, were carrying [Continued on page 57]

Cultivate this good habit

Each day more men and women are learning that good health and beauty are dependent upon the condition of teeth and gums. They practice simple preventive measures. And they never forget to go to their dentist at least twice a year.



4 Out of 5 Pay Pyorrhea's Price

Unless a vigilant guard is kept against it, Pyorrhea steals into the mouth and starts its deadly work. Its poison creeps through the system. In its wake follow rheumatism, anemia, stomach troubles and embarrassing facial disfigurement.

It takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Don't fear these uneven odds. With a little care you can protect yourself against Pyorrhea. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination, once every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night.

It is the one dentifrice specifically designed to combat Pyorrhea. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of this disease.

Start using Forhan's for the Gums, tonight. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course if used regularly and in time.

It firms gum tissue and keeps it sound. It keeps teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

As health insurance and protection against Pyorrhea, use Forhan's. Teach your children this good habit. Get your first tube, today. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
 Forhan Company, New York

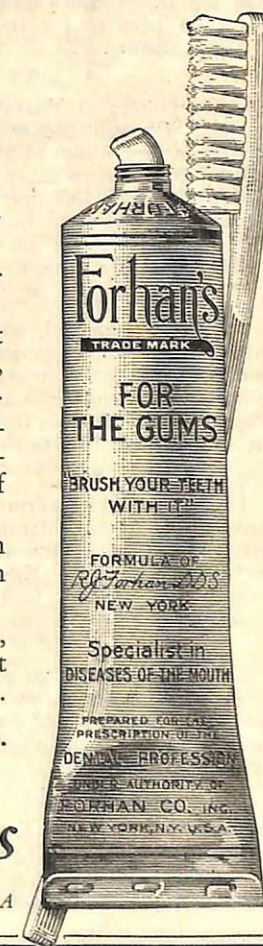
Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

We'll Make This Promise



Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, odorless, refreshing Forhan's Antiseptic once you'll never go back to ordinary mouth-washes that only hide bad breath with their tell-tale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic is a success. Try it.





WITHIN THE SHRINE



With a PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54])

Chief Rabban Charles H. Grakelow, LuLu, Philadelphia, had a great home-coming party when he returned as the Grand Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. E. Hundreds of his friends were at the station to greet him and on every side the prophecy was made that "here comes the next mayor." A dozen motor cars awaited the party and the floral decorations on the car occupied by Mr. Grakelow were lavish in the extreme. There was a parade, in which sailors and marines and uniformed members of the Elks, Artisans and LuLu Temple joined. A reception was held in the ballroom of the Elks Club where the Women's Auxiliary of the Philadelphia Elks presented Noble Grakelow with a gold gavel and the Florists Club gave him a huge bouquet. Then a second reception was held at LuLu Temple.

Hon. George S. Henry, Controller MacGregor, Alderman Howell, John O'Connor, managing director of the Toronto Publicity bureau, and A. Maccomb, Recorder, have been appointed by Rameses Temple, Toronto, to consider and report on the advisability of endeavoring to secure the 1928 gathering of the Shrine. Toronto estimates that it would have to prepare for the entertainment of 400,000 visitors.

Fifty Nobles of Yaarab Temple met and gave a farewell dinner to Noble Al LaVaque in recognition of his activity in Shrine work since becoming a member of that Temple. Noble LaVaque has removed from Atlanta to attend to his duties in the new position of division superintendent of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

Potentate John H. Lewis, Calam, Lewiston, Ida., feeling that the longer such a movement is delayed, the less accurate the result, has appointed a committee to compile a complete history of the Temple from date of application for dispensation to the present time.

Discussion of the storm in Florida brought forth the fact that Potentate E. Edwin Mills, Medinah, Chicago, shipped the first trainload of goods over the Key West railroad—twenty-eight cars of fruit from the Isle of Pines.

Noble Michael Barry, who earned his title of Judge, has been named Moderator of the Wisconsin Synod of the Presbyterian church, being the first layman since 1897 to be so signally honored.

Noble John Philip Sousa, Almas, Washington, wrote "The Thrush" especially for the concert given under the auspices of Rajah Temple, Reading.

Noble D. W. Crosland is the youngest man ever to occupy the post of Imperial Potentate, being but 48 years of age when installed.

Grand Master D. H. Mooney of Wisconsin is a member of Tripoli, Milwaukee.

Colonel Simon J. Murphy, Tripoli, Milwaukee, of Green Bay, Wis., and Pasadena, Cal., called on Milwaukee during the Neptune Frolic at that city, his floating palace, the Aria, attracting much attention. Tripoli members turned out in force, and the Colonel received a most cordial welcome to his old haunts.

Noble J. Frank Davis, Alzafar, San Antonio, who achieved fame as the writer of the second or "American" section of the 20th degree, S. R., Northern, is the author of a new play now on the boards known as "The Ladder." Noble Davis is well known to the readers of many of the popular magazines.

When Past Potentate Harry Caswell, Melha, Springfield, secured his first car years ago, he drove it down town and then forgot all about it, returning to his home in the usual street car.

Dr. Fred S. Cook, Eau Claire, Wis., and a member of Tripoli, won the state championship at the meet of the Wisconsin Trapshooting Association.

The famous magician—Nicola—is a member of Medinah, Chicago, and was the guest of honor at a Tripoli luncheon club meeting.

Noble Frank L. McNamara, Tripoli, Milwaukee, has been elected Grand Commander, K. T. of Wisconsin.

SHRINE CLUBS

A new Shrine Club has been organized at Benton, Ill., known as the Franklin Shrine Club. Officers are Mack Taylor, President; Thos. W. Frazier, Vice-President; J. A. Johnson, Secretary and W. M. Roth, Treasurer.

City Manager Charlton Karns of Knoxville, Tenn., seldom goes to a burlesque show, but he is very fond of figures. He told Knoxville Shriners at their luncheon club what a pretty thing a budget is and the delights of making one.

Nobles from Atlantic, Malvern, Griswold, Elliott and many other towns attended a banquet of southwestern Iowa Shriners at Red Oak recently, at which Potentate George L. Garton of Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, was the principal speaker.

Potentate Rees, Crescent, Trenton, and Mrs. Rees were honor guests at an entertainment given by the Camden Shrine club. Mrs. Rees was presented with a large bouquet, while the Potentate received a handsome chair.

Beefsteak, broiled or fried, was the ladies contribution to a largely attended dinner and entertainment of the Hudson County, N. J., Shrine club.

Cowlitz Shrine club journeyed to Kelso, Wash., recently for a meeting and dinner. B. M. Oyster organized the program.

Nobles of Al Bahr Temple, San Diego, will be slightly elevated, in a strictly proper sense, when they occupy the new \$10,000 club house which they are planning. It will be located on the high Vallecitas point in the Laguna mountains and will overlook the Salton sea, the desert, Imperial Valley, Mexico, Arizona, the Coronado Islands, the Santa Barbara Islands and a large expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Take a telescope along if you visit the place. The club grounds will cover 15 acres, while 75 more will be held in reserve, to be bought by individual Nobles. This is a realization of a plan set under way three years ago.

The Pasadena Shrine Club appropriated \$200 from its treasury, besides taking up a collection for clothing and food for poor families during the Christmas season. President A. F. Hamill appointed Charles Everard chairman of the committee in charge.

David Smith, Potentate of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, gave an address at a recent meeting at which Nat Farnum of the West Coast theaters presented a lively program.

Youngstown, Ohio, has a live-wire Shrine Club with a membership of 900 Nobles, representing many temples. The city is under jurisdiction of Al Koran, of Cleveland. The Shrine Club meets every Tuesday noon in the Y. M. C. A. Bert Daugherty is president.

John R. Elliott, manager of the new Keith-Albee Theater, and Charles B. Carson, newspaper writer, a member of Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, Pa., have charge of the entertainment part of the luncheons. The attendance is large weekly. The patrol and band of Al Koran, with Potentate William Kissick, Cleveland, staged a splendid ceremony at the Hippodrome, Youngstown, this Fall, and initiated 56 novices into the mysteries of the Shrine.

The new Shrine Club house at Pine Lake, Ark., 15 miles south of Little Rock, is the pride and joy of Al Amin Temple. Potentate Jerome G. Burlingame will never cease rejoicing over it. The cost is approximately \$100,000. It is one of the finest in the South. Workmen have been busy preparing golf links, costing \$65,000, on the reservation.

A ball for Nobles and invited guests, the annual banquet and dancing party for members and their wives and a family picnic are three prominent social events on the calendar of Cowlitz Shrine Club, Longview, Wash. A joint session with the Clark County Club resulted in a good time for all.

An old-fashioned plantation cakewalk and jubilee were part of an operatic minstrel show given by the Hollywood Shrine Club. The play was written, rehearsed and produced by President Harry D. Howell.

Tigris, Syracuse, gave its first family picnic, in which the Auburn Shrine Club took an active part, and the attendant success assures repetition annually. Noble Harvey N. Smith was general chairman.

Because of the great number desiring to attend its fall dancing party, the Lansing, Mich., Shrine Club had to give notice that no masculine guests but Shriners would be admitted.

The Shrine choir of LuLu Temple took a prominent part in the celebration in Philadelphia of the 244th anniversary of the founding of that city by William Penn.

[Shrine News Continued on page 58]

JANUARY, 1927

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 55]

him toward the Burra-Burra bazaar—toward the old house where, years ago, he had taken part in the mystic rites of the Lodge of the Bi Sharai dervishes.

They were no more, these Bi Sharai. They had been dispersed: had paid the price of anti-European intrigue. Still—he wanted to take a look at the Lodge-house, for old sakes' sake.

A few minutes later he found it where it sealed the end of a narrow cul-de-sac that ran the gamut of tall walls where a Moslem cemetery stretched to both sides.

The road was empty of life. There was hardly a noise except the rustling of the wind in the stiff palm fronds and, high up, the melancholy, fluting cry of a tired desert bird dropping through the air like a spent bullet. Even the tapping of the wooden signal drums seemed very far away, muffled—a memory of sound.

He looked at the house.

The same old house. Windowless. Unadorned. Only the gate a superb slab of saj wood, elaborately carved.

Silent it was. Deserted.

His old brothers and sisters of the Mother Lodge—where were they?

Perhaps their ghosts still lived within . . . Ah!—he gave an uneasy little laugh—if at least their ghosts would speak to him, would welcome him!

And, hardly realizing what he was doing, obeying a queer impulse, he knocked on the gate with the knuckles of his left hand.

He knocked in a peculiar way, like a telegraph operator, with dots and dashes, short pauses and long pauses. Seven times he repeated the knocking.

Then, a moment later, he gave a start of surprise, sucked in his breath sharply, when, from the inside of the house, he heard his knocking echoed, with dots and dashes short pauses and long pauses, seven times; when he heard a patter of feet, a crinkle and swish of silken garments—when the door creaked, opened warily for the space of half an inch—and, without seeing the speaker, he heard the first question of the ancient ritual:

"Whence do you come, O pilgrim?"

Like a man in a dream he gave the correct reply:

"From a ruby glowing in the mist!"

"Where do you go, O pilgrim?" asked the voice.

"To the golden ray of the midmost sky!"

"With whom do you travel, O pilgrim?"

"With every one! Yet with none!"

"What are the threads, O pilgrim?"

"They are the threads which enmesh my soul!"

"Who holds these threads, O pilgrim?"

"My own hands—and Allah the One!"

"Which is the ring, O pilgrim?"

"This—" as Sir James inserted his left hand through the slit of the door.

A pause.

Then:

"Enter, brother!"

And the door stood wide, and Sir James entered the house of the Mother Lodge.

The door closed behind him with a dry, dramatic little click of finality.

The one who had asked him the password and let him in was a woman. She stood there, sharply outlined in the yellow rays of the lamp which she held in her hand. She was very small, very old, her dead-white face a mass of wrinkles, dressed in a loose robe of coquettish and decidedly unbecoming rose-pink and with a head scarf to match. Her scrawny neck, her bony wrists and ankles were encircled by clanking, precious, barbarous jewels.

"What a hideous old scarecrow!" he thought.

Still—there were her eyes, immense, deep-brown, gold-flecked, [Continued on page 59]

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

Take Orders for
This Wonderful
Suit at \$9.95



C. E. Comer,

President of the Comer Manufacturing Company, wearing a Comer suit. Look at the style! Notice the fit! And the amazing low price! Think how easily you can sell hundreds of these suits. Mail the coupon AT ONCE for full details.

This Suit \$9.95
Only



In addition to the big earnings, I have a plan whereby you can get a Chevrolet Coach to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon for full details.

If you are looking for the big chance—your real opportunity to make money—this is it. If you have the ambition and the vision to go after \$500 to \$1,000 a month profit for yourself, then you will realize that this is the one opportunity you have been looking for.

STYLISH, LONG-WEARING SUIT

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the left is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

WEARS LIKE IRON!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

TREMENDOUS DEMAND

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit \$9.95
for Only

Think, \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. A million suits a year is our objective. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money, we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere, through whom our customers can send us their orders. Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

Complete Selling Outfit Sent Free

If you want to make \$10 to \$20 a day, if you want a chance at this big money-making opportunity, mail the coupon below. We will send you our complete selling outfit absolutely free. With it will come full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete description, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. Comer, Pres., THE COMER MFG. CO.
Dept. 24-U, Dayton, Ohio

MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 24-U, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send me at once complete selling outfit on your new \$9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as \$1,000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SHRINE CLUBS UNIFORMED BODIES

Places and Dates of Meetings

Cleveland—Al Koran, Mondays, Hotel Statler.
 Evansville—Hadi, Thursdays, Shrine Club House.
 Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
 Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
 Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
 Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Mondays, changing each week to a different hotel.
 Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
 Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Schrom's Restaurant.
 St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
 San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
 Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
 Washington—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
 Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
 Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
 Columbus—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
 Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
 Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.
 Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
 Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
 Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Building.

* * *

The Shrine Club, Minot, N. D., is having its hat stretched so as to meet requirements, due to the successful Ceremonial arranged by Kem of Grand Forks, under their supervision. A special train left Grand Forks, carrying the invaders with their instruments of torture and uniformed bodies. The first official function was the reception to the Potentate and visitors, followed by a concert by Kem Band and drill by the Patrol. Then came the parade, the Ceremonial and the buffet lunch. Considerable time was given over to matters pertaining to the Twin Cities unit, Past Potentate Gill of Aad, Duluth, being present, representing the Board of Governors of that hospital. The class was extremely large and furnished much merriment to the assembled Nobility.

* * *

The Bloomington, Ills., Shrine Club, is made up of members of different Temples and has a large roll call. The officers are: President, John A. Scott; Vice-President, Harry E. Wilson; secretary, Charles E. Dagenhart and treasurer, Clair R. McElheney; directors, Byrd H. Bowman, Oscar A. Muhl, Herman Behrend, George B. Perry, Charles E. Baxter and Jerry C. Sampson.

* * *

The Shrine Clubs in the Desert controlled by El Zagal, Fargo, give an annual game dinner on the same date in November, exchanging greetings by wire.

* * *

Syria Auto Club, Pittsburgh, took in the West Virginia State Fair at Wheeling on their September run.



(Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, the able Drill Master of Medinah Temple's famous Drill Teams.)

CA MAN OF IDEAS

Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, Medinah, Chicago, is not of the number that, having garnered all the honors possible, retires from active life and becomes one of the carping critics on the side line. Not on your continued existence. Frank just rolled up his sleeves as soon as he got through with his national job and took over the Medinah Drill teams, which he brought to a state of near perfection. But it is not only as a drill master that Noble Roundy has made a great big mark. He is eternally and forever evolving something in the line of new, unique and entertaining features with which to greet each visiting Imperial Potentate, departing about as far from the ordinary staid reception as the North Pole from that of the South.

He broke out first with Imperial Potentate Dykeman, when the Patrol put on a drill that was precision itself for the period it represented, the time of the burgher fathers. Knickerbocker costumes were used and the drill was as stately and slow as the old time minuet; then came Imperial Potentate Cutts, who was greeted with swash-buckling Southern Colonels, attired in gray with the proper slouch hat, and trained to emit the famous Rebel yell. Next came Imperial Potentate McCandless from Honolulu and that Patrol in Hawaiian dancing girl costume was certainly what is slangily termed a "knockout."

When Imperial Potentate Burger drifted in from Colorado, the Patrol was there in mining costume, with lamps on hats and picks on shoulders; the Cowboys greeted Imperial Potentate Chandler from Missouri, with the mule not missing, and the climax was reached at the recent reception tendered Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, when cotton pickers in the most nondescript costumes sauntered leisurely on to the stage munching at their watermelon. Nobody would have thought it possible for them to put on a drill that would be anything but a burlesque, but after they got through with the by-play everybody was satisfied that it was a drill that was anything but a burlesque. Medinah is to be congratulated on the continued and able activities of Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy.

* * *

Bluefield maintains both a Drum Corps and Patrol in connection with the Shrine Club of that city. All three organizations are connected with Beni Kedem, Charleston.

* * *

Pyramid Band and Patrol journeyed to Norris, from Bridgeport, Conn., to aid the Armistice Day celebration.

* * *

Ararat Mounted Patrol, Kansas City, attended Bible Class at the Country Club Christian Church.

Company C, Medinah Patrol, Chicago, arranged a party with eighteen motor cars at Yorkville, the objective being the home of Captain O. E. Crossey. The boys presented Noble and Mrs. Crossey with a beautiful chime clock, on which was engraved the personnel of the company. LuLu of Philadelphia had presented Company C with a silver serving platter and this was presented at this time. The company is preparing for a series of dances in Chicago the coming season, alternating between the north, south and west sides of the city.

MISCELLANEOUS

Recorder Carl A. Ramsey, Mizpah, Fort Wayne, also asks that the Fraternity be advised of the operations of one W. A. Hermann, who claims to be a Mason but not a Shriner. He is or was operating in Ohio and Indiana, using checks for small amounts.

It would be the part of wisdom to know just who a person is before being obliging enough to honor his check. Ordinary precautions will protect against the unworthy, while in no wise interfering with the extension of proper courtesies through proper channels to those in need. Call up your Recorder and refer any applicants for help of this character to him for attention. If they are entitled to it he has the proper means for ascertaining that fact; if they are not, the action will be the means of protecting yourself and disappointing the operator.

* * *

Recorder Reynolds, Terre Haute, desires to warn the Nobility against honoring any checks issued by a man purporting to be Raymond F. Davis. Noble Davis is a member of Zorah Temple, but does not belong to the York Rite and the imposter has a forged set of credentials purporting to come from the Chapter and Commandery and issued to Raymond F. Davis. Checks offered are usually signed Mrs. R. F. Davis and endorsed by R. F. Davis. Amounts run around \$25.

HERMAN REHBORN APPRECIATED

Emeritus Member Herman Reborn, LuLu, Philadelphia, whose absence from the last session of the Imperial Council was occasioned by illness, which resulted in his death, was one of the most active members of LuLu Patrol for many years, served as Representative to the Imperial Council for a quarter of a century and was probably as well known and popular as any member of that body. The Representatives of Khartum, Winnipeg, with whom he was frequently brought in direct contact, passed resolutions of regret and sympathy with LuLu Temple in the loss it has sustained. Noble Reborn was a sincere and loyal friend, an active worker and an earnest Mason.

ORIGINATED SPLENDID PROGRAMS

Noble A. F. M. Custance, Aad, Duluth, for thirty-four years an instructor in the Duluth High Schools, died at his summer home at Fond du Lac after an illness of only a few days. Noble Custance organized the Shrine Girls of Duluth, and for each Ceremonial prepared a musical play, original both as to music and subject matter. He created the Scottish Rite quartette, composed the music which is used in the Shrine work, and much that is used in the Consistory and Blue Lodge. He also was musical director at St. Paul's Episcopal church of Duluth. An active useful life has come to an untimely end.

[Hospital Notes on page 74]

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 57]

and they stared at him with a queer, pleading expectancy.

Silently she stared. It made him nervous, uneasy. He was relieved when finally she spoke:

"Salaam aleykoom!"

"Aleykoom salaam!" he returned the greeting courteously.

Again she was silent; again stared at him with that same queer, pleading expectancy; again spoke:

"You have been away a long, long time, Ali el-Andalosi!"

"Oh—" he gave a start of surprise—"you know me?"

"Yes. And you—" she took a step forward—"don't you remember me?"

He looked at her, searching her face. He had no idea who she was and told her so.

She smiled thinly.

"My memory is better than yours," she went on.

"Well—" he suggested apologetically—"there were so many of us in the days gone by." Then, as she turned without a word, opened a door at the farther end of the entrance hall and was about to step through, he stopped her and asked: "Won't you tell me your name?"

Her reply came in a low, throbbing voice: "I am Sitt Miriam."

"You are—oh..." he exclaimed incredulously—"you—you are...?"

"Sitt Miriam!" she repeated. "Yes! By Allah and by Allah!"—mockingly—"you remember—now? Ahee!" her laughter rose shrilly, ironically—"and once you swore upon the Koran, swore upon your own and your mother's honor, that you would never forget me—never, never, never!"

"I—why..." he stammered, not knowing what to say—"I—oh..." He slurred; stopped; rapidly added a white-lie because of the remorse and pity in his soul: "I knew you all the time, Miriam. I was only jesting. I..."

"Why tell an untruth to hide a broken vow?" she interrupted bitterly. "Why wear a veil upon a veil?"

"We were young then," he rejoined dully; and, quoting the Meccan proverb: "During youth love is a flower."

"And when we grow old," she countered, "the flower of love withers into hay—and then the oxen eat it." She shrugged her shoulders; crossed the threshold. "Come! The others are waiting and wondering who the pilgrim is."

She walked ahead, down a long corridor that, twisting and turning, dipped steadily underground, while he followed like a man in a daze, his memory surging back across the span of time, crashing into an air pocket of forgotten passion.

Sitt Miriam—he said to himself—Sitt Miriam of the Bi Sharai... and how lovely she had been with her waxen face so small and soft and round, her little body so exquisitely chiseled, her blue-black hair folding over her tiny ears like a raven's wings, her red, red lips!

How young she had been—how young he! His first love—and how profound it had seemed at the time; mystical; yet logical in its utter sense like the mating of wind and fire, leaping all barriers of racial and ethical inheritance. Poignant it had seemed, and restless and radiant and inscrutable; inevitable, like the forces that bind the planets and the suns; unerring, like a stream flowing to its sea goal.

The nights he had spent in her arms—the scent of musk and sandalwood—and, through the silence of the nights, her haunting, small voice diving straight to the core of his life.

"I love you! I love you so! Never was there love greater [Continued on page 61]

"Billiards is the most fascinating game I know and it's easy to play."

AL JOLSON

[Famous stage star—
one of the greatest living entertainers.]



"Of all the games and sports I know there are few that compare with billiards in sustained interest, fascination and everlasting enjoyment."

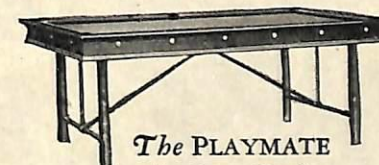
"Billiards, or pocket billiards, offers all the excitement, thrills and keen competition for which one could ask. It is easy to play or I couldn't play it. It's one game of which I never tire."

When a man like Al Jolson—an expert in entertainment and amusement—who loves sport and can afford to indulge in it in any way he desires—can pay billiards such a high compliment, it must be a wonderful game.

Thousands, of course, share Mr. Jolson's enthusiasm. But many more would be just as ardent fans if they

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AGENTS

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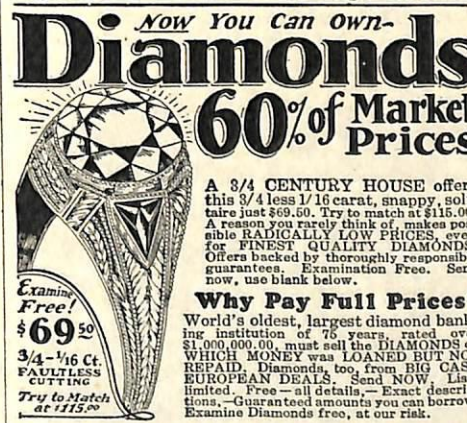
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 46)

Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Rochester, and Past Potentate O. W. Burdats, Osiris, Wheeling, joined the party. Luncheon was served at the hotel, the ladies were entertained by Mrs. Proctor, while the Potentate and Divan were hosts to the men visitors.

In the afternoon a reception was tendered Mrs. Crosland from 3 to 5 o'clock and in the evening separate banquets were spread for the ladies and Nobles. The Imperial Potentate, Imperial High Priest and Prophet and Dr. Burdats were invited to address the ladies and their remarks were most cordially received. Imperial Potentate Crosland addressed the men also, the main strain of his discourse having to do with hospitals and convalescent homes. A magnificent Italian marble-top table was presented him by the Temple, which was ac-

cepted with graceful appreciation. Entertainment was given the ladies the next morning at the country club, where lunch was served. In the evening separate banquets were served the ladies and gentlemen and on Sunday, Noble McLain was host at his home. Later, Imperial Treasurer Brown entertained at the country club.

From Pittsburgh, the party journeyed to Akron, where that live youngster—Tadmor—was putting on its last Ceremonial under the guidance of Potentate Robert E. Lee, Past Imperial Potentate C. V. Dykeman and Past Potentate Clifford H. Bradt, Kismet, Brooklyn, were also in attendance at this session, as were Potentate Samuel G. Wells, Dr. O. W. Burdats and Dr. Viewig, Osiris, Wheeling. The uniformed bodies were at the station, and a large escort attended the

Imperial Party to the hotel. A motor trip in the afternoon was followed by dinner at the country club, after which the ladies attended the theater, while the men went to the sacrifice of the Innocents. Potentate Bob Lee put all the punch into the Ceremonial that was possible even for him.

The Imperial Potentate was the recipient of a tremendous ovation and his remarks were listened to with close attention and enthusiastically applauded. Noting that the Imperial Potentate had been in the habit of carrying his cigarettes in the original package, Tadmor presented him with a gold cigarette case and that no partiality might be shown, Mrs. Crosland was the recipient of a beautiful vanity case. "Dixie Dave" won especially hearty approval for his acceptance speech, which was in a particularly happy vein.

On the way to Altoona, the Imperial party was met by Chief Rabbah and Mrs. McDougal of Jaffa Temple and escorted into the oasis, where they were joined by Potentate Frank W. Acklin and his Divan and from there to the hotel where dinner was served, the ladies being present. In the afternoon the Imperial Potentate inspected the Mosque and in the morning a special train was boarded and the trip to Lock Haven, where the Ceremonial was to be held, begun. En route, stops were made at Tyrone and Bellefonte, where parades were put on for the benefit of the spectators and recruits added to the party.

On this trip, Imperial Outer Guard L. P. Steuart, Almas, Washington, presented himself as the representative of his Temple to escort the party to that oasis. The ladies were entertained by a drive, lunch at the country club, and card party, while the male section proceeded to provide fitting reception for 117 weary sons of the desert, who wanted to be made over into expert camel drivers. From comments on those lucky enough to survive, a perfectly satisfactory piece of work was done. A parade and drill held the boards after the Ceremonial, and the ladies joined the party at dinner. The usual enthusiastic reception was accorded the Imperial Potentate's remarks, both in his message to the Nobility and in the acceptance of the magnificent 100-piece china set presented by the Temple. A dance at the Masonic Temple completed a day that ignored union hours, from start to finish.

Imperial Outer Guard Steuart then took the party in charge and the start was made for Washington, where, on arrival, Potentate Charles D. and Mrs. Shackelford, and indefatigable Noble James Hoyle and wife received them, escorting them to the hotel where breakfast was served the guests and Divan and Past Potentates of the Temple. It was here that things were brightened by the arrival of that modest, shrinking violet—Bob Sindall, Boumi, Baltimore, President of the Directors' Association, who claimed to be in charge of Potentate George M. Armor, Past Potentate Wm. G. Speed, Recorder Bigelow and the other members of the Baltimore delegation. In the morning, Imperial Potentate Crosland, accompanied by his party and the local officials and guests, placed a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, was received by President Coolidge, visited the Georgetown monument and finished the afternoon with a drive around the delightful suburbs of the nation's capital.

(Continued on page 64)



(The above photograph was taken at one of the most historically famous spots in America—old Ft. McHenry, Md. Its bombardment by the British in 1814 was Francis Scott Key's inspiration for "The Star Spangled Banner.")

(Front row: Robert A. Sindall, Ass't Rabbah, Past Potentate Wm. G. Speed, Boumi; Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, Noble George M. Armor, Illustrious Potentate, Boumi; Harry A. Manley, Potentate, Ali Ghan, Cumberland; and J. Henry Kraft, Past Potentate, Boumi.)

(Second row: Noble Clyde N. Friz, Chief Rabbah, Boumi; Noble Lewis H. Uhrig, Noble H. Newton Schilling, Col. Wm. P. Screws, Alcazar; Noble Wm. F. Bohnenberg, Potentate's Body Guard, Noble E. Palmo Dowell, Potentate's Aide and Director of Publicity, Noble Wm. P. Bigelow, Recorder, Boumi; Wm. V. Masson, Dramatic Director, Boumi.)

(Third row: Noble S. M. Rider, Ismailia; Noble J. Purdon Wright, Imperial Representative.)



(This photograph was taken during the Imperial Potentate's visit to Pyramid Temple, Bridgeport.)

(First row: Mrs. David W. Crosland; Mrs. J. G. Schwarz, Jr.; Mrs. J. R. Watt; Mrs. F. B. Griffin.)

(Second row: James R. Watt, Daniel M. Morgan, Fred Atwater; Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland, John G. Schwarz, Jr., Potentate, Pyramid; Edward R. Gailer, Potentate, Kismet; Fred B. Griffin, Potentate, Sphinx; O. F. Burghart.)

JANUARY, 1927

THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

(Continued from page 59)

than mine! And never will there be!" "Except mine!"—his invariable reply.

Then fate had taken a hand in the game in the form of promotion and imperial duty: he had been sent away from Saharistan to the Gold Coast as assistant deputy commissioner.

At Kasambara he had really lived a double life, sometimes as James Forsythe, properly British, sometimes as Ali el-Andalosi, rather less properly Arab, never allowing the two sides to overlap. He had explained his absences to his superiors and his colleagues by telling them, truthfully enough, that he was studying the natives; and to the latter including Sitt Miriam, that he had business—vaguely—in Morocco or the Sudan. So she had become used to his comings and goings.

But when he had told her, on the eve of his departure for the Gold Coast, that he was leaving the country, perhaps for a long time, she must have felt a premonition. She had cuddled close against him, the moon rays streaming through the window, weaving metallic glints into her tresses, shining with the changing glow of liquid gold on her tear-stained face, stabbing diamond points into the brown depth of her eyes.

"You will surely return?" she had asked.

"Yes, yes!"

"You will not forget me?"

"Never, never, never!"

"Swear it upon the Koran! Swear it upon your own and your mother's honor!"

So he had given oath; had gone away the next day.

The months had passed. The years. Other promotions. A steady rise up the official ladder. Service all over Africa. And the memory of her growing dim, finally vanishing.

Well—he thought with savage self-irony—he had broken only one half his vow. He had forgotten her. Yes. But he had returned. Here she was, wrinkled, withered, prematurely old with the pitiless age of the tropics where fruition is swift and decay swifter . . . the woman who had been dearer to him than the dwelling of kings.

He gave a repulsive little shudder as he recalled how once she had lain in his arms, how once he had tasted on her lips life's most amazing beauty and sweetness.

"Damned caddish thought!" he said to himself the next moment; and, obeying an impulse, perhaps to make up for the ugly reaction he had felt, he stepped forward.

"Wait!" he said.

She stopped; looked at him questioningly. He bowed low and kissed her hand.

She gave a short laugh.

"Hai!" she exclaimed. "Is it my hand this day? Allah, Allah—and once it was my mouth you kissed! My mouth—ah—which is still longing for the touch of yours. I love you—I love you . . . no, no, no!" with a hysterical catch in her voice—"I do not love you! I hate you! And do you know why? Because you have forgotten me—you think? No. For is there a man in Allah's seven creations who does not forget? I hate you because age has come to me, dimming my eyes, shriveling my breasts, crinkling my skin. And you—you are still young . . ."

"Is that reason enough to hate me, Miriam?" he interrupted.

"Of course! Wah! Are there not still kisses waiting for you—and not for me? Oh . . ."

Her words gurgled into a sob. She was silent. Then she went on in a calm, flat voice:

"Have you ever considered that, in this matter of growing old and not growing old, you are almost like a feringhee, a foreigner, a Christian—cursed be all unbelievers!—like an English infidel [Continued on page 63]

Gargle



ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

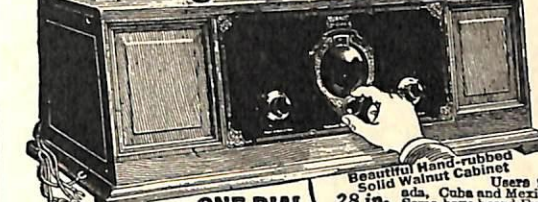
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Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

WE'VE got to get on." That is the firm determination behind the purchase of securities by the American public today. The money so invested has reached in the last year a total never before approached and there is every indication that the flow of capital into the channels of investment will be unchecked during 1927.

The people of the United States have developed new needs, new desires, new objectives and new standards of living with astounding rapidity. They are determined to satisfy those desires and to live up to those standards. In other words, they mean "to get on." Most of them have found that "getting on" single-handed is a tough proposition so they have enlisted the aid of their dollars, making the latter work for them through the medium of sound, interest paying securities. That is what has provided the huge amount of capital which still is coursing through the veins of business.

The amount of money still available for investment is tremendous and there are no indications of a slackening in demand for the securities of the higher class. The country has just completed two years of unquestioned prosperity, with wages high, employment general, industry operating near capacity and business balances on the right side of the ledger. Those conditions have produced the dollars for investment.

In 1920 wages also were high, profits were even higher, and employment was general. The money produced then, however, did not go into investment. It was spent with the abandon of a successful bootlegger trying to impress the hostess of a smart night club. Artisans wore \$18 silk shirts to work. Unskilled laborers bought two pianos at a time and wives of merchants with only moderate sized businesses wore \$5,000 strings of pearls. Instead of investing many spent their Liberty bonds or traded them for fly-by-night speculative stocks. Then the over-filled gas bag burst and business went through a severe period of depression and deflation.

Depression Unlikely Now

Cycles of both good times and bad times are sure to come sometime in the future but the curve following the ups and downs of business has been flattened out. No serious depression or indeed any depression need be feared from the present outlook and this is due in no small degree to the investment habit. In the last two years Americans have come to the conclusion that \$18 silk shirts and right and left hand pianos did not do much toward helping them "to get on," while investments gave them a boost, often at a critical moment. In consequence they turned what might have been a temporary inflation of the bank roll into permanent prosperity.

In speaking of the prospects of the coming year, a manufacturer whose product goes into hundreds of thousands of offices and

who is in contact with widely diversified industries says:

"I do not believe we have either mortgaged the future or exhausted the possibilities of the present. It is the long pull that counts and America is in splendid shape to take advantage of future domestic and world prospects."

Becoming A Banker

It is apparent today that there is no lack of investors or of money to invest. But for that very reason, investors should exercise more care than ever in selecting securities. Remember that when you become an investor, to all intents and purposes you become a banker. But you have no board of directors to advise you and no bank examiner except your own judgment to check you up. When you invest in bonds of a company or corporation, you loan that company your money. About the first thing a banker says to a borrower is, "What do you want the money for?" An investor can ask no wiser question.

The object of any loan should be fully justified or the loan is not a good investment. There are corporations today earning more than fair returns on a normal capitalization which are so overburdened with funded debt as to prevent their securities from being numbered in the first rank.

Another bankerish question it is wise to ask is, "How, as well as when, will you pay it back?" Failure to provide adequate sinking funds for the amortization of debts may mean a refinancing expensive both for the concern and its security holders. Another proper subject of inquiry by the investor is the security behind the loan. It may be that the property involved is so heavily mortgaged in favor of senior securities, having precedence, that adequate protection is not afforded in event of disaster. Look to the tangible assets!

Good Thieves or Poor Managers

Management is a factor which cannot properly be overlooked in purchasing securities. Thousands of legitimate enterprises fail each year. This is not through fraud but in many instances is directly traceable to inefficient management. But the result to the investor is just about the same whether the business in which he invested goes on the rocks because an executive is a good thief or a poor manager.

Not all the businesses were prosperous in 1925 and 1926. Not all lines of endeavor will fare well in 1927. All industries do not respond to prosperity at the same time. Crops rotate according to the seasons, and investments in some lines might well rotate in the same way the expert farmer plants and reaps. For example it would be a mistake to take for granted that a period of intensive prosperity such as came to the coal business as a result of the British

strike would continue indefinitely and make investment calculations on that basis. It would be equally ill-advised to estimate the future of an industry just emerging from a period of depression on earnings recorded during that period.

Taxes are another factor which must be given consideration in all calculations to determine the advisability of and return from an investment. Naturally these vary according to geographical location. But in the case of railroads of this country, for example, they amount to approximately a million dollars a day, a sum which can hardly be overlooked in estimating returns. In the first half of 1926 tax collectors received \$182,474,572 and for the year as a whole taxes absorbed between 6 and 7 cents of each railroad dollar.

Net Not Gross

These figures are cited merely to emphasize the fact that the main thing to consider in sizing up the affairs of a corporation is net income, not gross revenue. Gross income does not indicate profits. It is only through the sums by which gross income exceed costs, taxes depletion, deterioration and other charges, that security holders may receive returns.

Profit margins, as a matter of fact, have been declining steadily. In 1919, 9.28 cents of every dollar of the manufacturers' gross receipts represented net income. This had fallen to 6.35 cents in 1923 with excess profit and income taxes still to be paid. In the last three years the decline has continued.

This does not mean profits have been smaller. Adjustments in the industrial system have increased volume and efficiency of production. So instead of making a larger margin on few units of production, manufacturers have made a smaller margin on a larger number of units. To maintain this increase in volume of production, markets had to be expanded. This was accomplished by lowering commodity prices to stimulate consumption. Thus, in view of present business policies, any concern lacking economy and efficiency of operation may find its net income wiped out although its gross may remain at high level. The two standards by which it is safe to measure investments are safety of principal and regularity of income.

Causes of Loss

Failure to investigate points such as have been mentioned above and to secure accurate information about the companies involved, bankers say, are largely responsible for the losses some untried investors have suffered.

"Congressional investigations have shown that investors in this country in the past have been losing between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000 a year through worthless securities," said one New Jersey banker. "In recent years two books have been published listing securities of 44,800 companies as worthless or obsolete. Yet some investors act about buying stocks and bonds a good deal like my old friend Charley Johns did about whisky. Charley drifted into Boise, Idaho, in the early days after being snowed in for four months in a cabin in the Wind River country. He was paying far more attention to the Bourbon bottle than the contents of his poke warranted. One of his friends tried to take him home.

"Come on, Charley," he said; 'you've had enough.'

"Of course, I've had enough," answered Charley, 'but in the cabin where I holed up, there was a magazine which said that every man, woman and child in the United States consumed a gallon and a half of alcohol a year. I'll not make a liar out of any man for a little personal inconvenience.'

"A lot of investors won't make a liar out of a stock salesman for a little personal inconvenience."

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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 61]

to whose race Satan the Stoned has granted the knowledge of eternal youth?"

He drew back. He was thoroughly startled.

Had she guessed? Did she know? Suppose she did, would she not give him away to the Bi Sharai? It was an embarrassing situation, fraught with ugly, dangerous possibilities. Instinctively he half turned, about to run back, up the long corridor, toward the security of the streets.

But it was too late.

Already Sitt Miriam had stepped forward quickly, had opened the door that led to the underground hall of the Bi Sharai.

The next moment his misgivings became a little less tense. He was almost, though not quite, convinced that he had been mistaken, that she had not guessed his identity. For, as she crossed the threshold, her first words were:

"Here is a pilgrim who has returned to the Mother Lodge after many, many years—Allah be praised!"

"Allah be praised!" came the dervishes' chanting, echoing chorus. It was several seconds before his lungs became used to the stagnant air, his eyes to the blurred, smoke-veiled half-light shed by the swinging oil lamps. He saw fifty or so people, the men outnumbering the women, reclining on silken pillows on the mestabah, an earthen platform that ran around three walls of the room; and the first thing that struck him was their extraordinary gravity. There was about them an aura of poignant, tragic solemnity, as if they were on the brink of some momentous decision.

Silence had followed the greeting. He felt nervous, jumpy; became conscious of a vague wonder, a vague fear.

Why this secret meeting? Why this terrible, eerie atmosphere of tragedy? What were they plotting? And what was he doing amongst them—he, the governor, the Christian? A bull in a china shop, the simile came to him, but with the splinters liable to tear him to pieces.

By this time he had sat down, Sitt Miriam by his side. The silence continued. It was like a sodden pall. His nervousness increased.

Then, all at once, he told himself that, after all, he was the governor.

He had come here on a sort of sentimental lark. He would remain, would see the thing through because it was his duty.

Momentarily he had been afraid. Now he subjugated his emotions to the authoritative commands of his chilly Anglo-Saxon common sense. If he was caught in a trap it would be useless to try force. The odds were hopelessly against him. But he knew Arab psychology. Bluff might turn the trick—and friendship, an appeal to their generosity.

So he looked about the room, studying the faces of the dervishes, groping through the mists of memory to see if he might not recognize a friend of former days.

He did almost at once.

Directly across from him he saw a middle-aged, bearded Arab, with a noble, powerful head, a sculptural outline of figure.

Recognition was mutual. The other rose, simultaneously with Sir James.

"Ali el-Andalosi!" he called.

"Daoud! Daoud el-Medjahiri! Old friend of my youth!" cried the Englishman.

And, as he stepped forward, he heard Sitt Miriam's sibilant, anxious whisper:

"Remember! It was I—I—who sent you the message! The rest your brain will tell you!"

There was something in the hushed tenderness of her voice which convinced Sir James that, whatever the [Continued on page 66]

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 60]

In the evening, the ladies attended a theater party, while the men were entertained at a smoker. And they were entertained! The band "turned loose" about a half hour of melody and 3,000 Nobles showed their appreciation by vociferous applause. The head of each and every Masonic Grand Body was present both at the dinner and at the smoker and all spoke of the mission of the Shrine and how wonderfully well it was being fulfilled. The Grand Master was especially complimentary and spoke feelingly of the loyalty the Shrine had always exhibited toward the Mother bodies. When Imperial Potentate Crosland came down the aisle the entire audience stood and the applause was deafening. His remarks were particularly appealing, paying tribute to the memory of the late Past Potentate Henry Lansburgh and to the present incumbent of the office of Imperial Outer Guard—Past Potentate L. P. Steuart.

The reception accorded his remarks showed the high esteem in which the two Nobles referred to were held.

Then Past Potentate Roe Fulkerson took the stage and entered into a dissertation on "love," which had the boys wondering whether the old man had a proposal up his sleeve or what? His conclusion justified his commencement, when he presented Noble Crosland with the latest achievement in the way of an orthophone. His remarks had been by way of advising just how dear to the Nobility was the head of the Order. To give the Imperial Potentate time to recover, the orthophone was "turned on" and the enlivening air of "Dixie" filled the room. Just to emphasize matters the Band "turned loose" on the same air as soon as the orthophone had finished and the wild Rebel yells were heard all over the house. The Imperial Potentate was just a wee bit flustered, between the talk, the music and the magnificent gift, but when he recovered he responded in a way that brought another salvo of applause that was long continued.

Then things began to happen "according to Hoyle," Jimmy being the ringmaster. Local talent, professional talent and even contributions by a sextette of hill-billies followed one another in fast succession. Atlantic City would be a bit peeved if it could have seen the aggregation of bathing girls that were gathered together by Almas, and the musical turns and dancing were of the highest quality. Four boxing matches were then called on, the show concluding with a battle royal between six gentlemen of the colored persuasion, which kept the house in an uproar until the final tap of the bell. A buffet luncheon followed, where the Imperial Potentate mingled with the boys and they spoke a language that was well understood by both.

In the morning, the entire Divan of Almas and its Past Potentates joined the guests at breakfast and escorted them to the railroad station, where Boumi and Baltimore had put on a special Pullman. Noble E. W. Scheer, also of Boumi and general manager of the eastern lines of the B. & O. placed his private car at the disposal of the Imperial Potentate for the trip to Cumberland.

Potentate Harry Manley, his Divan and most of the membership of the baby Temple, Ali Ghan, Cumberland, were on the platform to greet the arriving guests. Little time was spent in salutations, however, the parade being scheduled for one hour after the guests' arrival. The uniformed bodies

of Ali Ghan and the Band and Patrol of Syria, Pittsburgh, who had paid their own expenses to be in at the accouchement, headed the line, escorting the Imperial Potentate and guests, who were followed by the local and visiting Nobility. As usual the emblematically decorated car of Potentate George Eisenbrown, Rajah, Reading, attracted considerable attention along the line of march.

Arriving at the theater, where the first and third sections were scheduled for the afternoon, the Imperial Potentate announced that the first order of business would be the constitution of the Temple that it might confer the work under its own properly inducted officers and charter. For the constitution, the Imperial Potentate appointed Past Potentate William G. Speed, Boumi, Imperial Marshal; Potentate George Armor, Boumi, Imperial Recorder; Potentate Charles D. Shackelford, Almas, Washington, Imperial Captain of the Guard; Noble R. Sindall, Boumi, and President the Directors' Association, Imperial Outer Guard, to assist him in the work.

Rev. Noble Sharp addressed a hearty welcome to the Imperial Potentate, which was responded to by Noble Crosland in his usual gracious manner. The Band played "Dixie," the visiting Nobles were introduced and asked to stand up as their names were called, no time being taken for the usual speech-making. Boumi Temple, however, just to show the sentiment of the mother Temple to the young offspring, announced that Potentate Manley had been created an honorary member of that body. The chanters then entertained, and the Imperial guest was presented with a handsome set of glassware, made in Cumberland.

At the dinner which followed, the ladies of the Divan escorted Mrs. Crosland to the room, after the men guests were seated, and that she had won a place in the affections of the Nobility was attested by the manner of her reception. She was presented with a beautiful china set and in her acknowledgment of the gift, expressed her delight at the reception and attentions showered upon her.

The second section began with some moving pictures and an illustrated song about the automobile accident in which Potentate Manley had played a star part.

At the conclusion of the Ceremonial the party adjourned to the auditorium, where a ball was held. Syria put on a splendid drill, and Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland led the grand march.

The Imperial Potentate remained over the next day to view the surrounding country, after which he returned to New York for a much needed rest.

Starting from New York, refreshed by his two days' rest, Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland journeyed to Wilkes-Barre, where Potentate Merritt and Recorder Walters awaited their arrival at the station, acting as escort to the hotel. From there a visit was made to Irem's beautiful Country Club, where a dinner was served; the Divan, and heads of the units with their wives were present. The ladies were entertained at the theater, and the men at the Mosque, where a Ceremonial was staged in due and ancient form. The reception to the Imperial Potentate was one of the most enthusiastic he had enjoyed. His message to Shrinedom was received with appreciation. A most unique souvenir of the visit was presented in the form of a [Continued on page 65]



When the Imperial Potentate visited the Springfield unit of the Shriners Hospitals recently he found this crowd of young optimists waiting for him.



The Imperial Potentate, Imperial Deputy Potentate, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, members of Springfield Board of Governors, and a few of the patients of the Springfield unit.

JANUARY, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

[Continued from page 64]

desk clock of anthracite, as lovely as it was unusual.

Due to unforeseen circumstances compelling the cancellation of a visitation at this time, the Imperial Potentate found himself burdened with a most unusual amount of spare time, which he proceeded to put to the best possible advantage by a visit to Rajah Temple, Reading, which is under the direction of Potentate George Eisenbrown. At Allentown, the visitors were met with the emblematic motor-car, driven by Noble Fred Eisenbrown, who occasionally acts as official chauffeur for his father. The drive to Reading was most delightful and the evening afforded an opportunity for an informal private dinner at the home of Potentate Eisenbrown.

The following day was one of those rarest of things in the life of an Imperial Potentate when on tour—a day of absolute rest. In the evening, the ladies were entertained separately, while the Imperial Potentate was conducted to a dinner of the members of the Rajah official family. The following day was one of fireworks, a special train setting out early in the morning for Easton, Bethlehem and Allentown to gather the Nobility and the victims for the sacrificial stunts. The Ceremonial went off with that precision which may be expected at the hands of a Potentate backed with thirteen years of experience and it will probably not fall to the lot of the Imperial Potentate to visit a more finished performance of the ritualistic work, nor is he apt to experience a more enthusiastic reception and welcome than was accorded by Rajah. His remarks were listened to with marked attention and their conclusion brought abundant evidence of appreciation. A collection for the Flower fund netted more than \$700. While good Arabs were being made out of the Novices the ladies of the Divan were entertained by Mrs. Eisenbrown at dinner, followed by a card party. Nothing was left undone that would in any way contribute to the pleasure and entertainment of the visitors.

The Imperial party arrived in Baltimore Sunday evening. Early the next morning Mrs. Crosland was taken in charge by the ladies of the Divan and driven about the city, then to the country club, where luncheon was served and a reception held, during which time the Imperial Potentate was introduced to the local Nobility and attended the weekly luncheon of the Scimitar Club. In the afternoon, the visitors motored about the city and in the evening a banquet was served followed by a ball. Potentate George Armor and Past Potentate William G. Speed were in charge of arrangements and the result was most successful. Visiting Potentates from the surrounding oases and prominent Nobles were much in evidence. Imperial Outer Guard L. P. Steuart and Potentate Shackelford of Almas, Washington; Potentate "Billy" Highfield and a number of the members of his Divan; Potentate Harry Manley of the baby Temple, Ali Ghan, Cumberland, and Colonel Screws, representing Alcazar, Montgomery, were present.

The newly organized Patrol put on a most spectacular performance considering their brief existence and the guests were received in due form, the only speaker among the men being the Imperial Potentate, whose versatility was displayed in his address to the mixed assemblage. Judge Dawkins then took the rostrum and presented the Imperial Potentate with a beautiful 100-piece flat silver set. The judge then introduced Mrs. Crosland, presenting her with a bouquet, and there was much discussion as to who made the more pleasing speech

of acknowledgment. The ball continued until a very late hour and Boumi's reputation for hospitality was mightily enhanced by the splendid entertainment.

Even at breakfast, the entire reception committee was on hand, later acting as escort to the station, where train was boarded for the oasis of Bridgeport, Pyramid Temple.

Despite the downpour of rain, Potentate and Mrs. Schwartz met the Imperial party at the station and escorted them to the hotel, where a banquet was served; the members of the Divan and their ladies were present. Here Potentate Griffin, Sphinx, Hartford, Potentate Gailer, Kismet, Brooklyn, and Past Potentate James R. Watt and Mrs. Watt, of Cyprus, Albany, awaited the coming of the Imperial Potentate. The Cadet band of Yale rendered "Down the field," "Dixie" and a patriotic medley, and Noble Crosland left his place at the table to personally thank the young leader for his courtesy. The Underwood Typewriter Company, through their local agent, presented the Imperial Potentate with a portable typewriter, which was fittingly acknowledged. Due to the fact that all who were present at the banquet were to attend the ball, there was no speechmaking at this time. And how that most "unusual" weather did insist upon being among those present, the local papers announcing the following day that the record of downfall was the greatest for 26 years. But it takes something more than "unusual" weather to stop the Bridgeport people and a splendid crowd put in an appearance. The visitors were received with full honors and introduced; the Band performed and the two Patrols put on separate drills. It is worthy of note that the Bedouin Patrol is composed of men who were in active service during the world war. It is located at New London, but is always on hand 100 percent to participate in the functions of the Temple.

Following the drill, Potentate Schwartz introduced Emeritus Member Carleton E. Hoadley, who made the address of welcome to the Imperial Potentate, who responded at length, pleasing the audience mightily with his cordial acknowledgment of the warm welcome extended under adverse circumstances. Past Potentate Atwater then presented a most unique Arabic piece in the shape of an etched brass coffee table, which had been imported from Jaipur, India, for the occasion, Noble Charles P. Thompson of New Haven having been deputized on a recent visit to the East to secure something unique and distinctive.

Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Hospitals, James R. Watt, followed with some statistics regarding the hospitals and the welcome news of several large bequests just received. It was a splendid affair and Potentate Schwartz and his committees are justly entitled to warm praise for their success in the face of the elemental disturbance.

In the morning, Potentate and Mrs. Schwartz, of Pyramid, and Potentate and Mrs. Griffin of Sphinx drove the party to the oasis of Hartford, stopping at the Hartford Country Club for an elaborate luncheon and then proceeding to the hotel where a banquet was spread in the evening. The Divan acted as hosts to the visiting Nobles, their wives performing the same function to the ladies. Just a few words from the Imperial Potentate were on the list and these were received with three cheers. Director John Lott led an original song dedicated to "Dixie Dave" and quite a little community singing took the attention between courses. [Continued on page 67]

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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT (Continued from page 63)

meaning of her warning, it was given in truth, in honesty, in friendship, in love—yes!—her love, flashing through the maze of the eternal, feminine riddle, through the stammering incoherency of a woman's soul that blended passion of desire with passion of hate.

A moment later the two men were embracing in the extravagant Arab fashion, hugging each other like wrestlers, swaying to and fro, blowing kisses into the air with the tips of their fingers.

"Allah be praised that you returned to us!" said Daoud el-Medjahiri. "And yet—strange that you came! Everywhere we searched for you, asked discreet questions, wrote discreet letters. We could not find a trace of you—thought you dead. Who sent you the message?"

"Sitt Miriam," replied Sir James, as she had advised him.

"Oh yes—" the other's lips curled in a melancholy smile—"you two were lovers once . . ."

"Would I lose track of him?" Sitt Miriam chimed in. "Does not always a woman's love succeed where a man's shrewdness fails?"

"You see," Daoud turned to the Englishman. "When the British dispersed the Mother Lodge, some of us were exiled to Malta, others to Gibraltar, still others to Ceylon. We were all closely guarded. Then not so long ago, there was the decree of amnesty and, gradually, warily, we drifted back here. And you—where have you been, Ali?"

"In prison," said Sir James; and he felt that, somehow, he spoke the truth.

"Why were you punished more harshly than the rest of us?"

Again the answer held a queer, ambiguous truth:

"Because I knew too many of the foreigners' secrets. So they kept me in prison—for twenty years . . ."

"Ah!" exclaimed Daoud fervently. "Infidels all—oppressors of the True Believers! Bless them not the Lord God! May their women be barren and their young men die by the swish of the sword when it is red!" He paused. "You returned in time," he went on. "For it is nearly midnight—the hour of the deed—the hour commanded by the Man in the Half-Light!"

His voice rose as he pronounced the last words: and again Sir James became conscious of the atmosphere of terrible, poignant tragedy that hovered over the room—conscious of a steadily growing presentiment of horror.

He shook it off with a physical effort. He told himself that he was the governor of Saharistan; that he had a duty to perform—things to find out.

"Daoud," he said, "you forget the many years I spent in prison. Only occasionally whispers reached me there. Whispers—" partly inventing shrewdly, partly putting two and two together—"of the revolt to come against the foreigners. But of details I learned nothing, nor of who is the leader, nor of where we are going to strike for freedom and when and how. Then they released me. Came Miriam's message. I hurried here. Tell me—what is this hour of the deed of which you spoke? Who is—the Man in the Half-Light?"

Then, from the other's lips, he heard an amazing story.

YEARS later, when Sir James Forsythe had retired from the service and Africa had faded to a memory of unclean shadows, he used to say that the thrill of what Daoud told him that night was emphasized by "well—the dramatic setting, the atmosphere of the Mother Lodge. Dim lights,

you know, clouded by lazy streams of incense smoke. Occasionally so very far off—for the place was deep underground—a staccato thumping of signal drums. And the dervishes squatting on their haunches, silent, grim—so damned—oh—I don't know how to put it—I suppose unearthly is the word. Only once or twice, when Daoud pronounced the words 'The Man in the Half-Light', they would—not speak exactly . . . but break into a sort of shivering chant."

Not that Daoud told him the complete story. Parts of it he picked up afterwards on his journey to Lake Tchad, fitting the pieces together like those of a puzzle picture.

But the gist of it was that one day, out of the nowhere, a man had appeared in the heart of the Dark Continent, in a stretch of territory south of Lake Tchad where there were no white soldiers, traders, missionaries, or government officials; a huge, jungly fastness as unknown to Europeans as the mountains of the moon.

The man's personality or perhaps—synonymous terms in Africa—the superstitious fear with which the negroes regarded him, must have been amazing. For Africa is a land of gliding gossip, with always the drums thumping news and rumors from kraal to kraal, from oasis to oasis. Yet, from the moment of his first appearance until the moment when Sir James faced him, not as much as a whisper of his existence had reached the ears of the whites. Nor did the natives know of what race he was or what he looked like since, during the day, he hid his features behind a thick veil and at night, when he received people in his hut, only a small lamp was lit and he never stirred from the far corner where he sat, his face blurred and indistinct in the half-light.

As such was he known: The Man in the Half-Light. Was known by no other name.

Exactly by what means he started his colossal intrigue Sir James never discovered. But, somehow, he communicated with all the anti-European Moslem Lodges throughout Africa, and persuaded their leaders to come to him—and to listen to him.

What happened then—at least, how it happened—is a blank page in the annals of Africa. The Arabs, when they had regained their sanity, mentioned witchcraft, which is the Arab's way when they do not want to explain. The negroes spoke in hushed accents of the brewing of black, unclean juju medicine. And Sir James, in his confidential report at the Colonial Office, opined that the man was some sort of fantastic, superlative African Lenin who, with the power of his personality, his superb eloquence and profound knowledge of human psychology, swayed people to his will as a wind sways a blade of grass.

However he did it, the historical fact remains that hereafter, until the end, the dervishes of a dozen Lodges—not all fanatics, but many of them intelligent, highly educated men—acknowledged him master, autocrat absolute, and obeyed him with blind, unthinking devotion . . . "his word is law!" said Daoud. "He has commanded. Midnight—soon, soon—brings the hour of the deed."

"What deed?" asked Sir James.

"War. War not of massed battalions meeting in the shock of battle. For the Europeans are too many, too well armed. But war of the snake's fangs and the tiger's claws. Killing—a few. Killing individuals—important individuals."

"Political assassinations?"

"Call it that!" Daoud smiled thinly. "The Man in the Half-Light calls it war. Tonight, at midnight, wherever the British flag flies over Moslems in Africa, a high British of-

ficial, governor or judge, general or consul, will die—will die by dagger or bomb, poison or bullet. Fate will strike him down—fate, like a blind camel, coming out of the dark, with no warning, no jingling of bells . . ."

As he pronounced the last words, a quiver of excitement seemed to pass through the squatting, silent dervishes.

Sir James, too, was conscious of it. He felt something like an unclean, trembling elation run down his spine. He tried to control himself; tried to tell himself that it was nothing but a reflex of all these savage, hysterical, fanatical minds about him on his own mind—that it was nothing but a projection of Africa's brooding, sinister soul into his own.

Why—this thing—it wasn't possible. It was—oh—too melodramatically incredible . . .

Incredible—was it?

After all, there was nothing new about political assassinations. Many a British official in India had been murdered; many a Russian Grand Duke; more than one American President.

The only difference was that these people were proposing to do it wholesale, with—well—up-to-date efficiency and co-ordination.

He looked at the squatting dervishes, swaying from side to side with a queer rhythm. They seemed to him like a swarm of monstrous locusts, hostile, venomous, waiting for the word that would hurl them up and out to overrun the face of Africa, to destroy the civilization which he had helped to build there with the ardor of his youth and the strength of his manhood.

Their staring eyes were turned toward Daoud, savagely exultant as they listened to his words:

"Can you imagine the outcry of horror, of fear, in all the western world, Ali? And, a month from now, we strike again—against the French—in Morocco, Algiers, the Sahara. Will come the turn of the Italians in Tripoli, the Belgians in the Congo. And what can the Christians do? Find the murderers? Hang them? Let them! Other martyrs will carry on the blessed work, will sacrifice themselves on the altar of Islam, will make war—again and again—with steel and poison as fast as the whites send new officials to take the places of those whom we kill. Do you not think," ironically, "that in time this land will seem—ah—slightly unsafe to the sahebs? That perhaps, finally, no saheb will be found to run the risk? And—listen, listen, Ali—Africa is only the beginning. We will spread this war throughout the Orient—to India, China, everywhere. And then—by Allah the Redeemer!—will dawn at last the day of free Islam the world over . . . praised be the Man in the Half-Light!"

"Praised be the Man in the Half-Light!" chanted the dervishes.

Then Sir James asked a question—an intensely personal question, though he tried to make it sound casual:

"What about the new governor of Saharistan. They say he is friendly to the natives."

"So I understand. But he dies at midnight."

"Oh—does he?" echoed the Englishman in his thoughts; and, aloud: "Who is going to . . .?"

"To kill him? I!" interrupted Sitt Miriam. "Am I not old and shriveled and useless? What good am I—except to kill for the Faith? What difference if I should die—as long as I kill him?"

A point which Sir James felt inclined to argue. But he said nothing, inclined his head, while Daoud turned to the dervishes.

"Again the Mother Lodge of the Bi Sharai is dispersed," he said. "But this

time of our own free will. After tonight none of you must enter this building. Within the hour all of you must be on your way overland, by twos and threes, toward Timbuctoo. There, next month, we strike against the French. Already some of the brothers are waiting for us."

He paused; went on:

"If, on the way, any of you should learn important news, let the drums carry it to the Man in the Half-Light. If the news be too important to be entrusted to the drums, go to him in person. You know the place. Three days' journey due south of Lake Tchad—in the jungle clearing called by the negroes the Outer Hall of the Gods—not far from the mountain which is named the Hill of Seven Spears."

The dervishes left by twos and threes.

Sir James, Sitt Miriam, and Daoud were alone.

The gust of air that had blown down the corridor and through the door had gripped the incense smoke and thrown it in an opalescent cloud to the ceiling. It clung there for a moment, sagged into an immense beehive; then dropped again with a spreading of solid, black shadows.

"It is almost midnight, little sister," said Daoud to the woman. "May the Lord Allah protect and bless you! May He give strength to your dagger and true aim!" He went to the door. "I leave you to speak a word—perhaps your last word—to the man whom once you loved."

And he, too, went and Sitt Miriam and Sir James were face to face.

Her head was bowed, while he stared at her, trying to read the riddle of her.

Again he wondered if she knew who he was; felt almost certain that she did.

He stared intensely, centering all his will on an effort to force her to look at him, to return his gaze, to give answer with her great brown eyes.

This woman—he had loved her once. She had felt his mouth, his arms, the burning essence of his male strength. Why—she had been his, body and soul—and he hers; and, even suppose she knew who he was, would she, could she kill him—try to kill him?

And he—could he kill her? If not kill, could he give her up—to the police . . . ?

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE (Continued from page 65)

After the banquet, a formal reception was tendered the Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Crosland at the conclusion of which the visitors were introduced, the Imperial Potentate coming first in order. Despite the fact that the occasion was one for dancing and reception, the audience took very kindly to the remarks made by the Imperial Potentate. Past Potentate Watt spoke briefly on the hospital question, Mayor Norman Stevens aimed some witty broadsides at certain members of the party, to which reply was made and a general tone of good fellowship prevailed. Potentate Griffin presented a silver coffee service, which was graciously acknowledged by the Imperial Potentate. Governor John H. Trumbull was introduced and injected a little more humor into the proceedings and then the grand march was formed, and the ball was on.

Potentate John A. Webster, Chief Rabban Walter A. Pease, Chairman of the Springfield unit, George M. Hendee, and Governor Alvin H. Phillips, also of the hospital board, motored to Hartford and took charge of the guests, driving them to the home of Noble Hendee. They were then joined by Deputy Imperial Potentate and Miss Dunbar, and refreshments were served. In the afternoon after luncheon

There, of course, clear-out, merciless, logical, lay his duty.

"Oh—damn duty!" he thought. Then, all at once, she looked up. He heard her voice that held a single answer to his double, silent question:

"How can I kill you—*you*?"

"You—you know . . . ?"

"I have always known who you are, Forsythe saheb. A woman in love . . . how can she help knowing?"

"What are we going to do," he stammered, "you and I . . . ?"

"What can I do," she rejoined in a flat voice, immensely tragic, "except . . ."

"Except?"

"This!"

And, before he knew what was happening and how, her hand reached into her robe and came out with a flicker and rush of steel.

It is difficult to tell afterwards with accuracy the many details which make up a tragedy of life. But, though it happened in a few moments, the picture of it projected itself on his mind with the fidelity of a motion-picture reel.

He saw her right hand lift. He saw the point of the dagger gleam in the yellowish half-light like a star of evil passions. He saw it descend—even as he cleared the space between her and him in a great jump.

He saw—yes!—saw more than heard the dull thud as she buried it in her heart.

Then something blurred his vision for the minutest fraction of a second.

"Perhaps," he said later on, when he spoke of it, "it was the dead woman's soul which passed through the room, into the open, toward her God."

She fell backward with a soft, gurgling cry—not a cry of pain, but the cry of a tired child falling asleep—into his outstretched arms, her blood trickling slowly, dyeing her robe with splotches of rich crimson.

(To be continued)

In the February instalment Sir James, disguised as Ali el-Andalosi, starts his trail through the jungle to The Man in the Half-Light.



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Name Address

[To be continued next month]

'TIS THE COMPANY MUST BE SAVED [Continued from page 24]

nonsense. I will not have such deception attempted by any factor!"

"You told me there were no beaver skins at Wishart's post. Were you a liar then?" "Mind yourself!" thundered Farquhar. "How dare you suggest that I am a liar?"

My son studied Farquhar coldly for a moment and there was nothing short of contempt for the big man in his face.

"Have it your own way," he mocked at Farquhar. "You are not a liar. And there were no beaver skins."

Farquhar saw himself fairly trapped. He had either to confess himself a liar or drop the matter of the beaver skins altogether.

"Very well," Farquhar said at last. "You are out of my reach. I have paid you as I said and you have my order to draw such stores as cover your expenses, from the post here. Now will you leave us?"

Jean Baptiste did so and Farquhar turned to me.

"That is the kind of man you would push upon me to handle a matter like this, is it?" he demanded.

"'Tis your own fault," I said. "I warned you to tell the truth to Jean Baptiste in the first place but you could not bring yourself to it."

"Order my team, MacDougall, and I will leave this cursed place! I have some things to say to the general manager and I will send auditors to look this Wishart over. We will see if I am to be made a fool or not!"

I stood outside the door in the gray darkness after Farquhar's departure trying to fix things properly in my mind. Where was the mail, I wondered, for it was most unlike Jean Baptiste to have left it on his sled. I looked about me then and there was no sight of his sled. And when I opened the door of the place where he kept his dogs it was empty. I was greatly worried over it and I thought my son might come, now Farquhar had gone, and make some explanation to me.

Very early next morning Jean Baptiste came into the post and called me to take note of the goods he drew on the order he

had from Farquhar, to cover his expenses. He had a long list of the things he required and poor Wishart he helped to get them ready. There was an astonishing amount of the stuff, the trade value of a good many hundred dollars. Matu and Big-Nose came with their dogs and sleds when we were done and they had good loads each when it was packed. I went into the office to make an account of it and Jean Baptiste came in.

"There is a mortal lot of it," I told him, "and Farquhar will tear his hair when he sees the total. But he must know you made use of many men." I lowered my voice. "And Matu and Big-Nose—"

"I owe them nothing," said Jean Baptiste. "Were they not paid by the sergeant of Police?"

"But the other men?"

"They are Martine's men from Grouard. Let him pay them."

"Where is Wishart?" I asked.

"Gone home to Vermilion with Matu and Big-Nose."

"My son!" I exclaimed. "For what are all these goods you have drawn intended?" "They are intended for the confusion of Lord Farquhar and his auditors."

My son had the whim to give Wishart the goods he had drawn; the list no doubt was made by Wishart himself. That would cover Wishart's stock again and the auditors would find no more proof of a transaction in beaver skins at Wishart's post than they would have found in my own you understand. 'Twas a generous impulse of Jean Baptiste and the goods had cost him nothing!

It was hours later when I again recalled the mail! I leapt to my feet and rushed to the cabin of Jean Baptiste. He was sitting in his chair before the fire, playing with a pup that lay in his lap.

"Where is the mail you brought back from Vermilion?" I shouted to him.

"How could there be mail and Wishart gone when I reached the place? I have no contract to prepare the mail, but to haul it in the winter time."

"But the load on your sled?" I asked.

"You had a load, I saw, as the team dashed by."

"That was not mail but freight outbound for Edmonton," said Jean Baptiste.

"Could Martine drive your dogs?" I asked.

"If the matter was urgent enough."

So the beaver skins—if there were any, mind you—had passed under the sergeant's nose and were well on the way to Grouard ahead of him and Farquhar.

Under the snow that had fallen would be all the tracks and signs left by the men Jean Baptiste had called to his assistance. But for it, a knowing man might reconstruct the thing and read the account of it all; might find indeed the very spot at some night camp where magic had been wrought to the sergeant's dangerous load of furs.

"My son," I said, "'twas a daring and splendid achievement."

Jean Baptiste nodded. "I troubled my enemy a little."

"'Twas not what I meant," I exclaimed. "I mean the saving of the Company's name. And Wishart! I did not know you were so good a friend of his."

"I am hardly that," said Jean Baptiste. "But Wishart is a harmless rabbit caught in a wolf trap. And God hates a liar. Who am I to withhold full justice from the great Farquhar?"

"Farquhar has made a great fool of himself," I said.

"And he has answered your question," said Jean Baptiste.

In the instant there came back to me the talk I'd had with Jean Baptiste on the day Farquhar had come; why he would not consent to my using my influence toward securing an appointment for him as factor.

And I could have kicked Andrew Farquhar then for the way he had set the service in a bad light before my son.

"At least," I said, "the Company was saved."

Jean Baptiste he lifted the pup by the nape of his neck.

"Is he not big," he asked, "for only three weeks old?"

GENTLEMEN, STOP, LOOK AND GLISTEN!

[Continued from page 31]

who have forced the technique of youthfulness upon man. Said he, "When a woman of thirty-five manages to look twenty-five, when she adds the pep of girlhood to the charms of maturity, what is her forty-five-year-old husband going to do about it? He has to drop ten years of his life somehow! He has to have the energy to dance and golf and swim with this feminine paragon. He can't get wrinkled and flabby and fat."

Moreover, there is another reason aside from keeping up with mother why men must make their years an honor score of physical fitness. This is because they are actually living longer. And who wants to live on without ability to enjoy activity? In 1880 the average life span in large cities was about forty years. Now it is fifty-five or fifty-six. Indeed, if you base your figures on the whole population nearly eighteen years has been added to the average life span in the short period of two generations. Health education, public control of disease and a constant lift of the standard of living—such are the forces responsible for this remarkable increase in longevity. And Dr. Louis I. Dublin, of the Metropolitan Life assures us we are going right on in the path of Methuselah.

If this be true the average man had better look to his arteries. For most men work as long as they live. Therefore they have to

be and look fit as long as they draw breath. Fortunately for them we have arrived at a stage of enlightenment. Big business is ready to spend money to keep its valuable men young and sound. Every year more corporations are offering that periodic physical examination which discovers disease in early stages and suggests improvements in daily regime. That it pays has been proved by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. One group of its policy holders favored by this annual examination showed a saving on mortality beyond expectation of 28%. This resulted in five years in a net gain to the insurance company of seventy-seven thousand dollars.

Another means of keeping employees young is by the promotion of athletics. Not only in factories and stores, but in banks and clerical centers every effort is made to organize various teams, stimulate sports and establish vacation clubs.

One advertising firm in Detroit has gone even further in this direction. The Harrison Phelps Company has established in their building a small gymnasium perfectly equipped and has engaged a trainer to superintend athletics. Hand-ball, tennis and indoor squash courts have gradually been built. Time is allowed every day to the staff according to their needs and at noon volley-ball, wrestling, boxing and setting-up

exercises engage the energies of practically everybody.

One member of the firm began his work in such poor health that he could not get himself accepted for life insurance. After working with the trainer for some time he passed the examination. At first his premium was high, but subsequent examinations have proved him so much better a risk that the premium has several times been reduced. As for the staff in general, the heads of the firm have no hesitation in saying that both because of larger output and reduction of illness the athletic features have more than paid for themselves.

A game a day keeps the wrinkles away! And don't forget the skin game! Remember that local care of the skin and scalp and that first-aid to the great American smile, the pocket tooth brush must supplement the "daily dozen." As for the "well-groomed look" on which Mr. Sisson insisted, one can safely leave it to man's instinctive love of finery. After he has accomplished all the important elements of appearance it is as easy to add good clothes as it is to add a pergola to a finished house. The up-standing ruddy fellow wears them better than one who is over-weight, pasty and round-shouldered—that we know. Pay attention to your living habits first, gentlemen, if you want Fortune to pay attention to you!

HARD-FISTED—BUT GENTLEMANLY

[Continued from page 40]

As a matter of fact and incidentally of record, Tunney participated in several good fights before he signed up with Uncle Sam for the biggest scrap of all in France.

Back in 1916 Billy Jacobs was making matches for the old Sharkey Athletic Club in New York City and he it was who gave Gene his first opportunity to battle with his fists. Gene at the time was eighteen years old and a clerk in a downtown office.

The youngster's opponent was the veteran Bobby Dawson. It was rather a tall order to ask a fledgling to go ten rounds against an experienced ringster, but Tunney stowed his opponent away in the eighth round.

He fought four more battles and then the United States entered the war, Tunney enlisting immediately. He entered boxing matches when his outfit got overseas and Billy Roche, an athletic director, was attracted by his showing. He made it his business to keep a watchful eye upon the young marine and helped him materially through advice and practical instruction.

By the time the armistice was signed Tunney had grown to be a light heavyweight and was entered in this class for the A. E. F. championships held in the Colombes Stadium. Called upon to face Bob Martin, Ted Jamieson and K. O. Sullivan, Tunney won all three of the bouts and was crowned with the title.

His career after the war, his stirring battles with Harry Greb, Georges Carpentier, Bartley Madden, Tommy Gibbons, Jeff Smith, Ermino Spalla and other lesser luminaries leading up to the culminating encounter with Jack Dempsey, are too fresh in mind to warrant special attention.

No one may say what heights he will attain as champion. But be his tenure of office long or short there may be no doubt that he will have a beneficial effect on a sport sadly in need of higher ideals and the meaning of fair-play and sportsmanship.

In his defeat Jack Dempsey contributed a great deal to this cause; much more than he ever did as a champion inactive over long periods of time.

Beaten, quite unexpectedly beaten, Dempsey from the time he struggled from his

stool in his corner, crossed the ring to Tunney and threw a congratulatory arm about his shoulder, never uttered one word that could be construed into an alibi for his defeat.

Replying to reports that he was sick before the fight Dempsey replied with the statement that it was after the fight he was sick, not before. This was so rare in a fighter, or perhaps a fallen champion of any sort, as to arouse universal approbation.

The former title holder did not begin with the opportunities that Tunney enjoyed.

But he, too, had keen ambition to be something better and when he discovered his pugilistic ability he employed his success to improve himself in various ways. He lacked only Tunney's definite aim and he had not the advantage of Gene's groundwork in education.

But as with the present champion he did have the advantage of meeting interesting men representing all the higher walks of life—lawyers, statesmen, clergymen, actors, writers and so forth. And while it was touch and go with him, whereas Tunney has formed real friendships, his prehensile mind never failed to extract something of benefit even out of a short contact.

Dempsey's future remains an interesting study. He wants to be a business man; at least that has always been his professed ambition. But there are some who believe that he will begin a campaign in quest of the title he lost. No one really knows. In the full enjoyment of his freedom from the obligations of a public hero he has retired into a shell of privacy which no one has been able to enter.

It does seem a fact though that he and Tunney are very friendly. A year ago before they met in the ring Dempsey promised Gene that he would be the man to whom he would give a chance at his title.

The day after the battle at Philadelphia Tunney called on Jack at his hotel and spent an hour with him. No one knows what was said. It is known only that both men speak of each other with the ring of genuine liking.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 41]

out of a car since. Lizzie was but a first step in the car history of your family. Next you bought a small size, then a bigger one, and about the time you bought twin beds you had two big cars in your garage and there were no more cars to long for. You had wrung that rag dry!

It was the same way with the first house. You gave some chap a wheelbarrow full of monthly notes for the first little "Why Pay Rent?" and had more fun furnishing it and paying for it than Carter had oats. Every stick of furniture meant a sacrifice, every note paid, a denial. You and your wife had a barrel of joy doing it. When the house was paid for, while you had reached the top of that hill, and the going was easier, it was not half as much fun.

It is so with every earthly possession. The joy comes not in the possession but in the striving. The pleasure is not at the top of the grade or on the down hill side but on the trip up, where the scenery is better.

All of us are inclined to envy the millionaire, the man who has made his pile, the chap who has retired from the fight for bread and butter. Yet if he spoke frankly he would tell you that the happiest times of

his life were when he was fighting for the things he has. We all of us strive for a big factory, an immense law practice, a store covering half a block, the possession of large property, not realizing until too late that the things we worked so hard to earn in the last analysis own us. The things we hoped to have as servants have become our masters.

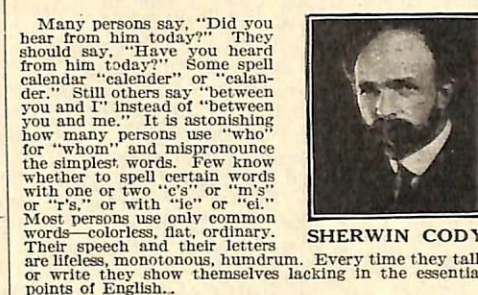
The lesson the Shrine teaches, the philosophy our organization inculcates is to take your joy as you pass up the hill of life, rather than work with head down to make the top, with the idea that the pleasure is all on the down grade of the other side of the hill.

No man with the true spirit of Shrinedom fails to sniff the fragrance of a wayside blossom, pause for a word with a crowd of kids playing marbles, misses the joy of helping some fellow stuck by the roadside, and to do what he can for a crippled kid who is making heavy weather of the up-grade.

It is so doggoned much fun going up that it is of no real consequence whether we ever reach the top. The scenery is so wonderful right alongside the road that the hilltop can never hope to equal it.

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Many persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

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HER BOY [Continued from page 19]

borne outward and on to the railroad cars. From a hastily selected place just within the big top entrance, the band began to play, lustily, with the throaty, brass command of martial music. Ushers barked with full-strengthened lungs. Hurrying bulltenders moved forward with their elephants, resplendent in parade trappings for the opening of the tournament or grand entrée. Then the penetrating voice of the official announcer:

"This way, everybody-y-y-y! All must be seat-ed be-foah the Grand-d-d-d Entrée! Hurry-y! Hurry-y-y-y! Hurr-y-y-y-y-y! The Beg Show is beginning-g-g-g-g!"

But there was one who heard none of it, one for whom the band played not. It was Danny Bruce, sitting upon a bale of hay, his head in his hands, facing the facts.

"He's made the break," came hopelessly. "Get worse from now on—first thing I know, he'll have her crazy too." Then he looked up. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "I wonder if a fellow could work it!"

It was the next season that Danny Bruce led a heavily muscled man before the gorilla cage, placed at one end of the menagerie where an extra piece of sidewalling protruded to hold it from the gaze of the daily throngs. Within, at the bars, was Congo, his forelegs stiff, his thatch of bristly hair sticking forth like spines above his flat forehead. His heavy head was pulled far to one side; a year had made even more accentuation in the malformation. His big throat titulated with incessant growlings issuing from deep within him; a defiant monster, constantly at bay against a world that was his enemy. While in the back-ground, alert, fretful, a shaggy, gray mother watched and waited, her eyes moving in unison to the every motion of her demoniacal son. And there was age in the features of her, lines and wrinkles and sagging hollows, a face of sorrow and of stress; the hair at her temples was nearly white.

Nor was Danny Bruce the dapper insouciant person which once he had been. His keen eyes were narrowed—as though he squinted purposely to hide the wrinkles which had clustered at their corners. Gone were the violet arm-bands, the white trousers newly creased. Now there was only a uniform, the blouse hanging loose over his shoulders, the front unbuttoned, revealing a tie carelessly knotted, and a wrinkled shirt.

"It's my last chance, Doc!" he said quietly. "I've tried a dozen since I got the hunch—all of 'em afraid to tackle it. Said they didn't have the strength. But you—you're like a couple of bulls. Besides, I know if it could be pulled off, you'd do it for me."

The big man smiled. "Never lost your blarney, did you, Danny?" he asked. Then in sudden seriousness, he approached the cage, and stared at the pacing beast within, at last to utter a streaming sentence of technicalities. Danny moved closer.

"What's that, man, in words of one syllable?"

The osteopath chuckled.

"Well, to explain it, he evidently had a fall, a bad one, striking on the side of his head, and dislocating a vertebrae. That naturally produced a pressure on the spinal column, with a reflex action on the brain. At first, it brought only irritability which gradually changed to madness. Clear that condition and he'd be all right in three or four months."

Danny brightened. "When do we pull it, Doc?"

But the old friend shook his head. "You've asked an impossibility, Danny," came quietly. "I can't do it. Nobody can do it—in the first place, there must be com-

plete relaxation. That thing in there is nearly six hundred pounds of muscle and sinew. The slightest stiffening of his muscles and a dozen men couldn't move him even under the influence of anaesthetics." A moment of hesitation followed. "Only a being of his own strength could accomplish it. I'm sorry, Danny. You had the right idea, but it can't be carried out."

They moved away silently, and at the marquee parted. Danny Bruce reached to a side pocket for his makin's and slowly rolled a cigarette. Then with forced steps he went to the treasury wagon, where sat the general manager.

"Well, Boss," he began, and ceased, mouth open as if striving for breath. The manager turned.

"It didn't work, eh?" he asked. Bruce shook his head.

"Us for the Boneyard," he muttered, and stared at strangely sweating palms.

The manager rose and walked with him down the dusty midway.

"I guess so, Danny," came finally. "Maybe the quiet there will cure him. If not—he's best out of the way. No use trying to make a saint out of a demon."

"And if I—I have to—"

"Make it chloroform," said the general manager. "It's the most humane."

Danny Bruce scratched his head. "Nothin's that," he said and edged a ridge of dust with one foot. "Not with her dyin' a slow one o' grief afterward." He sighed. "Guess there's no use talkin' about it though."

"No use crossing bridges." They stood together for a long time, in silence; Danny had been with the Great Consolidated season after season, in fair weather and foul, for twenty years. "Now understand, Danny, everything'll go on just the same, your salary, you know. Fact is, I'll hike it a little. Feel so much safer," he added with a friendly pat on the back, "having you there to watch over 'em personally. So don't worry—"

"Oh, it ain't that," said Danny Bruce, nor did he explain to anyone but himself, and then not until the stars were shining, and the torches gleaming upon the street corners to direct the teamsters to the loading runs, as with truckling, covered wagons, they labored at their task of moving the show—even while the band played in the main tent, and the clowns frolicked about the rings. Not until the huge expanse of the big top stood illumined and alone in the great, otherwise vacant stretch of the circus grounds, gleaming with its flaming chandeliers like a tremendous, fairy mushroom, lighted from within. Not until the train-master standing on the rear platform of the executive car, waved to a little man who waved in return.

"Good-by!" whispered Danny Bruce, as one would whisper in a deathroom. Then he stumbled away in the darkness, to where a flatcar, loaded with a big cage shielded in canvas, awaited the arrival of the early morning freight. Three days later, Danny Bruce wandered the expanse of the Boneyard, that place where a big circus, too sentimental to give wagons to flame or junkman simply because their carving had broken, their trusses sagged, their gilt lost, and their strength gone, too humane to end an animal's life simply because its usefulness had departed, elected to store, year upon year its pensioned paraphernalia, bestial, material, and human.

From one place to another went Danny—the meadows, where loafed the dapples and gray and roans and sorrels which once had drawn a circus from train to lot and back to train again, the ring horses which cavorted now only in the ecstasy of unending clover, the racers, stiff of sinew and

muscle, tournament horses no longer. To the cat house where lolled the aged, toothless lions that never again would hear the crack of a trainer's whip, the tigers and leopards whose aged lot in life gauged its excitement only by the feeding hour; to the vast yards, where row upon row, stood the chariots and the tableaux, the band coaches and clown carts of another day—Danny had seen them all in his time, bright with new paint, gleaming with fresh laid gold, resplendent, glorious. But then Danny had seen the time when he too had been young and resplendent.

"That's what hurts," he muttered. "Givin' it up."

Then onward, to the harness rooms, to the wardrobe department where performers of a different day worked upon costumes for others, such as they once had worn themselves. Then at last, himself a pensioner, Danny Bruce turned to a small frame building, set far apart from the rest, which housed his pensioned charges.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, with a great effort at cheerful hope, "gettin' along fine, ain't they?"

The grizzled cage-keeper nodded. He had seen hopeful trainers before—men who remained to be such as he. But Danny refused to notice.

"That's what he's needed," he exclaimed as he glanced within the solitary "permanent cage" which sheltered Nyanza and her son. "Just quiet—gettin' away from all the blare and ballyhoo of the circus lot. Give him six months to a year here and he'll be fit as a fiddle."

"Yeh, but his neck don't straighten none," said the cage-keeper.

"Mournful!" snapped Danny and flounced out of the building. But he knew it to be the truth. A week passed, in quiet—merely two tremendous apes, staring rapidly within their cages. Two more. A month and another following that. Then:

Late afternoon—and Danny rounding forth from the cage-house, his voice stentorian:

"Cage-men! Helpers! Quick!"

A great ape had lain asleep in the center of his den, while a gray, deep-eyed mother had held her vigil from her corner. Across the cage a vagrant sunray had crept, closer, closer, at last to throw its heat upon the twitching features of a black monster. A horny, ebony hand had raised to brush at it. The sunray had still held. Again, with a sleepy cry of vexation, the great ape had raised a hand and brushed angrily at his face. From the corner, Nyanza had arisen and moved curiously forward, seeking that which annoyed the object of her care, reaching his side as the younger gorilla had twisted, slapped again at the offending ray, then leaped to his feet, in time to face his mother—and hold her accused of his discomfort.

A lunging attack had followed, of swift beating arms, of gnashing teeth—now he was driving her, restless and pleading, back to her corner, she who would not lift a hand in resistance against a malformed idol.

"Quick! Them timbers!" It was Danny's voice as he ran into the cage-house, a half dozen pensioners in his wake. "Jam 'em between 'em! Jake—up on top an' be ready to drop that door when they're separated."

Then closer to the den he went, an iron prod-rod in his hand—shouting to the frenzied beasts within; the mother, shrilling and crying in her efforts at peace, Congo leaping with new madness to the attack whenever, by her greater strength, she threw him from her. The prod-rod scraped against the bars, then, with the full strength of Danny Bruce behind it, dug deep into the side of the attacking gorilla.

In an instant, he had turned upon the new enemy with all the fierceness that a maddened brain could know. The bar was seized in his giant black hands, to be raised to his gnashing jaws, as though he would grind it to bits. But metal held true against ivory; the beast threw the thing from him, then with a great leap pounced upon it, pounding it upon the floor in staccato motions of infuriation, while a mother scrambled to her corner, crouching there in abject fright as the youth, for an instant remembering his anger, whirled toward her, the bar upraised, then, his warped brain as suddenly veering upon a new vengeance, turned his every effort to the harmless piece of metal, and there, with mouthings and roarings, with stamping of bowed legs and wrenching of his tremendous shoulders, exerted his giant strength in twisting and bending and smashing it against the floor. Danny Bruce swung an arm in signal.

"Down with that door!" he shouted, and the command was obeyed. They were separated now by an oaken partition—a mother who rose to examine curiously the heavy wall which had descended mysteriously between them, a son who cared for naught save to vent his spleen upon a bent and shapeless piece of metal, yielding to the actions of his gigantic muscles like a straw before the wind. A new order barked from the throat of Danny Bruce:

"Sideboards! And quick about it!"

TWENTY minutes later, there issued from the heavily boarded double-cage, only the muffled sound of a whining coo—the call of a mother to a son who answered only by a whistling, file-like intake of his breath through an anger-parched throat; and that and the occasional banging of a misshapen iron-prod which still provoked anger, even in darkness. Danny Bruce sighed.

"That's an end to it," he said to his grizzled assistant. "When he turns on his mother."

"You mean—?" There was a jerk of the head toward Congo's section of the cage. Danny nodded.

"Yeh. Tonight. Start the boys stuffing up the cracks in his side of the cage. I'll handle the partition myself—she'll stand for me in there all right; want it so none of the fumes'll go through to her. Better use wet newspaper an' ships' oakum. Get Jake the carpenter. Tell him to put a hole through them sideboards with a half-inch bit; want it just big enough to hold a spray-tube. Let's get at it," he said, testily, pulling a hand nervously over his eyes, "I want it ready by night."

"Yeh. The sooner the better with that devil." Then, with a glance toward the lined features of his superior; "Put him out o' the way an' get back to th' show—that's th' sensible thing."

"The show?" Danny Bruce tried to smile. Again he pulled at his breath almost spasmodically. "Not me, Ed. I'm done, I guess. You see," he added and with his right foot scraped a dusty mark upon the ancient flooring, "it'll knock two of 'em when he goes. I'll stay with her until she finishes up. Grieve herself to death—watching over him like she's always done. Then—" he hitched at his trousers and stared at the rafters above, "I've always said I'd never end up hangin' around a big top just because I used to amount to something. And have guys talking behind my back—" He stopped short and frowned. "Well, how about that paper and that oakum? We ain't got a year to pull this, you know!"

Late that night, the door of the ancient, wooden cage-house opened slowly, quietly, to admit an investigative yellow ray of light, followed by two men, moving forward to the dull gleam of a circus lantern. At the right stood the boarded dens of Congo and Nyanza—that of the former displaying

in every crack and crevice the tight wadded packing of soggy paper and oakum. Closer the men approached and set down the lantern, then for a moment stood in attentive silence. A sound had come from the cage of Nyanza—a soft cooing of curiosity and alarm.

"Take it easy," whispered Danny Bruce, "she's awake and watching. Mustn't get her riled up. Here, gimme that tube."

The assistant raised a large spraying machine, the reservoir of which exuded a heavy, soporific odor as Danny exerted a slight pressure upon the handle to test its pumping qualities. Again a sound from the cage of Nyanza, louder, with something of warning in its note. A slight, shuffling sound from the den of Congo—Danny Bruce turned hurriedly.

"Take the pump!" he ordered of his gray-bearded assistant. "Quick—I'll hold the nozzle—get it going! She's waking him up!"

The assistant reached for the tank and pump. Danny Bruce moved swiftly to the den of the condemned beast—air-tight save for the slight hole that would admit the sprayer-tube and its burden of lethal gas. For a third time came the anxious note of Nyanza's voice, higher now, more frightened. And in answer the stirring of Congo within the place that was to be his tomb.

"Lay on that pump—quick. Get it going in there—he'll be wide awake in a minute."

The swish of a spraying fluid. The drifting, faint odor of chloroform as it exuded slightly where Danny held the tube within its opening. Again a cry from Nyanza—an anxious note of answer from a condemned beast. Then—

Rebellion! The outburst of a voice that was almost human in its understanding—it was as though the first scent of the invading gas had carried to the beast within a foreboding of his fate. Weird, racking, his call had begun in a barking roar, thundering in the muffled hollowness of his death-den, then like an escaping thing, to shriek in steadily rising crescendo—a cry answered as desperately, as wildly by the imprisoned mother at the other side of the partition. Danny Bruce pulled grimly at his hat brim.

"Pump harder—get him before he begins to batter this cage down!"

A nod of the head and heightened exertion. It brought only the booming of a giant form, leaping against the bars, the hollow pounding of tremendous fists against the floor—a giant within a black tomb, fighting an invisible foe—while in the other den, a roar sounded such as Danny Bruce never before had heard. A roar like close thunder, reverberating as though it would splinter the very sideboards which strove to muffle it. A giant was assembling her true strength for the first time in her whole existence; Nyanza, seven-hundred pound Nyanza, rising to the cry of her offspring.

Harder, still harder worked the piston of a machine which strove for death. The faces of two men had become suddenly grim, and pasty—even in the yellow light of the lantern. The long cage had trembled—at the lower edge a few splinters had made themselves apparent—evidence enough of giant hands which, in their uncontrollable frenzy, had seized a steel bar and by the strength of unlimited force had literally wrenched it from its fastenings. Danny Bruce turned, waving a hand for swifter action. The assistant shook his head.

"Can't! Look there! She's broken one too!"

Then their voices were drowned—in the screaming of two beasts—the wrenching of wood, the pounding of more than a half ton of combined flesh in frantic ricocheting—one which fought against the stupefying fumes of chloroform, the other with the greater frenzy of a mother in distress. Again the crashing *[Continued on page 72]*



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During the week of February 13th to 19th proprietors of drug stores who are Shriners, will conduct special window displays in cooperation with The Shrine Magazine.

These displays will place before your eyes the many high-class medicinal and toilet articles advertised in The Shrine Magazine, particularly those advertised in the next issue—February.

When you receive your February Shrine Magazine, comb through the advertising columns with care. Then go to your neighboring Shrine druggist during the week of February 13th and see for yourself the advertised products on display in his window. You will find dozens of suggestions for restocking your medicine cabinet with the many drug and toilet articles that are so essential in every household.

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And remember this—every product advertised in the Shrine Magazine is worthy of your highest confidence or we would not carry it in our advertising columns.

Patronize your neighboring Shrine Drug Store—and watch for the special window display during the week of February 13th.

HER BOY [Continued from page 71]

of wood—the clatter of one steel bar, knocking in haphazard fashion against the other. The bulging of the sides of Nyanza's den—and with the sight of it, a quick signal from Danny Bruce as he leaped from his position at the cage of Congo and signaled his companion toward the door.

"She's coming out—" he commanded, his words almost unintelligible in the cacophony beyond. "We've got to run for it! Look out there—that lantern—!"

In vain the assistant strove to pull up his sprawling form as he tumbled toward the door. The clatter of a foot against a lantern base—the faint clink of glass, a puffing flare as the speeding oil-container struck a wooden post, knocking its wickholder free from the base, followed by the sudden spread of yellow-red flame. Then the forms of two men running, red-black in the flare. The bulging of sideboards as a third and fourth and fifth bar was snapped from its foundations. A swift crash; Nyanza's tremendous, black hand had driven straight through the oaken timbers; escape was only a matter of a moment.

A like splintering had come from the cage which held the infuriated Congo, loggy from the effects of gas which already had worked deep into his lungs; Congo the condemned, fighting for the air that meant his life. A strip of oakum fell from place. A board loosened and clattered, while five feet away, that extended hand of a mother, spread wide its fingers, caught a projecting twist-lock, snapped it from its screwbase with a single motion, then, fastening itself about the sagging end of the baseboard, crunched it as though it had been paper. Farther the arm extended, while the boards bowed with almost rubbery resilience. Wilder became the screams of a mother, of a son. But now the clean air was coming into his cage, relieving him slightly from his logginess. And another bar gave way, even as there came an answering clang from the den of his mother; boards crashed anew—the extended arm and hand of Nyanza pulled and tore and threw from her the boards which cracked in her grasp.

A final wrench, a last flattening of muscles against a remaining barrier, while at the oil-soaked post, the flames crawled higher, to reach dry, wooden rafters, and while outside men swarmed from bunk-house, telephone receivers jerked from their hooks, and far away, a bell clanged to send men down the slide-poles to engines already pulsing. But Nyanza knew nothing of this—she was free—standing for a moment in the gleam of the fire, her deep-set eyes glaring with the fierceness of battle, her wide hands extended for the crunching of the first enemy, her black lips furled and yellow teeth glistening in the light of the flames! Nyanza, the avenger, seeking those who would harm her son.

But there was nothing—only the licking of the flames as they crawled along the rafters, only the screaming of Congo in his prison, the tearing of bars, the burst and swell of yielding sideboards. Nyanza scurried for an instant in aimless circles, then with a cry of happiness, moved swiftly toward the prison of her offspring as the sideboards fell and the hairy form of her boy revealed itself, in the bounding motion of escape. A tremendous spring and she was beside the cage, to reach upward, fond hands outstretching toward a beloved thing. To coo—then, to scream with surprise and reprimand; that which she had sought to save had snarled as he caught her in his first, maddened glance. Then, at the command of an unreasoning brain, had leaped in combat.

She strove to evade him, but he came on, a drunken, reeling beast, deep eyes the redder for the reflection of flames, now roar-

ing along the roof, arms widespread, teeth gnashing. In vain she strove to fend him off; chattering to him, or cooing in wild adjuration; he neither felt nor heard. A second leap and he was upon her, knocking her off balance and pinning her left arm. His short, bowed legs clutched themselves about her torso, his hands were ripping at her neck, his heavy canines burying themselves in her breast and left shoulder. Nyanza screamed anew, this time with agony. But still she strove to force him from her, still she strove to hold him harmless. Then as the jaws clamped again, her expression changed. Her free right arm raised. A black, massive hand planted itself upon his forehead and wrenched, with the strength that only the infuriated Nyanza could know.

Congo shrieked with sudden pain—a pull at muscles stiffened by years of disuse. And Nyanza screamed in return—the scream of a mother lost at last to maternal anger. Again she twisted and pushed, nor felt the pain of his teeth as they drove deep in a new assault. A great surge of effort and they fell to the floor, rolling almost into the spreading range of burning oil, then swerving away again, silent now, save for the blasting of their breath, the scraping of their hairy bodies against the creaking floor; her teeth were working now as well as his; the carmine of veins intermingling.

Outside, the clatter of metal sounded as an automobile rushed to the Boneyard gate and eager men leaped to its running board, there to lift from its tonneau the carbines and cartridges which formed its cargo. From far down the street came the clanging of bells, the shifting searchlights of speeding fire-trucks. Commands issued crisp, staccato:

"Riflemen—all around the building. If they come out—shoot!"

But within, two beasts only knew that they struggled in a death grip, a son to kill his mother, a mother fighting for her life. Again and again they rolled, again and again great, slashing jaws opened and closed. Then, with a mighty wrench of her right arm, Nyanza for a second time twisted the giant head in her grasp until the eyes rolled and the tongue hung loose, twisted until the breath came gasping over red-black lips, twisted and pushed and then, flung him free. Only for an instant, however. He came again, through a shower of sparks, brushing aside a flaming ember which fell into the hollow of his arm, moving suddenly forward to a new attack. But the gray mother had advanced also, her arms swinging in flail-like circles, striking him with tremendous blows upon his breast, his shoulders, his neck, his head, fending off his clutch, pushing him away when he advanced to grapple with her, seizing him as though he were weightless in the excess of her power, and flinging him from her, only that, more and more drunkenly with each assault, he might rise to the attack again.

Above, a section of the roof caved, then tar paper blazing, fell inward, heightening the eerie light. A spurt of steam as hose-streams began to play, dashing them as they moved in swift scurries about the spark-laden interior. Then like a cloud, the smoke lowered, cutting at their lungs—they knew naught of it; gorilla against gorilla, they fought on.

Once more an advance, once more a flailing succession of blows. Once more that great swing of the right arm, striking full below the ear of the maddened son. A screech, as of unutterable pain; his head rolled slightly, his eyes flashed for an instant under their pent-houses like the glow of an electric globe struggling against a super-charge. He faltered, gasping; Nyanza came on anew, her great jaws chattering

She shook him. She threw him from her. She struck forth with those great, gray arms. Again the head rocked upon shoulders which had held it motionless for years. The tongue sagged farther—Congo staggered anew; then as a blow caught him full below the ear again, he lurched and tumbled, a resistless thing, falling toward her, only that he might receive again a crashing assault which seemed for the instant to lift his heavy, black head from his very shoulders, as sprawling, he careened, a directionless giant, to drop at last unconscious. While a mother stood for an instant in screeching ferocity, then with a cry of pain, beat at an ember which had seared her flesh. But suddenly she forgot the anguish of her burns to rush to the fallen beast, again the mother, ministering to him she loved.

"Hosemen—straight through that hole. Them embers—fallin' straight on her—Riflemen! Ready! She's straightenin' there—put the bead on her—hold it—don't let her get past that door now." But even as he said it, Danny Bruce uttered a new command: "Wait! Wait! I said!"

WITHIN, the splatter of a fire hose beating upon her, and upon the unconscious form of her offspring, Nyanza had bent and was now raising the limp form of Congo in her giant arms. She straightened, shaking her great head against the spurt of water which had extinguished crackling hair, then held her face full against its heavy force, for the coolness of it, the relief from smoke, from choking air. Outside, a new cry sounded, of trepidation:

"She'll come out on us—give us time to shoot before she—"

"Hold them guns!" Danny Bruce was on his knees, peering under the curtain of smoke. "She's killed him—she's bringin' him out—look at his head rollin' there—killed him!" Then suddenly he tensed. "No, she ain't—his arm moved! The right one." Then he whirled. "You—Jake! Pete! Open up that there cage—the first one. Don't care if it ain't strong. Drop

them rifles. Run if you want to, but drop them rifles!" Then he faced the glowing building again, arms outstretched, pleading: "Nyanza! Come on, ole girl. It's Danny—nobody's goin' to harm you. Come on—this way—bring him along with his head a-rollin'—bring him along, Nyanza—" A hand raised hastily and dashed at his eyes. He laughed, in a queer, cracked voice, "right along here, ole girl!"

AT THE very first performance of the next season, a very dapper, gray-haired man with an Irish light in his blue eyes, took his place at a big cage "spotted" at the most important position in all the Great Consolidated's menagerie. His shirt was a perfect thing of purple silk, with lavender armbands. His Panama hat bore a wondrous band of Roman silk, and for the last sartorial word, a yellow diamond gleamed beneath his bow-tie of glaring polka-dot. He raised a hand as the crowd came closer, and pointed behind him to two tremendous beasts within the cage, one with a coat of grizzled gray, the other of youthful black, sitting placidly in survey of those before them.

"Ladies-s-s-s an' gents," said Danny Bruce, "you have befoah-h-h-h you, the seventh wondah-h-h-h of the universe, not onlay-y-y a mothah gorilla with her youthful and loving-g-g-g son, but one who accomplished what science could not do, that which was beyond-d-d-d the strength and skill of human. You will notice, ladies-s-s-s and gents, a slight difference in the size of the neck muscles of the younger animal. This was due, ladies-s-s-s an' gents, to an affection cured during the act of a mothah-h-h-h rushing to the defense of her young, the—"

Here Danny Bruce halted. Danny Bruce frowned.

"Jim," he called across the way, "stop them pop-corn guys from all that yellin'; the idea! Interrupting me like that! Don't they think there's *nobody* important around the circus?"

HE SUCCEEDS BY BEING HUMAN

[Continued from page 38]

electrical companies, Kent, in 1902, set up for himself on the third floor of a building in Philadelphia to make intercommunicating house telephones.

A few years later he began to make automobile ignition and lighting apparatus and moved to larger quarters.

During the World War he did important manufacturing for the government—fuse setters, panoramic sights for machine guns and other delicate instruments.

In the days when the radio industry first started to grow, Kent's factory received an order for ten thousand headpieces and an equal number of other radio parts.

It occurred to him that if the radio business was going that strong he might as well become implicated in it himself. To do this he had to learn how a radio set was made. He might have set his laboratory men to work on his problem in ponderous, efficient fashion. But, being human, he set about it just as your boy or mine would have done. He went shopping, bought parts for a radio outfit and took them home to his little shop right off the sittin'-room.

He was delighted to find, in due course, that the machinery in his plant was well adapted to making radio parts. Ever since the night that he rigged up his first set, as an

amateur, he has devoted much time, personally, to the simplification and perfection of receiving sets. Those who regularly sit up late at night trying to get distant stations may be interested to know that they are not alone for At. Kent is probably up also, right on the same ether.

Kent, being modest, is a good listener either on or off the radio. In any conversation he has the knack of letting the other fellow do most of the talking. He even knows the art of making others want to talk.

Besides his big assortment of used cars Kent has a few high-powered motor-boats, for he likes the out-of-doors. He plays as wholeheartedly as he works. Once he journeyed by motor-boat from Philadelphia to Bar Harbor, Maine, and was halted en route by the coast guard who mistook his boat for bootlegging craft, inasmuch as it was making better than forty miles an hour off the coast of Massachusetts. Because of his engaging personality they were more convinced than ever that he was a slick sharper.

Friends asked him if he would protest to the Coast Guard authorities and avenge the insult.

"Why protest?" he replied. "Don't you think it was a pretty good joke?"



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

LARGE BEQUEST FOR SHRINERS HOSPITALS

Word has just come to hand of some of the terms of the will of the late Noble John Empson of Denver and they develop the fact that the Shriners Hospitals will be large beneficiaries.

Noble Empson was a member of El Jebel Temple, Denver.

The estate is variously estimated at from one to three million dollars, and thirty percent of the entire amount, whatever it may prove to be, is set aside as a trust fund to be administered for the interest of a hospital, in either Cincinnati or Denver, should these cities ever be selected as a site for one of the units. Failing that, the income is to go to the central fund to be administered for the benefit of the hospitals as a whole.

Judge E. C. Day and Dr. O. M. Lanstrum, both Past Potentates of Algeria, Helena, held several interviews with Noble Empson on the subject of this bequest and the testator declared himself as being strongly in favor of convalescent homes and hoped that some day the Shrine would be in position to add to their service by the establishment of these homes.

Mr. Empson had large interests in both Denver and Helena. Whether he made any particularly large gifts before passing on is not known, so the amount of the bequest will not be ascertained until such time as the will shall have been probated.

Judge Day, who is the Inspector General for the state of Montana, assisted in drawing up the will and, while it may be some time before the exact amount that is to come to the Hospitals, shall be determined, there can be no question that it will be a very substantial sum.

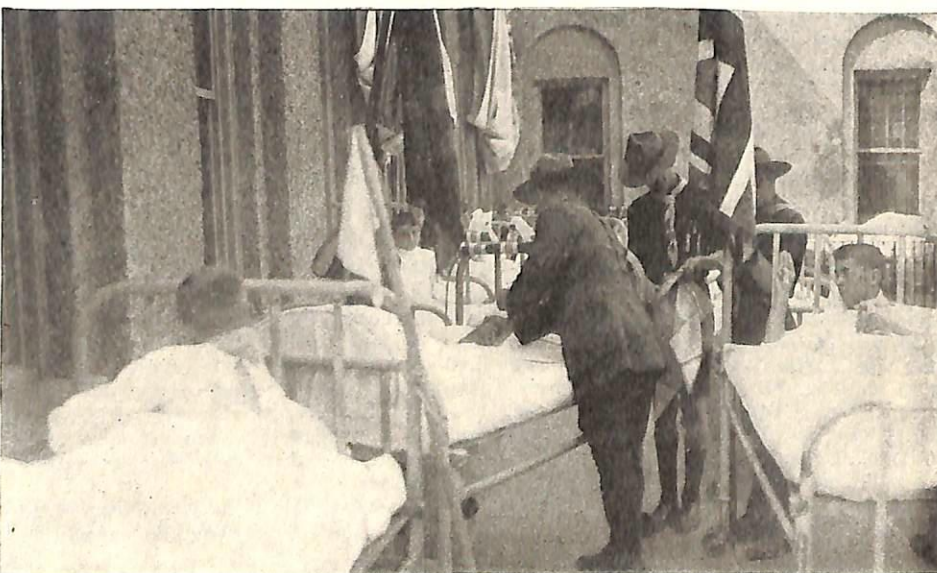
Arabia Temple, Houston, Texas, the pioneer shrine organization in crippled children's work, has already handled more than one hundred cases this year. An entire floor in the Baptist Hospital in Houston is maintained by Arabia Temple, to carry on the work. The Houston Shriners started this activity seven or eight years ago. The temple maintains its own brace making establishment.

There are few things as appealing to the youngster of the present age as the Boy Scout movement, and the Board of Governors of the Montreal unit have seen to it that their boys are given an opportunity to belong. Eagerly the little fellows follow the wigwagging, earnestly they take the obligation and joyously they greet the flags which float from their beds. See picture at bottom of page.

Noble Charles H. Howard, Islam, has presented a handsome seven passenger Buick sedan to the San Francisco unit.
[Hospital Notes Continued on page 75]



Queen Marie of Roumania paid a visit to the Portland Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.



The crippled boys at Montreal Unit being initiated into the Boy Scout Movement.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes

[Continued from page 74]

Sir James Purves Stewart, London, Eng., while visiting in Montreal, paid a visit to the unit in that city and expressed himself on the variety of cases treated and the efficiency of the methods pursued. He consented to the invitation of Chairman Henry J. Elliott that he become a consultant and, while his visits to the hospital will, of necessity, be limited in number, the fact that he is willing to serve upon the staff cannot but reflect great credit upon the hospital.

The Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Louis is to have a larger library for those of the little ones who are old enough to read. The Temple Club of Moolah Temple (the club's president being Mrs. A. G. Bittner) has given \$100 for more books.

Trustee J. D. McGilvray is asking that the first hour of the Imperial Council session, while the public are still in attendance on the opening exercises, be given to clinic pictures and moving pictures of children who have been discharged with complete success attending their treatment.

Mrs. Christine Breon, San Francisco, has presented to the unit at that place \$3,000 worth of irrigation bonds, the earnings from which are applied to giving the children at the hospital extra goodies for their Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

Chairman Will H. Wade, of the Chicago unit, is holding meetings looking to the formation of a committee having to do with the erection of a convalescent home in that city. The committee has as its task the matter not only of building, but of endowing, the home.

Slides showing the work done by various hospitals were shipped by Secretary Watt from Albany to Omaha, where they were shown at Tangier Temple. From there they were shipped to Al Bahr at San Diego.

DAISY MAYME

[Continued from page 27]

of a wedding gift when she marries Charlie Snyder. Two weeks pass and Daisy Mayme is still visiting little motherless May whose heart is cracking—if not breaking—at the thought of her friend actually departing. Daisy Mayme is now in the act of packing to go home.

Miss Plunkett—... I can't stay here forever. I've been here now a week longer than I said I would.

May—You could stay here, Daisy, if you lived here.

Miss Plunkett—But I don't live here, child, I live in Harrisburg.

May—But you said you didn't like Harrisburg.

Miss Plunkett—Well, nobody likes Harrisburg, dear... come upstairs and help me pack...

May—No, I won't help you pack.

The child's one hope lies in Cliff, who has never refused her anything. She is sure that if her Uncle were to ask Daisy Mayme to marry him, her beloved Miss Plunkett would stay forever.

May—Will I ask her?
Cliff—Ask her what, May?

TREAT AT TWIN CITIES UNIT

Children receiving care at the Twin Cities Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children had the time of their lives recently, when an off-season Santa Claus, under the escort of Nobles Peter W. Maguire, Rube Bernstein, Gustave Kahn and Oscar Liebermann of Mecca Temple, New York City, with a bevy of Theatrical Folk, presented a special two-hour show and distributed an automobile load of toys and fruit among the children.

The entertainers were forty-three members of the Callahan and Bernstein "Follies of Pleasure Company" and Gus Kahn's "Naughty Nifties" Company, playing at the Gayety Theater, accompanied by the entire theater orchestra, and House Manager Harry Hirsch, member of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

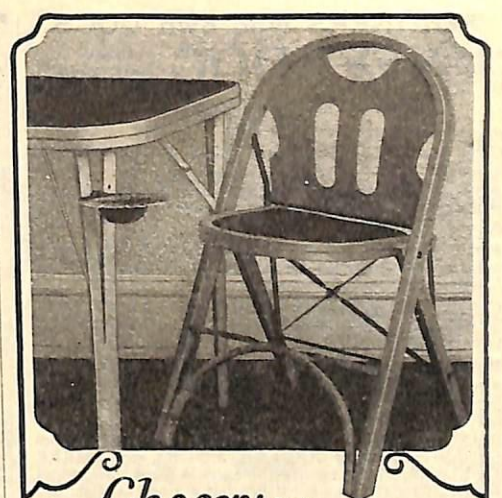
The full Gayety Theater Company and orchestra piled into automobile busses at 10:00 A. M. and went out to the Hospital where they made the children shout with laughter. The actors danced, sang and did novelty stunts much to the enjoyment of the children.

After the performance the ladies of the companies presented the children with a variety of gifts they had procured with money contributed by members of the company.

The spirit manifested by all those who planned and carried out this affair showed a kindness of heart and touch of sympathy for the afflicted children certainly to be commended.

FOR CONVALESCENT HOME

Noble George M. Burns, Moolah, St. Louis, recently deceased, by the terms of his will, left a legacy of \$75,000 for the upkeep of a Convalescent Home in connection with the St. Louis unit. The will provides that the money is to be turned over as soon as the Convalescent Home is built, but if it be not built by the end of ten years, then the legacy is to go to the hospital proper. Noble Burns also established a bed as a memorial to his father and mother in a hospital at Coshocton, O.



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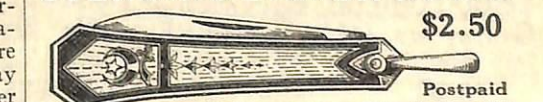
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[Continued on page 76]

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DAISY MAYME

[Continued from page 75]

Cliff—It's twenty-three years since I was twenty; and I think you're a good looking woman . . . I think you'd be happy here, Daisy.

Miss Plunkett—Yes, I'd be happy, Cliff . . . I always thought I'd like to be married—to some steady man—that smoked good cigars—and live in an old-fashioned house—with trees around it—and just sit there in the evening and listen to some doll of a daughter play the piano—while I make dresses for her . . .

May—Oh, Daisy! You'll be a June bride! Miss Plunkett—Now, listen, don't start anything like that. It's just going to be in and out again, and get it over with.

May—Do you want me to play something now for you, Daisy?

Miss Plunkett—Yes, play me something, kid.

Cliff—And I'll blow cigar smoke at you, Daisy.

Miss Plunkett—That'll be grand. And I'll sit here in the lady's chair. I've always wanted to be a lady.

And so, while a beaming May tinkles away at the piano, and a calm, smiling Cliff puffs the room full of smoke, Daisy Mayme rocks back and forth and—suddenly—breaks into laughter.

Miss Plunkett—I'm thinking of Laura's face when they break this to her.

Curtain

MURAT TEMPLE MOSQUE

[Continued from page 47]

of the same dimensions, and has in addition a large stage. The banquet room in the basement extends the full length of the building, and almost the full width, and will seat 2,500 persons comfortably at one time.

Interior decorations follow the Moorish idea, even to the lighting fixtures. The crowning feature of the decorations is represented in the artistic murals in the auditorium in the new part, which is known as the Egyptian room, all decorations being in the Egyptian motif. The murals were designed by Miss Helen E. Jacoby, an Indianapolis artist who is the daughter of Past Imperial Potentate Elias J. Jacoby of Indianapolis. Noted mural decorators from all parts of the nation have commended Miss Jacoby's work in the Mural Egyptian room.

Elias J. Jacoby, "Jake" as he is known throughout North America, was Potentate of Murat from 1907 to 1912 inclusive. He was elected Imperial Potentate in 1918 and when Murat Temple entertained the Imperial Council in Indianapolis in 1919 the slogan was "Shake With Jake." Jacoby was the prime mover in the project to erect the present mosque and fought and bled in the long and arduous campaign which resulted in the erection of the original unit and assisted materially in the plans for the new unit. He has been chairman of the board of trustees of Murat Temple Association, the holding company in which the title of the property is vested, since the origin of the building project. In addition he is a life member of the Imperial Council for North America. In Masonic circles Jake is just about everything there is. In private life he is vice-president of the Railroad Mens' Savings and Loan Association, reputed to be the largest building and loan organization in the world, with assets of \$50,000,000. There is enough biographic material in Jake to fill more pages than the Shrine Magazine can print in one issue and most of it could well be laudatory. He is recognized as a prince of good fellows, which means he is a "regular" Shriner—and he is just as good as his photograph looks.

PRISON BREAKING AS A PASTIME

[Continued from page 14]

sentry could see him too and was about to take aim and shoot. But, having unslung his rifle, the sentry held it for a few seconds in his hands—and then slowly slung it over the other shoulder. He stood quite still for at least half a minute, and I was positive that Hardy would be unable to remain immovable for much longer. Hardy, who had been about to arise when the sentry appeared, still had one hand on the ground. Hence he was supporting himself, and the weight of a fifteen foot ladder, on one hand and one knee. At the moment of warning, he had squeezed his head round so as to watch the sentry: it was about the most uncomfortable position in which I can imagine an unarmed man to be.

BUT Hardy was admirable. For the better part of two minutes he remained in that strained posture, gazing at the sentry, while I could see that wretched German looking straight down into the trench. Neither Bastin nor I could move or do anything lest we should be heard. And then suddenly the tension was relaxed; the sentry turned his back and walked away. The relief was extraordinary, and now that the immediate danger was over the whole scheme seemed to be easy of execution.

Hardy waited a second or two, turned round to get an "all clear" signal from us, and walked off along the trench carrying the ladder. We gave him three minutes, and then I began to worm my way through the trap-door. Somewhat bulkier than Hardy, I had a struggle to get through, but fortunately no sentry appeared while I was jammed half-way, and eventually I scrambled into the trench. The other section of the ladder and a small bag of kit was passed out to me, and I helped Bastin push out the large bag containing the greater part of our civilian clothes and equipment. Before leaving I also made sure that Bastin himself was able to get through that incredibly small opening. Then, the sentry being out of sight, I tip-toed off.

In front of me I knew Hardy was safe, since no sound of any alarm had reached us, and, behind, Bastin was closing up the trap-door, leaving no trace of our departure. Fifty yards down the trench there was a sharp turn to the right and then a further fifty yards to go before coming out of the trench on to a flat triangular piece of ground sloping down toward the ditch. I negotiated the two lengths of trench successfully and then with much fear and trepidation I crept out into the open. From now on, the ground was a great deal more difficult to cross. For nearly a hundred yards there was a gradual slope from the top of the fort, and in full view of any sentry who might happen to be there. Part of it was just in sight of the sentries in the ditch whose voices I could plainly hear, and the slope itself was faintly illuminated by the lamps whose rays, reflected by the big wall against which they were placed, threw a glow over the greater part of the fortress. For one hair-raising moment I fancied I could see in the dim light, the shadowy form of a police dog, but after a few seconds it—whatever it was—disappeared.

Dragging my ladder through the snow and keeping as flat as possible, I slowly covered the distance and reached a point where the ground sloped sharply away, at an angle of forty-five degrees, into the ditch. At the foot of this steep slope there was a low, loop-holed wall, designed to act partly as a buttress to the mound above and partly as a means of defending the ditch. It was

behind this wall that we were to hide until daylight.

I had almost crossed the flat open ground when, pausing to search once more for the sentry before making the descent to the wall, I suddenly heard someone running. For a moment I felt sure that we had been discovered and were being pursued by the Germans. As the footsteps came nearer, I began to realize that the figure gradually taking shape in the semi-darkness was anything but German and, intensely relieved, I found it was Bastin. But Bastin so comically disguised that I had the greatest difficulty in restraining the noisiest of laughter. A huge white shirt flapped about well below his knees, big white trousers trailed on the ground, and his boots seemed enormous, covered as they were with thick woolen socks. Under his arm was tucked the huge white bundle, representing our entire luggage and grasped firmly in one hand was a small, yellow leather hand-bag of which he was inordinately proud—was just the thing, he said, to complete his disguise as a commercial traveler. The white helmets made us all look like polar explorers, but, making a serious situation utterly ludicrous, on the top of Bastin's head was perched a little black felt hat. And here he came, actually running across the ground over which I had so laboriously crawled. But in spite of his strange appearance he was justified in running, for no sentries were visible on the top of the fort, although one of them might show up at any moment, making speed advisable.

Throwing himself on the ground in front of me, Bastin slid rapidly down the slope toward the buttress wall. I was handicapped by my ladder and scrambled down more slowly behind him. It must have been solely due to our snow clothing that we were not seen on this portion of our route; it was in full view of the sentries in the ditch and well lighted by the lamps. Luckily no untoward incident occurred and we were soon assembled in the narrow trench at the bottom.

IT HAD taken us nearly an hour to get round the fort, and the time was now well after half-past three. According to our information, the relief of the sentries was at 6:30 and we should be able to scale the wall at about 6:35. We had a wait of rather less than three hours in front of us. The time was spent in joining and securing the two sections of the ladder and in fixing a small support half-way along its length to prevent the ladder from sagging when against the wall. A little later we took off our white clothing, arrayed ourselves in complete civilian clothes with the help of the kit from the big white bag, and made ourselves look as ridiculously German as possible. The camouflage clothing was put into the kit bag and carefully hidden in a snow drift.

It was exceedingly cold and, after finishing our various jobs, there was nothing to do but sit on the ground and freeze. At six o'clock we were standing by with the ladder in position, waiting to haul it over the sloping end of the trench and down a short path into the ditch. At half-past six an order was passed down the ditch and the sentries immediately began to move off.

The last man was just passing in front of our loophole, when there was a sound of footsteps approaching from the opposite direction and we heard a sentry exchange "Good morning" with someone else. Looking cautiously through a loophole, we saw to our astonishment two Germans coming down the ditch. [Continued on page 78]

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Have you read the important announcement on page 72?

PRISON BREAKING AS A PASTIME [Continued from page 77]

Why on earth they were there we had not the slightest idea, but we were not long left in doubt.

In the ditch, just beyond the end of the loop-holed wall where the trench sloped upward, right across the path we had to follow, were two small sheds. In these sheds, constructed by order of the commandant, were kept a small herd of swine. When the two men who had just passed us reached the corner they stopped, and we could hear them open the doors of the sheds. Presently a joyful grunting sound was borne to us on the morning air and we realized that the pigs were being fed. According to our information—gathered by the French officer who had made the original reconnaissance—these pigs were invariably fed half an hour later, when we hoped to be away. In working out our scheme we had naturally completely forgotten their existence.

Minute after minute passed and still we could hear the voices of the two swineherds and the happy grunting of numerous small pigs. At last when we were beginning to despair we heard the shed doors being shut, and a minute or two later the men reappeared us going down the ditch. We waited until they had got to a safe distance, and then we decided that the time had come. With Bastin at the head, Hardy in the middle and myself at the extreme end of the ladder, we formed a strange procession as we clambered out of the trench and went over the top of the mound bordering the ditch.

As we came once more into the open, we realized that another unpleasant surprise lay in store for us: the sentries were already out on the top of the fort!

THERE was nothing to be done now, for it was too late to go back to our quarters. Stumbling about in the deep snow we reached the ditch. As we passed the pig sheds, a small dog—fortunately chained up—started to yap and kicked up a terrific row. A glance up at the top of the fort showed us that the nearest of the sentries was looking directly at us. He made no move, but he would probably shoot when we were on the ladder; perhaps he had already warned the others. It had been our intention to put the ladder up against the wall immediately alongside one of the sheds where the ditch was shallower by a few inches. Now that the sentries on the top of the fort were watching us and could see exactly what we were about, we hurriedly decided that this was too unsafe, temporarily screened by the wall behind which we had lately been hiding. Our fingers were numb with cold and the miscarriage of our plans was beginning to make us lose confidence. Somehow or other we heaved the ladder up against the wall and Hardy and I held on to the bottom of it to prevent it from swaying and slipping, while Bastin slowly climbed up.

He reached the top and paused. Hardy and I were having trouble in holding the ladder steady at the bottom and for a few seconds we were unable to look up to see what was happening. After what seemed a very long time we glanced up expecting to see Bastin disappearing over the wall, but instead we saw that he was still standing on the top rung of the ladder and we realized that for some reason or other he was unable to get any further. In a few seconds, he came down the ladder again and explained the situation. Apparently on this side of the fort the ditch was a few inches deeper than the calculations for the ladder had allowed. This under ordinary conditions would not have stopped us. But the top of the wall was covered with several inches of snow, which had melted a few

days previously and then had frozen again forming a curved ledge of ice, upon which it was utterly impossible to get a grip.

Unfortunately we had nothing with us with which to break the ice and no hooks or other instruments which would have enabled us to obtain a foothold upon the top. We discussed our position in agitated undertones and finally persuaded Bastin to go up and try again. He was the tallest of the three and probably the strongest in the arms, so that if he could not reach the top we felt certain that neither Hardy nor I could do so. Bastin again went up and struggled hard to get to the top of the wall. At one moment he had practically succeeded, only to slip back. It was maddening. We had broken through all the German defences; we were, to all intents and purposes, outside the camp, there was no one to stop us, and yet we could not go a step further.

BY THIS time we were really alarmed, and our position was critical. The dog near the sheds was still barking furiously causing two or three sentries to look down from the top of the fort at Bastin whom they could see at the top of the ladder (we found out later that they mistook us for contractors, come to inspect and repair the outer walls) and about sixty yards away on our right, a crowd of German soldiers was beginning to assemble in the ditch for their morning inspection and roll call.

Once more Bastin came down. It was quite impossible, he said, to get to the top of the wall and, even if we succeeded in doing so, there now appeared to be Germans on the outside of the camp, who would make it impossible for us to get away. We thought of carrying the ladder back to the shed where we knew we could reach the top of the wall, but this seemed to be quite useless, as several of the sentries could not help seeing what we were doing. Bastin thought that any further attempt was out of the question and that we might as well give ourselves up at once before we were shot at.

AT THIS point, Hardy suggested that there was one more chance of our being able to get away. He proposed that we should walk boldly down to the right, through the group of German soldiers and out of the main gate of the fortress, which we could see was open to admit some of the Germans billeted outside the camp. It seemed our only hope and we immediately put it to the test. Extraordinary as it may seem, we marched straight down the ditch without attracting any particular attention, and passed right through the mob of some sixty or seventy German soldiers, who scarcely glanced at us.

We made for the open gate and for a few moments I began to think that we were really going to get away, when suddenly we came face to face with a German N. C. O. who knew all three of us by sight. For a moment he was completely taken aback and his face was a picture of amazement. Then suddenly the realization of what was happening dawned upon him and he screamed loudly for guards. We were immediately surrounded by armed men, fortunately too astonished to do us any bodily harm. The main gate was slammed shut and we were hurried back through the gloomy archway into the guardroom. Yet another of the best laid plans had gone "agley."

Captain Grimmell-Milne relates the most hazardous of all his adventures in escaping, in which he finally gained his freedom. Read "Prison Breaking as a Pastime," in February.

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To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs," "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



By **ALOIS MERKE**

Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING.

Here's My Secret

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates **below** the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the **cause** of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF.

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—AT MY RISK!

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding

every cent of your money—and the treatment will have cost you NOTHING!

Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 1601, 512
Fifth Avenue,
New York.



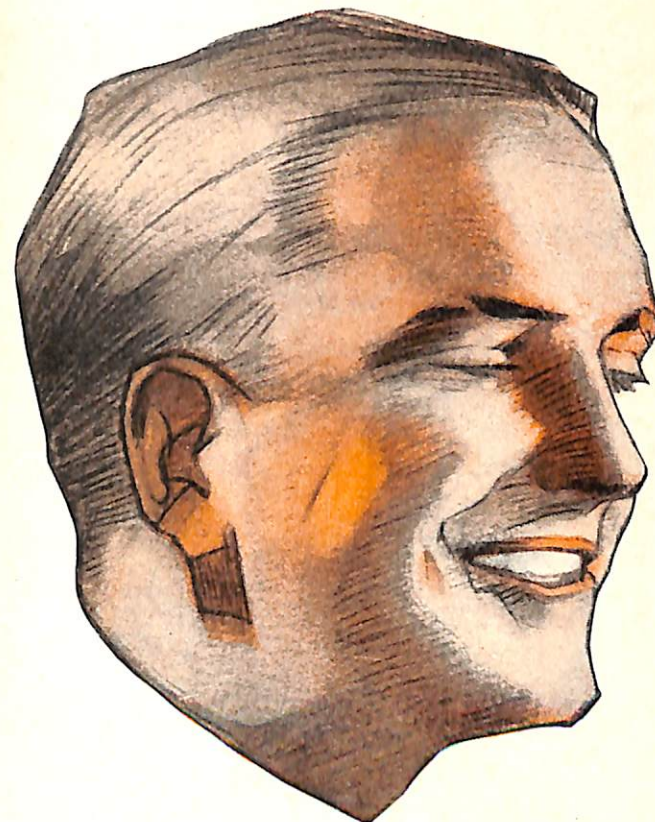
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New York City.

Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

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Try It 5 Days Before You Decide To Keep It!

It would be impossible to sell the Postal Pen at \$2.50, the low price upon which its inventor insists, if we sold it through the retail stores. Their profit alone on a pen of this quality would be more than you pay for a Postal Pen. And so we are willing to make you this unheard-of offer:

If you can wait just a day or two for your pen (shipments made within 24 hours after receipt of order) you can save from \$5 to \$6.25 and get the most satisfactory pen you ever saw. Actually \$7 to \$8.75 quality for \$2.50. Simply mail the coupon below. And...

When your Postal Pen arrives, fill it with ink—use it 5 days—then return it if you are willing to part with it!!!

The Pen That Says "Fill Me Up!" When Empty

The POSTAL RESERVOIR PEN (name POSTAL because it is sold by mail only—and "Reservoir" because of its amazing ink capacity) is distinctive in design and contains features not found in any other pen. It is transparent—you can always see when it needs filling. It is self-filling—employs an entirely new method, the easiest ever devised. Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen. Manufactured from same materials as used in highest priced pens. Never before have so many improvements and refinements been combined in a single, handsome, smooth-writing, never-clogging pen that you will be proud to own and delighted to use.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Do not send a penny! When you get your Postal Pen, you will also receive 5 post cards, each worth 50c on the purchase price of another pen. Every Postal Pen owner finds that his friends admire his remarkable pen and ask where they can get others like it. You can easily sell your premium post cards for 50c each and earn back the full price of your pen. You do not have to sell the cards—dispose of them any way you wish—whatever you make on them is yours to keep.

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Because it's TRANSPARENT

—and because it holds
3 to 4 times more
ink than other pens

That is why
100,000 people
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Don't wait.

Send for
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Costs Only
\$2.50



Made of same materials as \$7 and \$8.75 pens.
Sold for less because you
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Read These Remarkable Postal Features

Transparent Barrel—You can always see the ink. You'll never have to guess again.

Unbreakable—You can even step on your Postal Pen without injury. Beautiful, never clogging, durable.

Iridium-tipped, solid 14-Karat gold point—The same quality of point used in pens costing up to \$75.

Holds 3 to 4 times more ink than any other self-filling pen—Entirely new principle—no space wasted by mechanism in barrel.

Self-filling—Appeals to men and women alike because it fills itself by the simplest method ever invented.

Absolutely Guaranteed

The materials and craftsmanship are absolutely guaranteed to be equal or superior in quality to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7, \$8.75 or more.

The Offer That Proves It!

Send for your POSTAL pen NOW. State whether you want men's or women's model. Use it five days and if you are not delighted with it, return it and your money will be promptly refunded. You are to be the sole judge. Compare it with any pen at any price. Remember the price is low only because our sales policy of manufacturer-to-user eliminates all in between profits, commissions and handling. Send the coupon NOW and learn what real fountain pen satisfaction is.

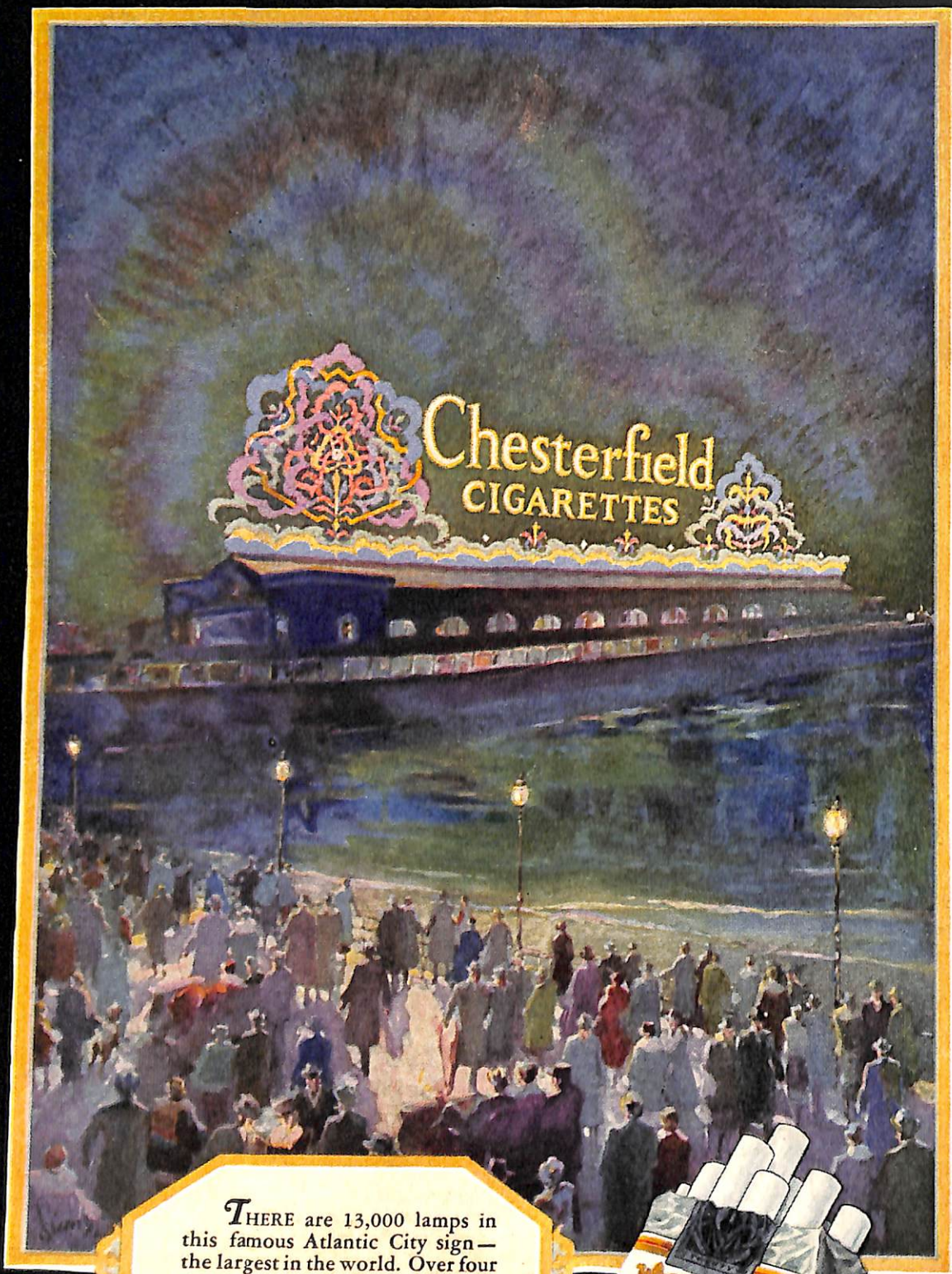
ACTUAL SIZE, MEN'S MODEL, SHOWN AT RIGHT

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Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may use, give away, or dispose of at 50c each. I will pay postman \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 5 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send size checked here:..... Men's size..... Women's size.

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